



WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!

GALL, A PREVIOUSLY PEACEFUL MOON ORBITING THE GAS GIANT OF ZHAIR IN THE OUTER RIM.



"IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!"

THWIP!

WHAT IS, SERGEANT?

THOSE SEPARATIST SHIPS ARE SHRUGGING OFF OUR ATTACKS.

OUR BLASTERS CAN'T PENETRATE THEIR SHIELD, BUT THE DROIDS ARE HAVING NO TROUBLE BLASTING US TO SHREDS THROUGH IT!

I'VE NEVER SEEN A SHIELD LIKE IT!

AS LONG AS THE LEAD SHIP GENERATES IT, WE'RE UTTERLY DEFENCELESS!

NO, SERGEANT—NOT WHEN THE JEDI ARE ON YOUR SIDE.

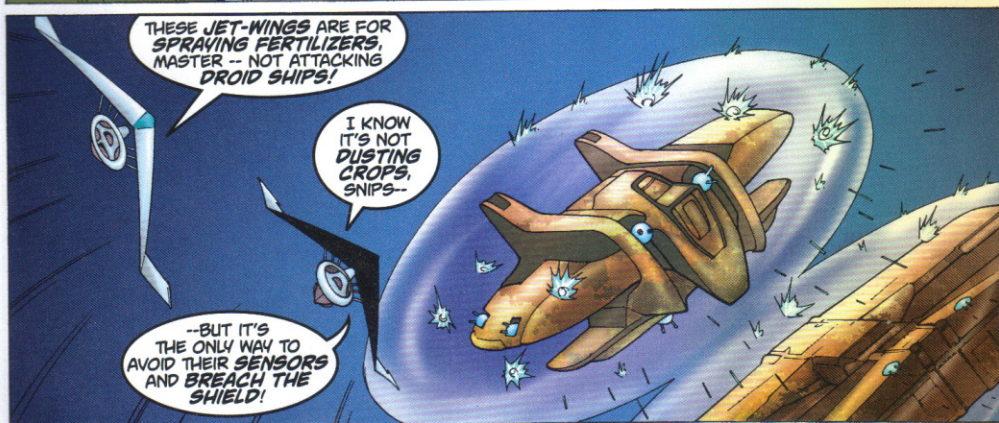
MASTER? OUR SHIPS ARE STILL BEING REFUELLED.

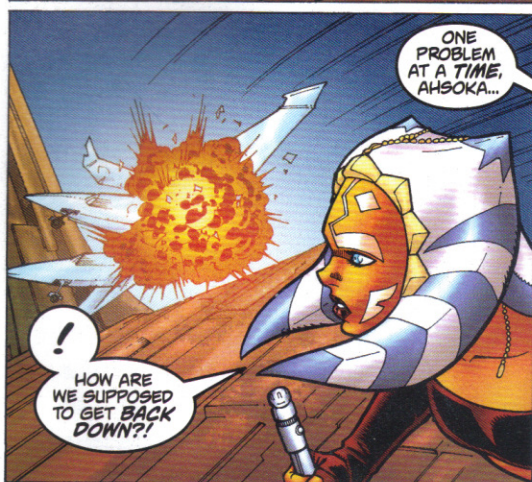
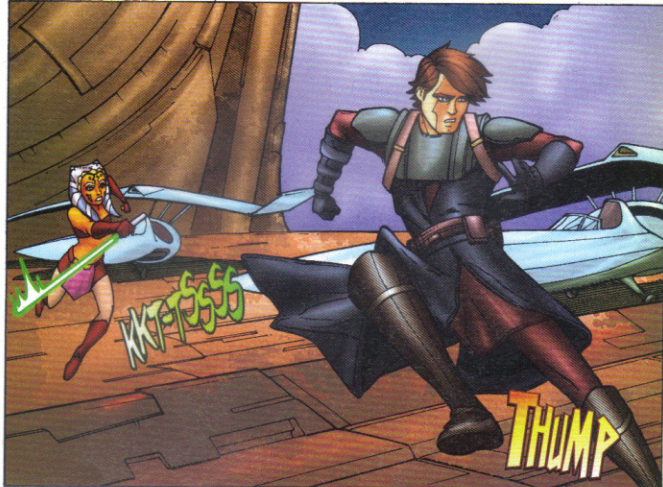
NOT OUR SHIPS, AHSOKA...



INSIDE JOB

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES





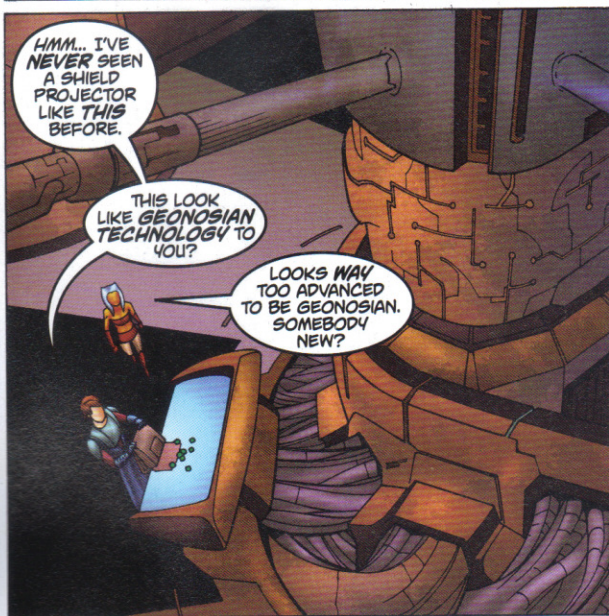


DON'T WORRY-- THEY MUST'VE
DIVERTED ALL POWER TO THE
SHIELD GENERATOR.
EXPERIMENTAL MODELS LIKE
THIS DRAW DOWN A LOT
OF ENERGY.

EXPENSIVE,
TOO...

WHO'S
WORRIED?

WHILE THE
SHIELD'S ON,
THESE BATTLE
DROIDS ARE
USELESS.



HMM... I'VE
NEVER SEEN
A SHIELD
PROJECTOR
LIKE THIS
BEFORE.

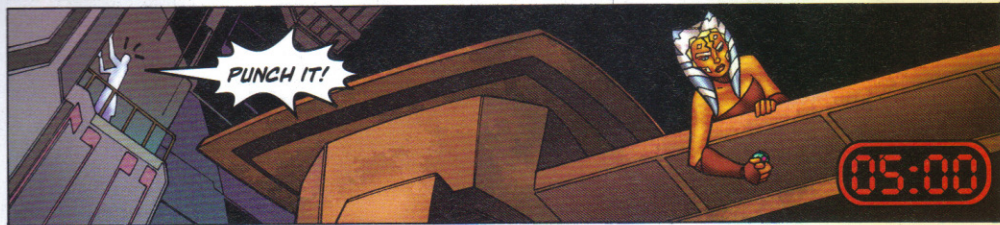
THIS LOOK
LIKE GEONOSIAN
TECHNOLOGY TO
YOU?

LOOKS WAY
TOO ADVANCED
TO BE GEONOSIAN.
SOMEBODY
NEW?



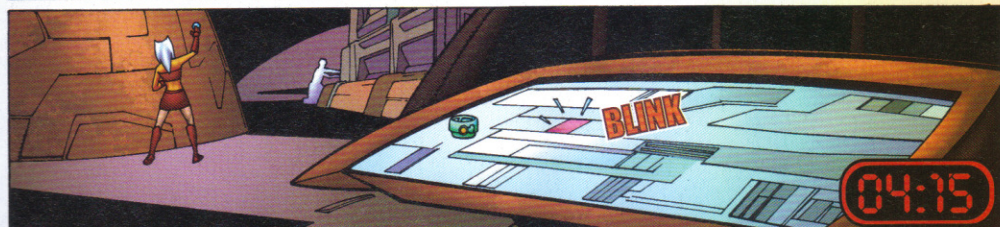
WE CAN WORRY ABOUT
THAT LATER. LET'S PLANT
THE **CHARGES**, TAKE
OUT THE **GENERATOR**
AND GET OUT
OF HERE.

FIVE
MINUTE
TIMERS
ON MY
MARK.



PUNCH IT!

05:00



BLINK

04:15



UM...
WAS THIS
LIGHT ON
WHEN WE
STARTED,
MASTER?

WHAT
LIGHT?



SO MUCH FOR
'USELESS',
SKYBUM!

THANKS,
SNIPS.

INTRUDER
ALERT.



KAT-TSSSS KAT-TSSSS

ROGER
ROGER.

ROGER
ROGER.

ROGER
ROGER.

ROGER
ROGER.

ROGER
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ROGER
ROGER.

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ROGER.

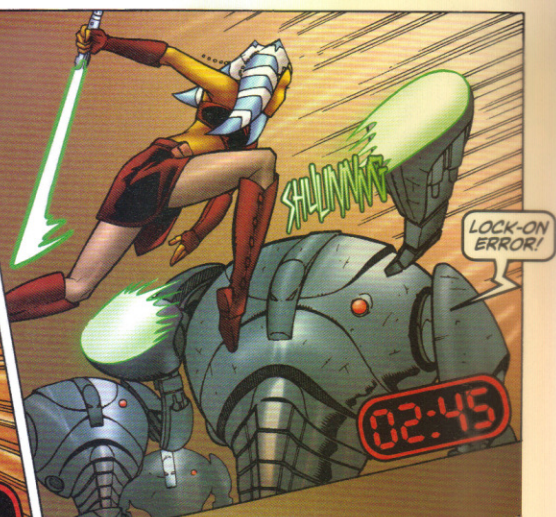
ROGER
ROGER.

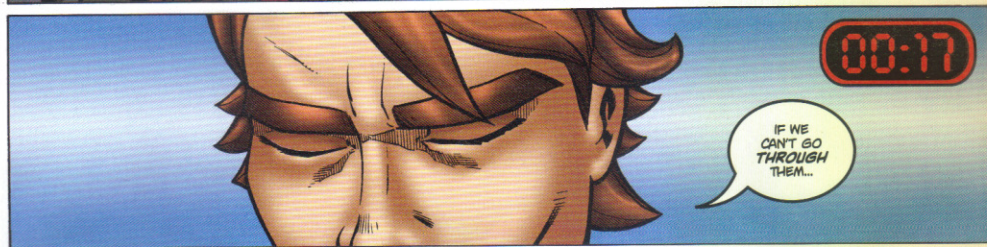
ROGER
ROGER.



ANY
MORE BRIGHT
IDEAS?

HEAD FOR
THE AIRLOCK.
WE CAN
MAKE IT!



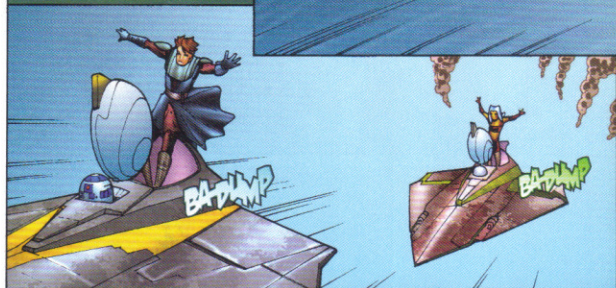




THERE'S
ARTOO,
RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE!

SLOW YOUR
DESCENT WITH
THE FORCE!

YOU
GOT IT,
MASTER!



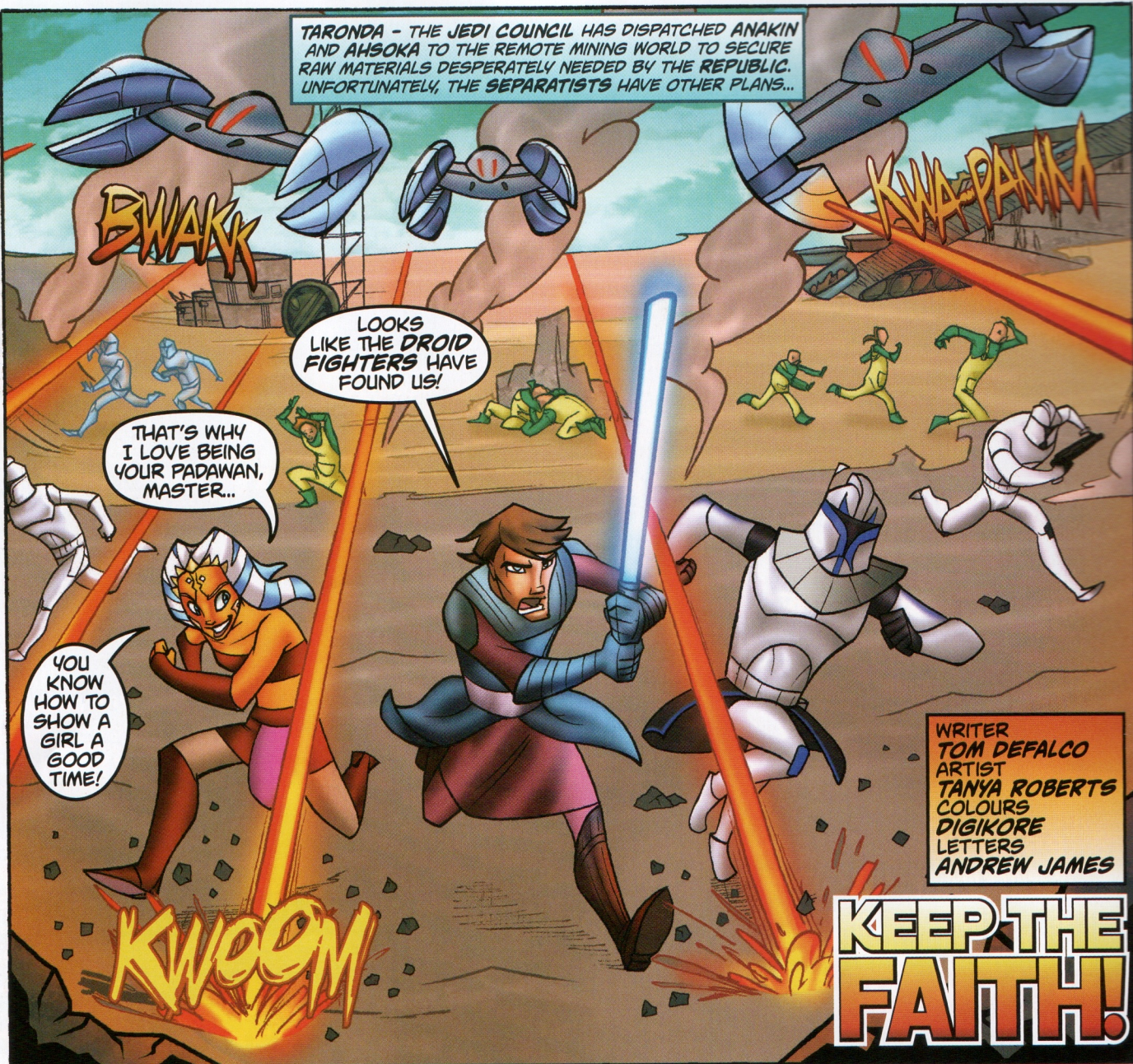
WITH THE
SHIELD DOWN, THE
PLANETARY DEFENCES
CAN TAKE CARE OF
THE REST!

SO, WOULD
YOU SAY WE SAVED
THE MOON,
MASTER?

I JUST
MIGHT,
SNIPS.

THE END

TARONDA - THE JEDI COUNCIL HAS DISPATCHED ANAKIN AND AHSOKA TO THE REMOTE MINING WORLD TO SECURE RAW MATERIALS DESPERATELY NEEDED BY THE REPUBLIC. UNFORTUNATELY, THE SEPARATISTS HAVE OTHER PLANS...



WRITER
TOM DEFALCO
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

**KEEP THE
FAITH!**



THIS IS NO
TIME FOR
JOKES,
SNIPS.

THE SEPARATISTS
ARE DETERMINED TO KEEP
THE REPUBLIC FROM GETTING
THE RESOURCES
WE NEED--

--EVEN IF THEY
HAVE TO DESTROY
THE MINE AND ALL
THE MINERS TO
DO IT!



WE NEED TO
PROTECT THE
SETTLEMENT,
REX.

I'M ON IT,
GENERAL
SKYWALKER.

GATHER
ALL THE MINERS
TOGETHER--AND
ACTIVATE THE
DEFLECTOR
SHIELD!

STICK CLOSE TO ME, SNIPS.

IT'S DANGEROUS OUT HERE!

IN CASE YOU HAVEN'T NOTICED, I CAN TAKE CARE OF--

MY SEEEEEE!

CRASH

AHSOKA!

GENERAL! WE HAVE AN EVEN BIGGER PROBLEM--!

THAT CREVICE MUST LEAD INTO THE MINESHAFTS!

THIS PLANET'S RIDDLED WITH THEM!

--THE SEPARATISTS HAVE LANDED A MAJOR ASSAULT FORCE!

STICK CLOSE TO ME, SNIPS.

IT'S DANGEROUS OUT HERE!

REALLY? INSIGHTS LIKE THAT MUST BE THE REASON YOU'RE THE TEACHER AND I'M THE STUDENT!

MY SEEEEEE!

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[illegible]

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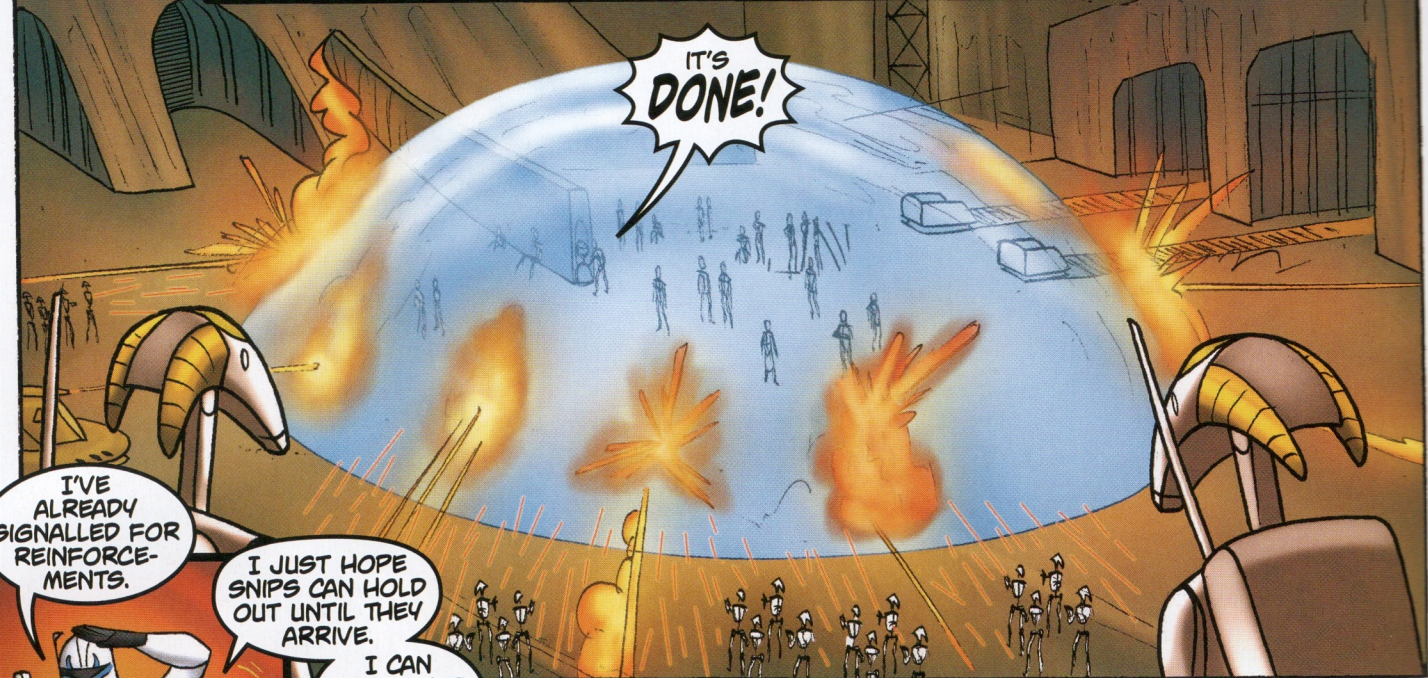


GOTTA GET THE WOUNDED TO SAFETY BEFORE WE ACTIVATE THE SHIELD; NO WAY THEY'LL SURVIVE WITHOUT US!

YOU'RE RIGHT, REX.

AHSOKA WILL HAVE TO FEND FOR HERSELF FOR A WHILE.

TRIGGER THE SHIELD!



IT'S DONE!

I'VE ALREADY SIGNALLED FOR REINFORCEMENTS.

I JUST HOPE SNIPS CAN HOLD OUT UNTIL THEY ARRIVE.

I CAN SENSE HER IN THE FORCE--

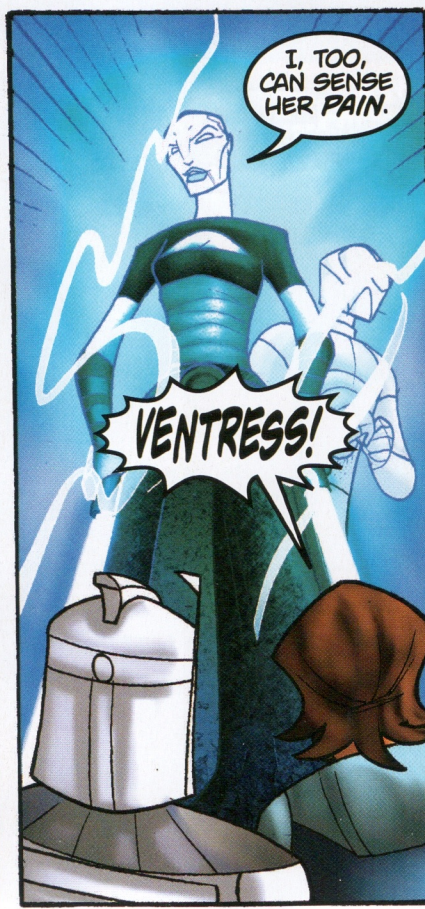
--AND SHE WAS OBVIOUSLY INJURED IN THE FALL.



UUGNNN

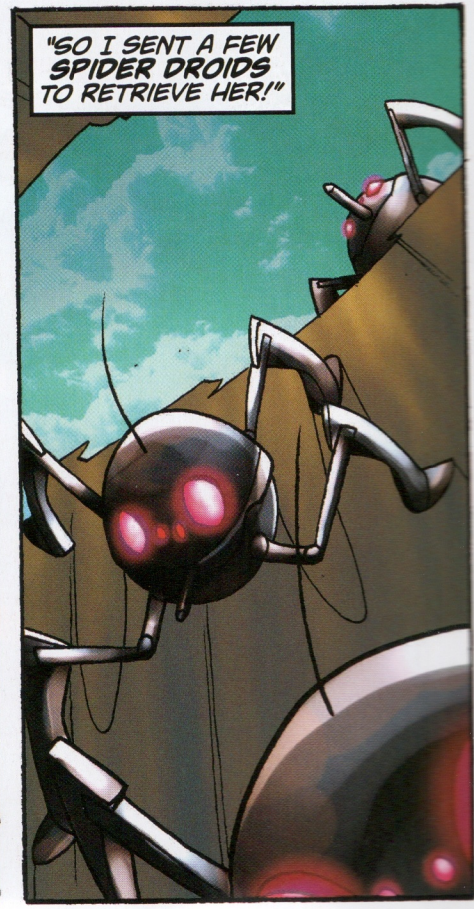


YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT YOUR SCRUFFY SIDEKICK, SKYWALKER...

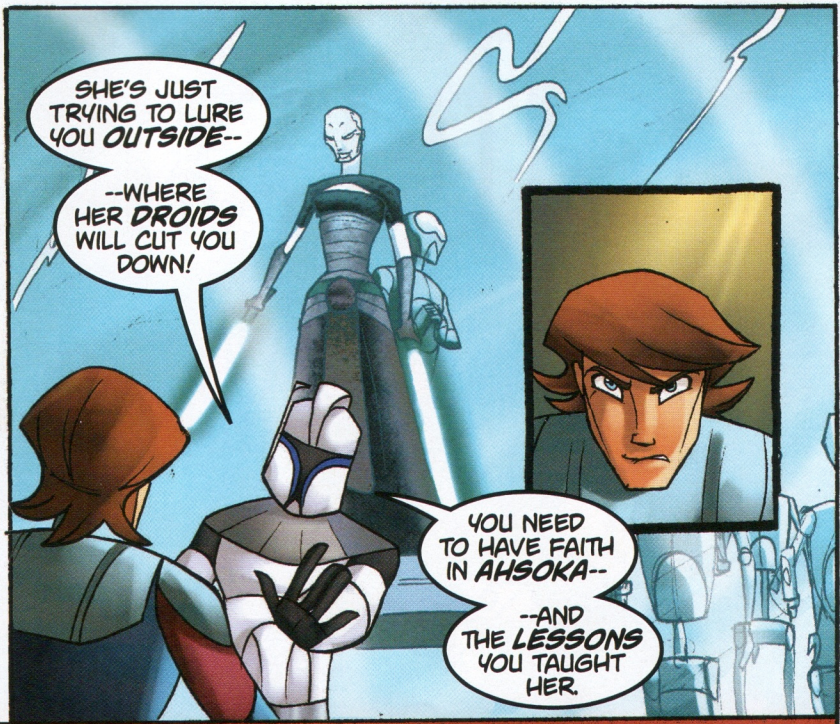


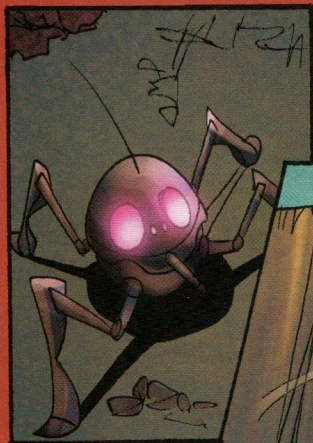
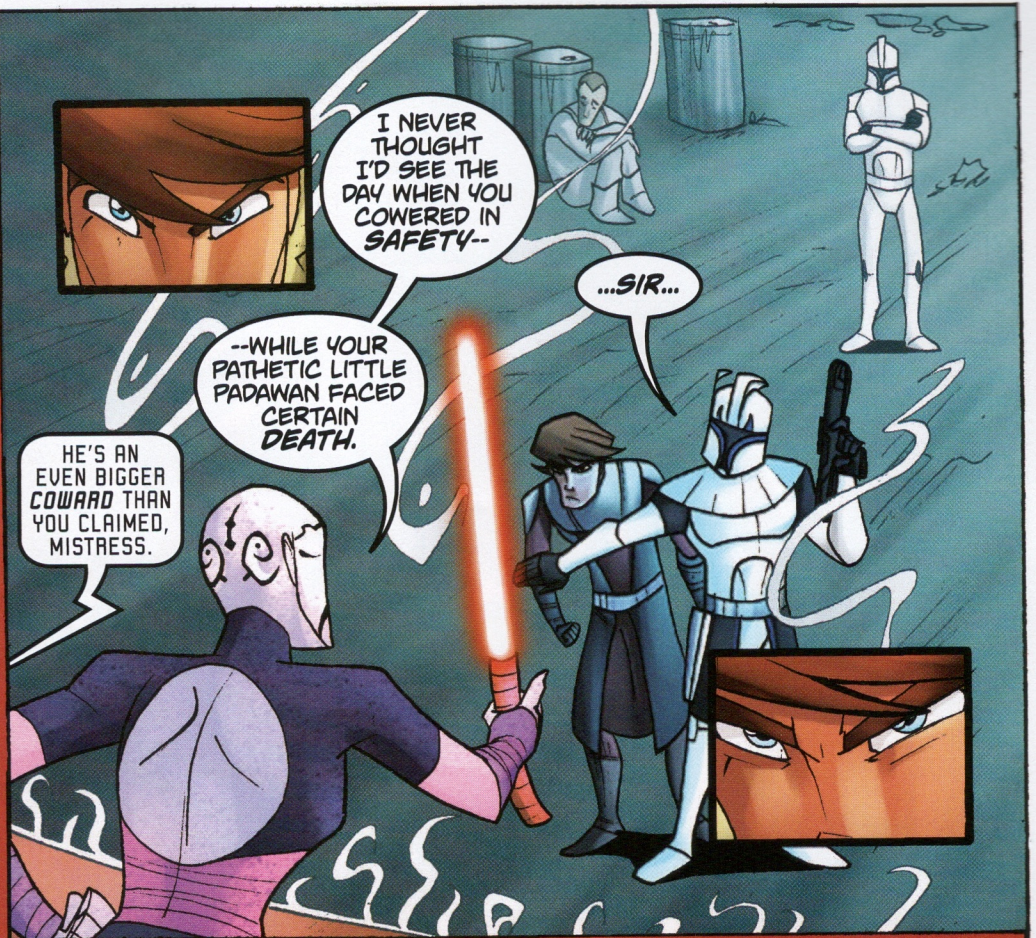
I, TOO, CAN SENSE HER PAIN.

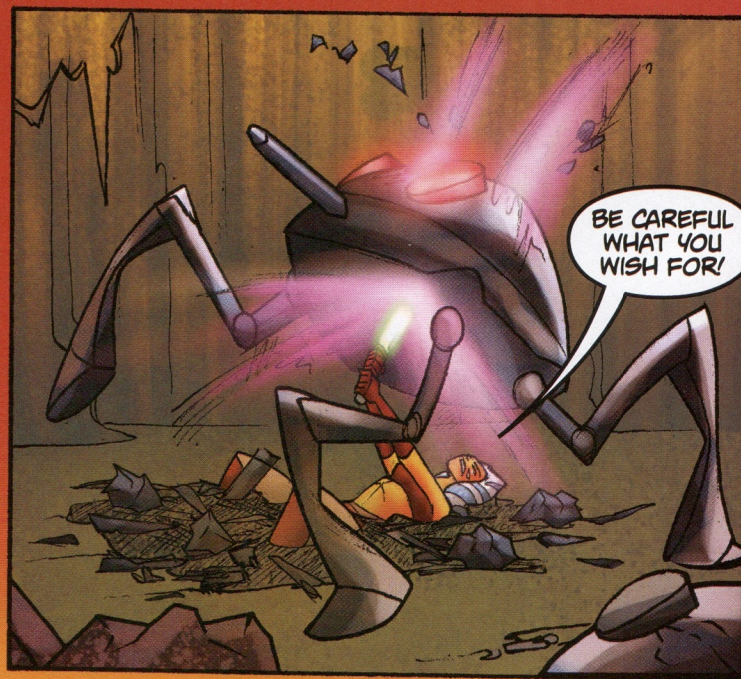
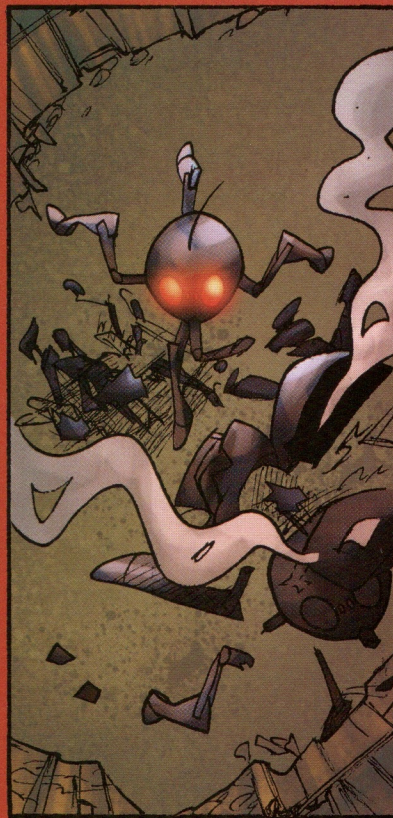
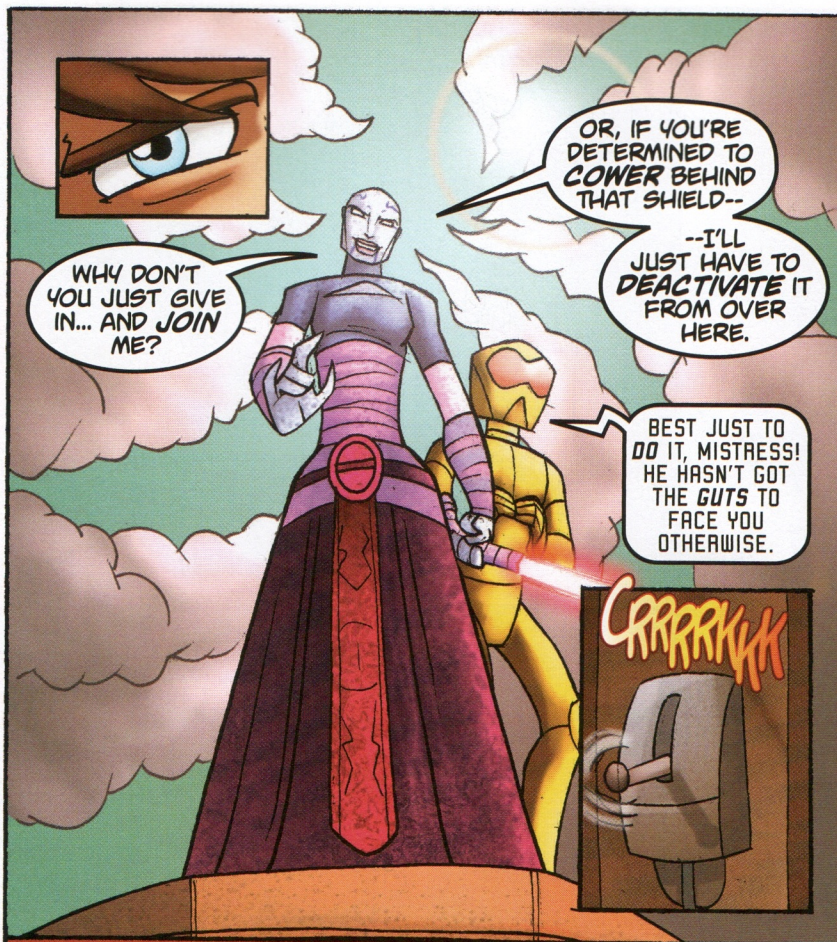
VENTRESS!

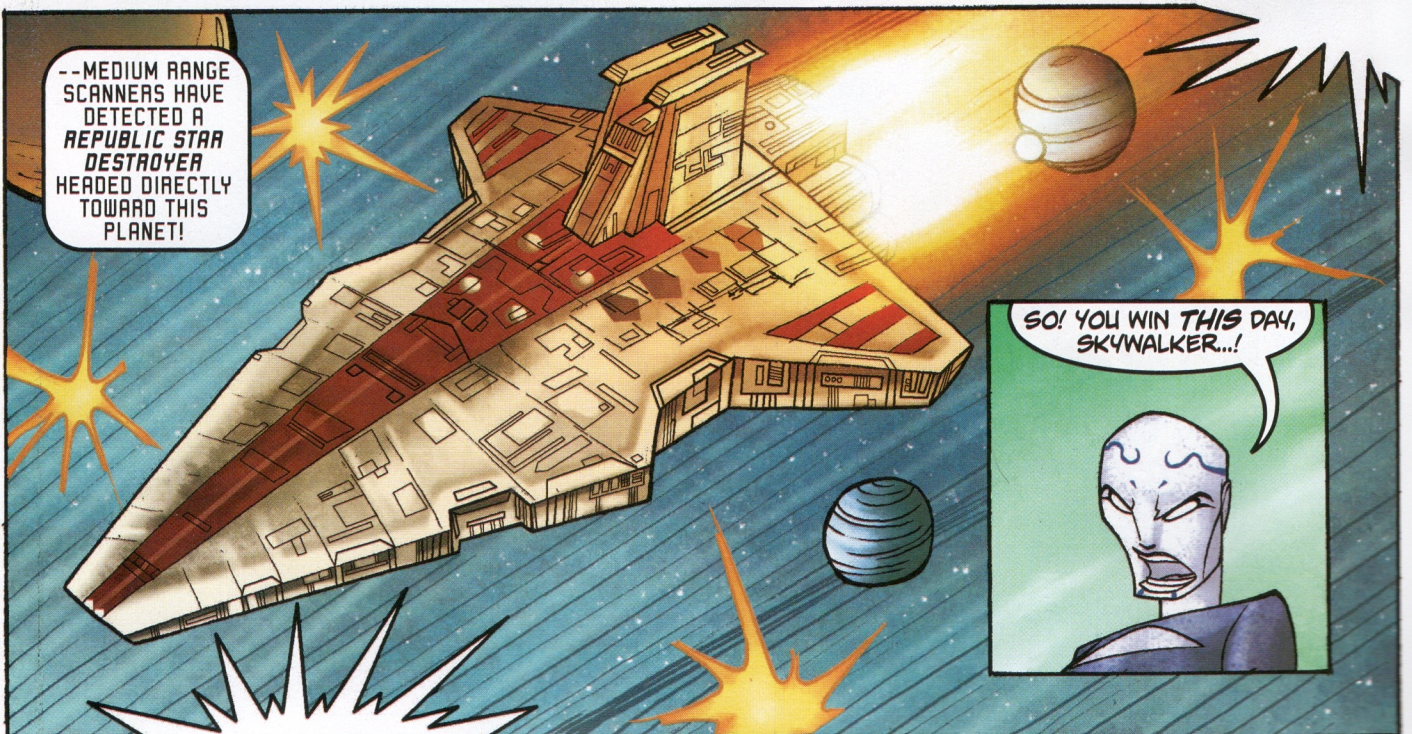
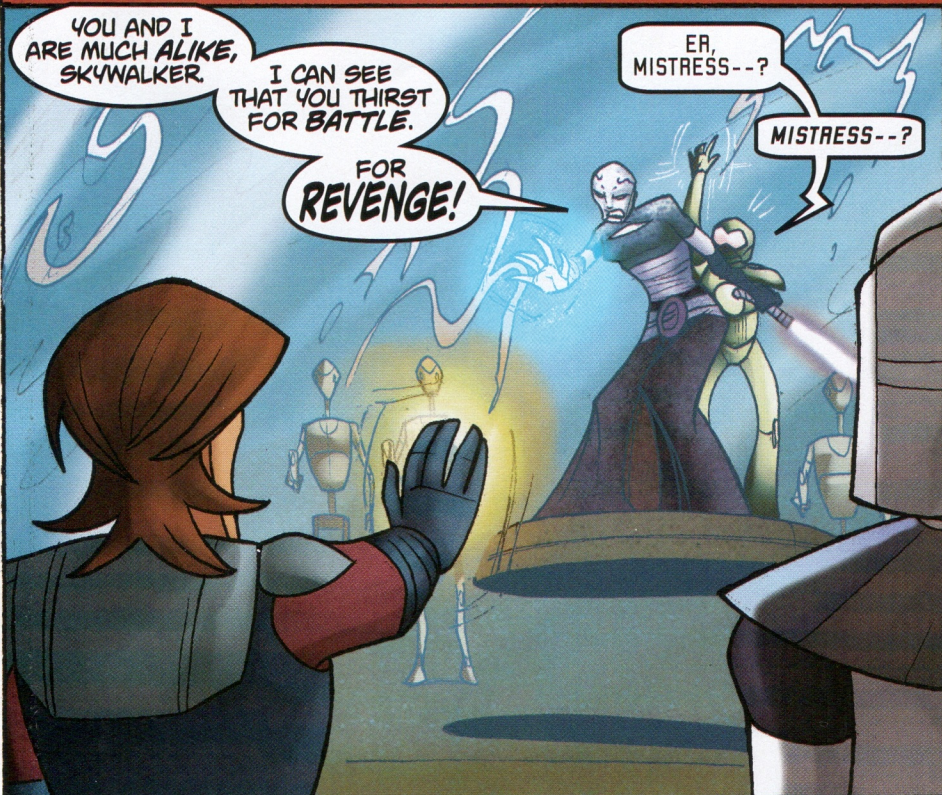
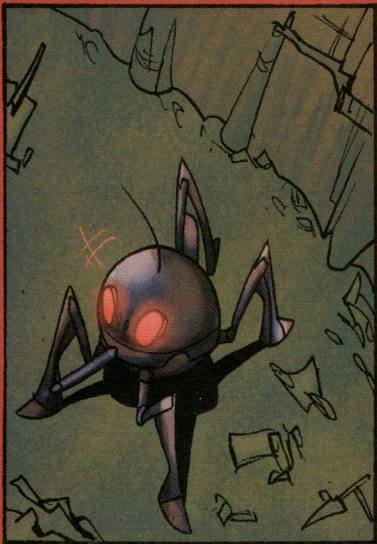


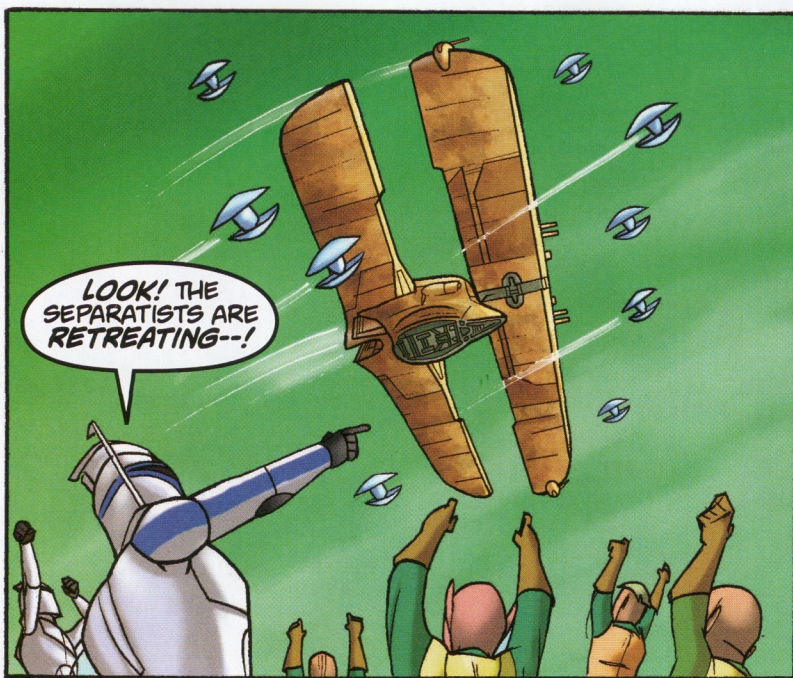
"SO I SENT A FEW SPIDER DROIDS TO RETRIEVE HER!"



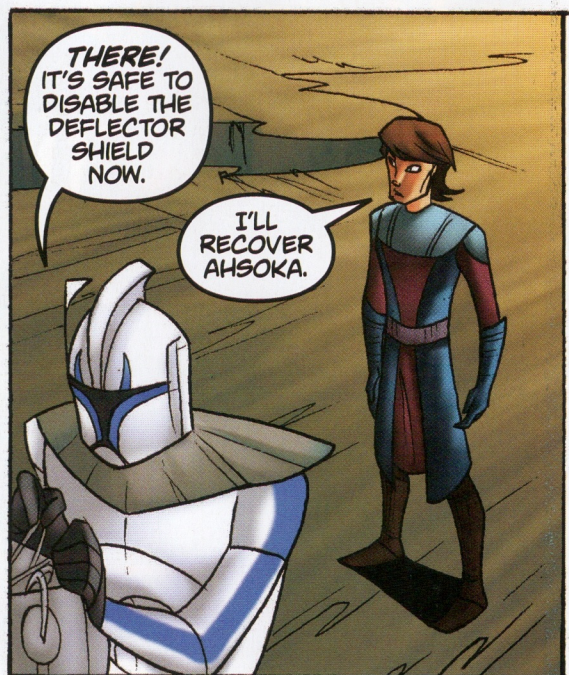








LOOK! THE SEPARATISTS ARE RETREATING--!



THERE! IT'S SAFE TO DISABLE THE DEFLECTOR SHIELD NOW.

I'LL RECOVER AHSOKA.



NOT NECESSARY, MASTER.



TOLD YOU I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF.



ALTHOUGH I *COULD* USE SOME MEDICAL ATTENTION.

CLEAN YOURSELF UP WHILE YOU'RE AT IT.

WE STILL HAVE TO NEGOTIATE A TRADING AGREEMENT WITH THE MINERS.



THAT'S IT?

WEREN'T YOU THE LEAST BIT WORRIED ABOUT ME?

WHY WOULD I BE? I HAD FAITH IN YOUR ABILITY TO SURVIVE.



YOU HAVE A GREAT TEACHER!

THE END

THE UNDERCITY OF CORUSCANT,
DEEP BENEATH THE LEVELS
OF THE GALACTIC SENATE.

IN TRIPLICATE

Enoxx
Liche

THERE'S NO
WAY PADME WOULD
COME TO A PLACE
LIKE THIS...

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

EARLIER THAT DAY...

TO GIVE A
CRUCIAL SPEECH
TO RALLY THE SENATE
TOMORROW,
SHE WAS.

WITHOUT HER
CALMING INFLUENCE,
PLUNGED INTO CHAOS,
NEGOTIATIONS WILL
BE. HMMM.

**SENATOR
AMIDALA HAS BEEN
KIDNAPPED!**

WORK OF THE
SEPARATISTS,
THIS IS. FIND
AMIDALA YOU
MUST!

I KNOW HOW
IMPORTANT THIS
IS, **MASTER
YODA**.

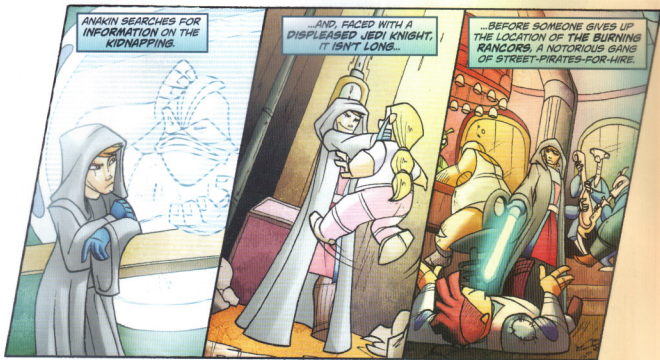
PADMÉ AMIDALA
IS THE GREATEST
DIPLOMAT OF HER
GENERATION.

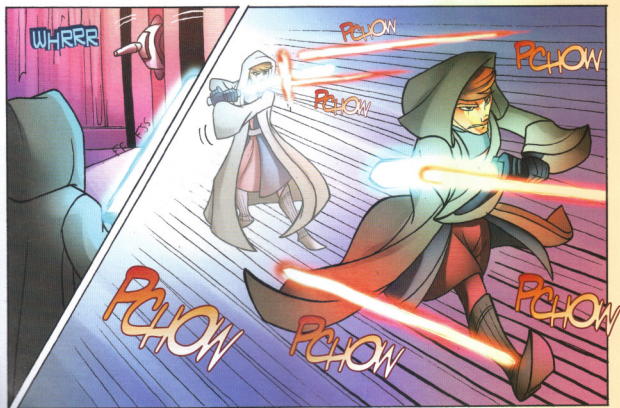
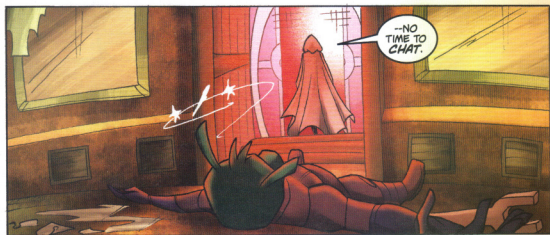
...AND
MY WIFE!

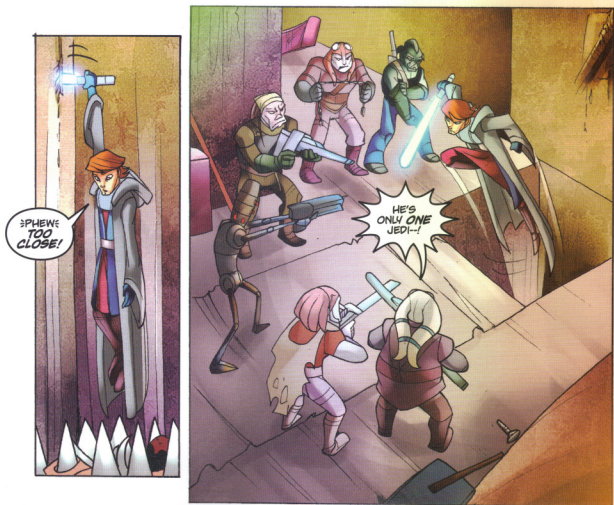
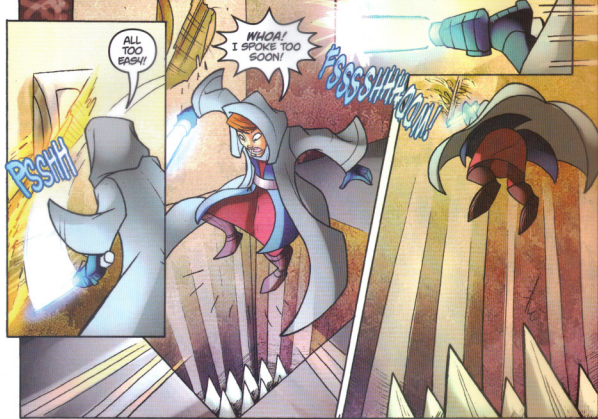
**MASTER YODA SAYS
THE KIDNAPPERS MAY
STILL BE HIDING ON-
PLANET, MASTER
SKYWALKER.**

JUST STAY
AND MONITOR
COMMUNICATIONS.
SNIPS...

...THIS IS
**ONE MISSION I
NEED TO HANDLE
ALONE.**









SHORTLY...

WHAT IN THE NAME
OF THE SITH DID
YOU GO AND DO,
LASER-BRAIN?!

--YOU'RE THE
ONE WHO STOLE
THE **WRONG**
SENATOR!

NO, THE ONE
I NABBED IS
DEFINITELY
HER--

WHAT
DID I
DO?

--THAT THERE IS
SENATOR AMIDALA,
JUST LIKE THE PICTURE
DOOKU DONE
SHOWED US.

THEN WHO DID
I CAPTURE, WAMPA-
BREATH?!

MINE'S AMIDALA
-- IT'S YOU WHO
WENT AN' NABBED A
CLONE-DROID-
WHATCHA-
MACALLIT!

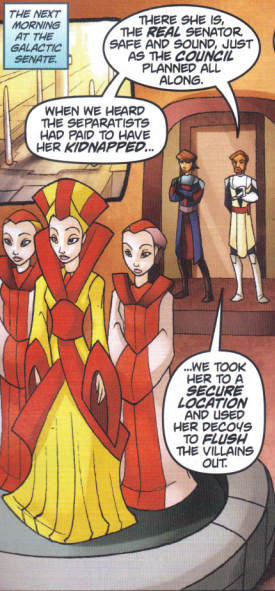
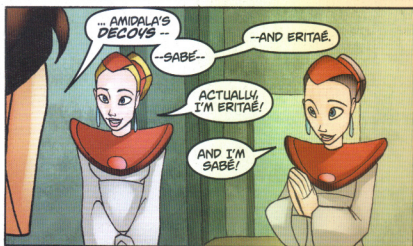
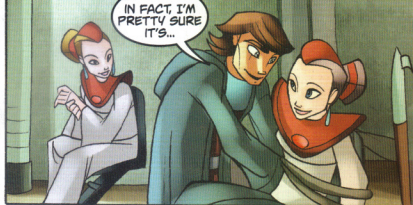
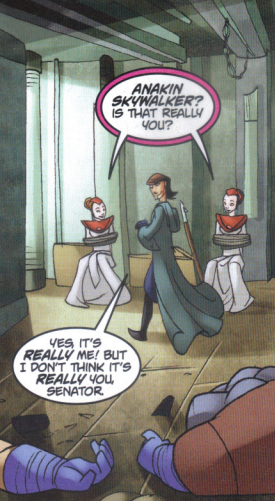
WHA--?

I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
YOU GUYS...

CLONK

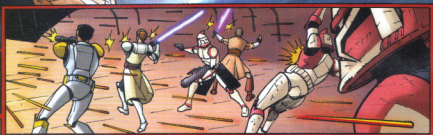
BONK

...BUT I'M
STARTING TO **SEE**
DOUBLE!



IN AN ATTEMPT TO SHORTEN GENERAL GRIEVOUS' REACH, OBI-WAN KENOBI AND MAACE WINDU HAVE LED A CLONE FORCE IN A DARING RAID AGAINST THE TAMBOR DEEP SPACE CENTRE, A GEONOSIAN WORKSHOP USED TO REPAIR SEPARATIST BATTLESHIPS.

THINGS ARE NOT GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN.



SO I SUPPOSE THAT 'MINIMAL RESISTANCE' WE WERE TOLD ABOUT...

WAS **FLAWED INTELLIGENCE**, SIR? YES, I'M AFRAID SO...

DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TIME TO PUT MY HELMET ON.



WE NEED TO BREACH THE **SECURITY COMPLEX**, COMMANDER PONDS... ANY IDEAS?

PLENTY, SIR BUT THIS IS THE SIMPLEST.



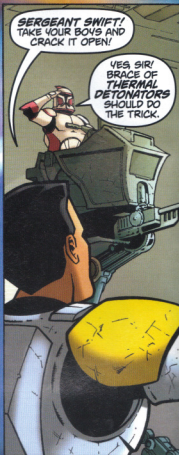
THE DROID DECEPTION

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE
COLOURS
DISIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



THAT MISSILE
DIDN'T EVEN *SCRATCH*
THE SECURITY COMPLEX,
AND I CAN'T SENSE
A SHATTERPOINT ANYWHERE.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT IT, SIR, IT'S
JUST A BUNKER. THEY
ALL GIVE WITH THE
RIGHT AMOUNT OF
PRESSURE.



SERGEANT SWIFT!
TAKE YOUR BOYS AND
CRACK IT OPEN!

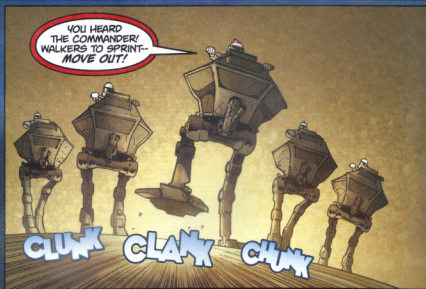
YES SIR!
BRACE OF
THERMAL
DETONATORS
SHOULD DO
THE TRICK.



CODY, A FRONTAL
ATTACK IS MOST
UNWISE. THAT BLAST-
PROOF HOUSING IS
OF GEONOSIAN
DESIGN.

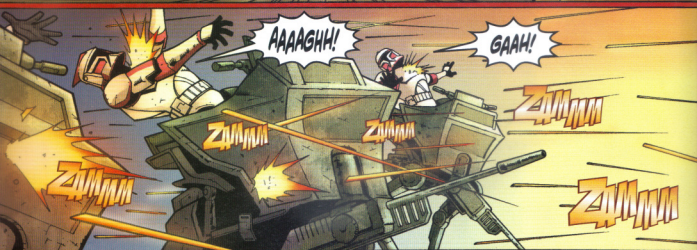
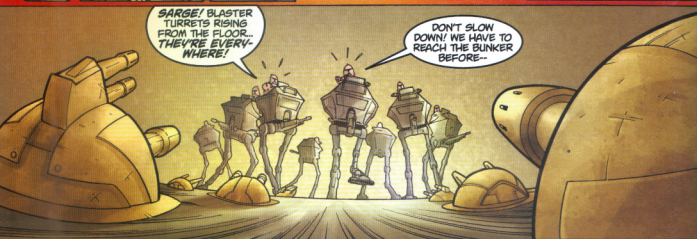
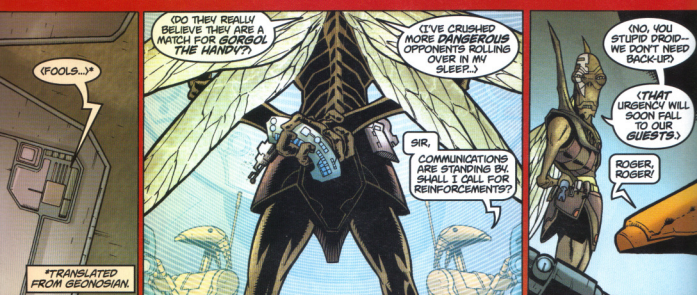
THEIR
TECHNICAL
SKILL IS AS
RENOUNDED
AS THEIR
RUTHLESS-
NESS...

DON'T
WORRY, GENERAL,
THE SEPPIES
WON'T KNOW
WHAT HIT
THEM!



YOU HEARD
THE COMMANDER!
WALKERS TO SPRINT-
MOVE OUT!

CLUNK CLANK CLUNK





SWIFT!
NO!

COMMANDER--
STOP! YOU CAN'T
HELP THEM.



(HAHAHA!)

THE ENTIRE
SQUADRON...



'JEDI! THIS IS GORGOL, CHIEF
MECHANIC OF THIS STATION.
HOPEFULLY YOU REALISE THE
FUTILITY OF COMBAT IN MY
HOME. I SUGGEST YOU
SURRENDER... OR
LEAVE!'



(GO HOME,
REPUBLIC
SCUM!)

IT'S MY
FAULT...



NO, IT WAS
A WELL-LAID
TRAP, CODY.

EXPOSING IT
HAS TAUGHT US
MORE ABOUT OUR
ENEMY: HE PLACES
ALL HIS FAITH IN
HIS SECURITY.



WE CANNOT WIN A STANDING
BATTLE *HERE*, ESPECIALLY AGAINST A
LARGER DROID CONTINGENT.

WE'LL HAVE TO
PREVENT SEPARATIST
REINFORCEMENTS.

AGREED.

ORDERS,
SIR?



FOUR COMMANDERS, FOUR
ROLES. MASTER KENOBI AND
I WILL 'DISAPPEAR', WHILE
PONDS NEUTRALISES
THE STATION'S
TRANSMITTER.

AS FOR YOU,
CODY, I HAVE A TASK
THAT WILL REQUIRE
YOUR ACTING
ABILITIES...

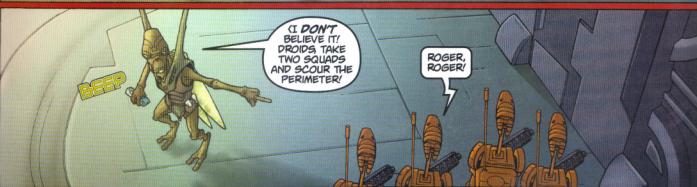


SIR, IT'S
TIME WE--

(SHUSH!
IT'S TOO QUIET.
WHAT ARE THOSE
IDIOTS UP TO...?)



(THEY REALLY ARE
SURRENDERING?)



BEEP

(I DON'T
BELIEVE IT!
DROIDS TAKE
TWO SQUADS
AND SCOUR THE
PERIMETER!

ROGER,
ROGER!



UNIT 4416
REPORTING.
LEFT FLANK
ALL CLEAR.

UNIT 4432
REPORTING.
RIGHT FLANK
ALL CLEAR.

THE HANGAR
IS EMPTY.

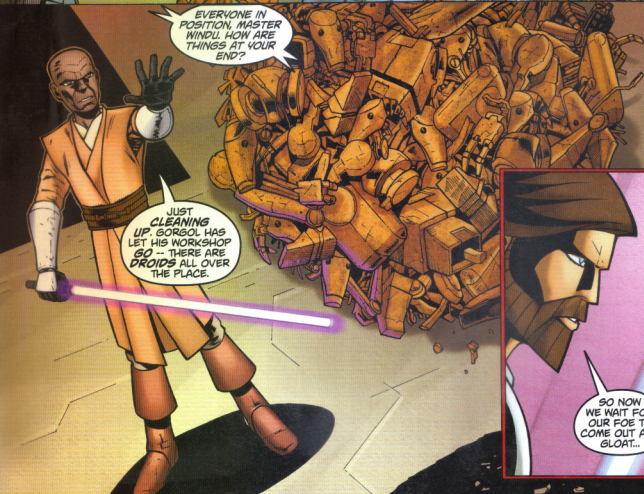
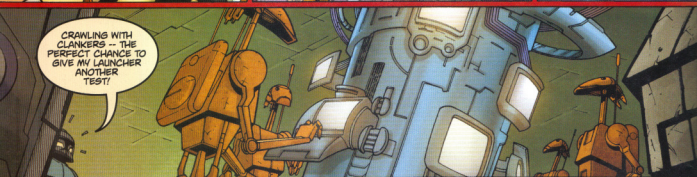


(EXCELLENT!
I'LL BRING THE
REST OF THE
TROOPS OUT TO
CELEBRATE!)



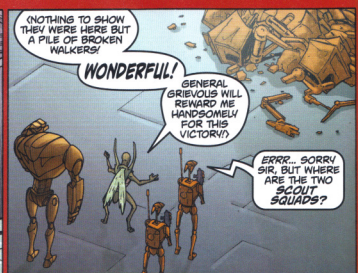
IT SURE IS
NICE TO BE ON
THE WINNING
SIDE FOR
ONCE.

ROGER,
ROG--





(WEAK REPUBLIC PUPPETS! BARELY A FIGHT AND THEY TURN TAIL AND RUN!)

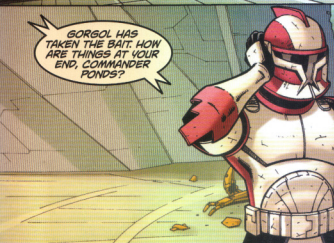


(NOTHING TO SHOW THEY WERE HERE BUT A PILE OF BROKEN WALKERS!)

WONDERFUL!

GENERAL GRIEVOUS WILL REWARD ME HANDSOMELY FOR THIS VICTORY!

ERRR... SORRY SIR, BUT WHERE ARE THE TWO SCOUT SQUADS?



GORGOL HAS TAKEN THE BAIT. HOW ARE THINGS AT YOUR END, COMMANDER PONDS?



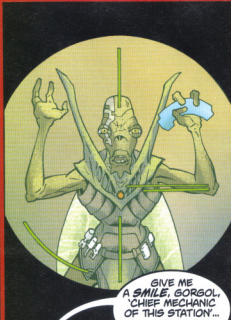
LINE OF COMMUNICATION ARE CUT, GENERAL!

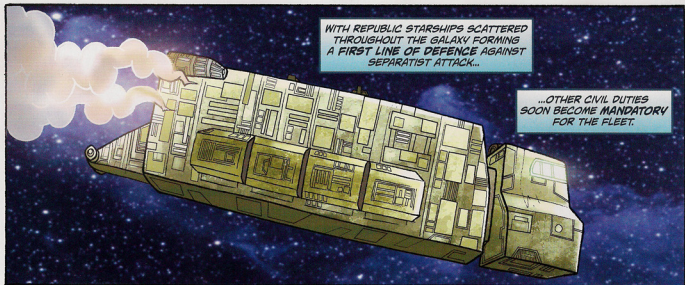


SORRY TO DISAPPOINT, GORGOL, BUT WE 'PUPPETS' STILL HAVE A SHOW TO PERFORM.



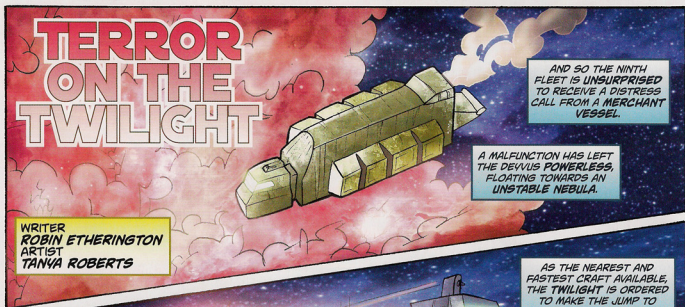
TIME TO CUT YOUR STRINGS, ENGINEER.





WITH REPUBLIC STARSHIPS SCATTERED
THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY FORMING
A FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE AGAINST
SEPARATIST ATTACK...

...OTHER CIVIL DUTIES
SOON BECOME MANDATORY
FOR THE FLEET.



TERROR ON THE TWILIGHT

AND SO THE NINTH
FLEET IS UNSURPRISED
TO RECEIVE A DISTRESS
CALL FROM A MERCHANT
VESSEL.

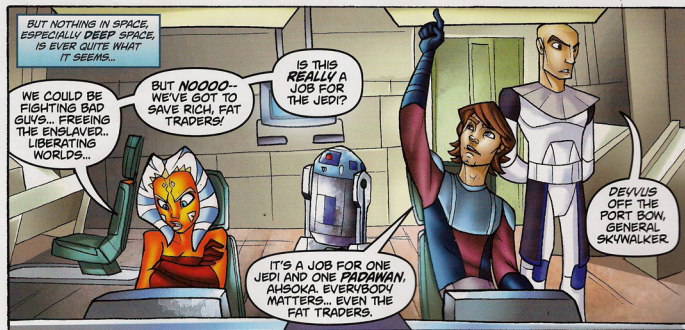
A MALFUNCTION HAS LEFT
THE DEVVUS POWERLESS,
FLOATING TOWARDS AN
UNSTABLE NEBULA.

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS



AS THE NEAREST AND
FASTEST CRAFT AVAILABLE,
THE TWILIGHT IS ORDERED
TO MAKE THE JUMP TO
HYPERSPACE AND EFFECT
AN IMMEDIATE RESCUE.

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



BUT NOTHING IN SPACE,
ESPECIALLY DEEP SPACE,
IS EVER QUITE WHAT
IT SEEMS...

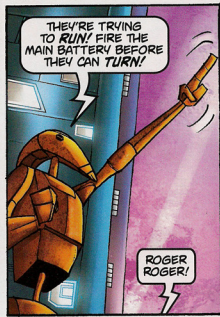
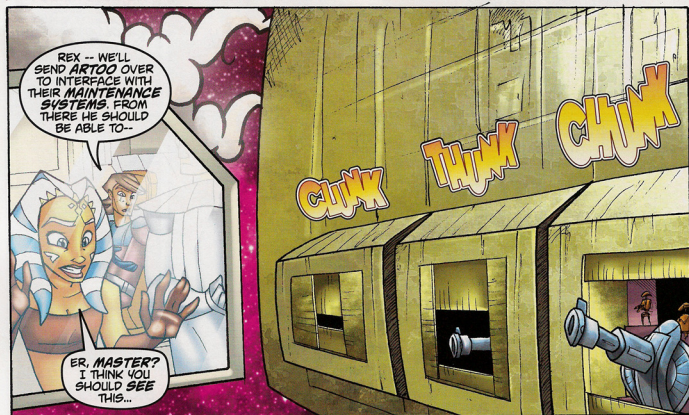
WE COULD BE
FIGHTING BAD
GUYS... FREEING
THE ENSLAVED..
LIBERATING
WORLDS...

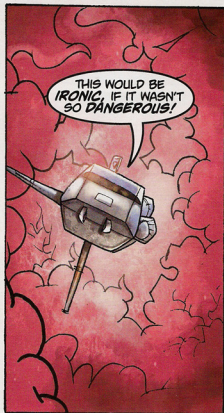
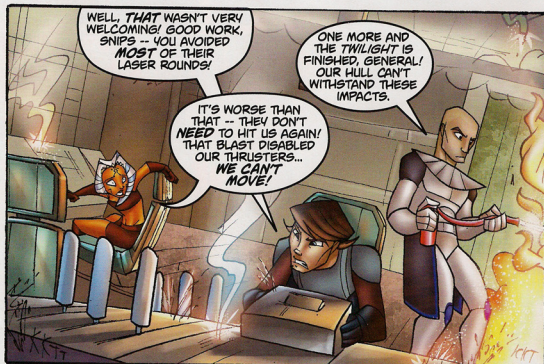
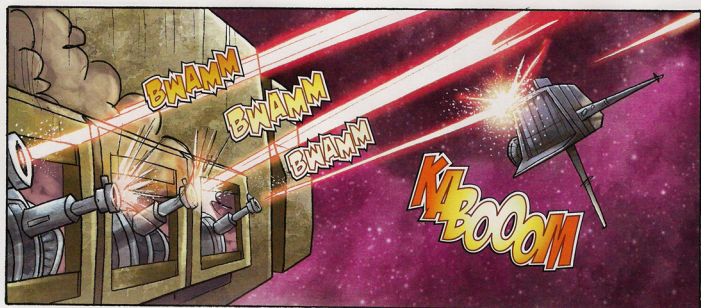
BUT NOOOO--
WE'VE GOT TO
SAVE RICH, FAT
TRADERS!

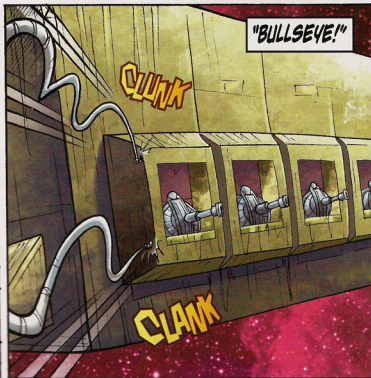
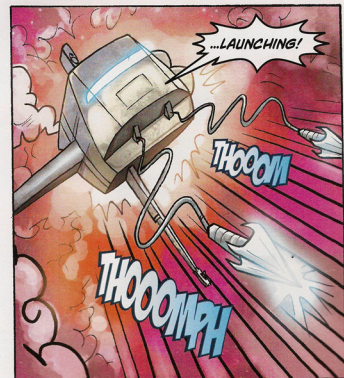
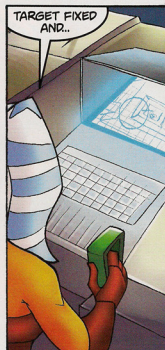
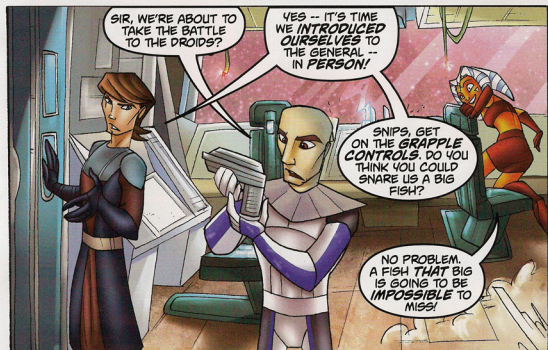
IS THIS
REALLY A
JOB FOR
THE JEDI?

IT'S A JOB FOR ONE
JEDI AND ONE PADAWAN.
AHSOKA. EVERYBODY
MATTERS... EVEN THE
FAT TRADERS.

DEVVUS
OFF THE
PORT BOW,
GENERAL
SKYWALKER.







AHSOKA, YOU KNOW HOW YOU'RE ALWAYS DEMANDING MORE RESPONSIBILITY ON OUR MISSIONS?

YEAH?!

WELL, CONGRATULATIONS! YOU NOW HAVE **COMPLETE** CHARGE OF THIS SHIP...

THIS IS **NOT** WHAT I MEANT! WHY CAN'T I COME ALONG?

BECAUSE **SOMEONE** HAS TO BE HERE IN CASE WE NEED BACK-UP...

...AND ARTOO IS BUSH!

Tsssssss

A BOLD STRATEGY, SIR. THINK THEY'LL SUSPECT ANYTHING?

IT'S BOLDNESS THAT **SEPARATES** US FROM THE **SEPARATISTS**. REX. OB-WAN ALWAYS POINTS OUT THAT AN OPPONENT WHO DOESN'T IMPROVISE CAN ALWAYS BE DEFEATED.

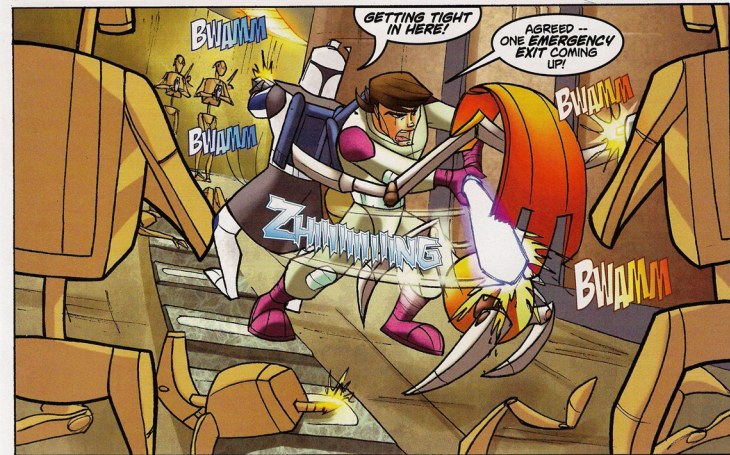
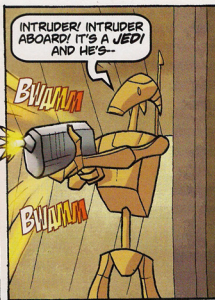
...AND BATTLE DROIDS CAN BARELY **SPELL** 'IMPROVISE'!

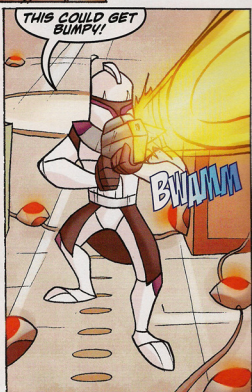
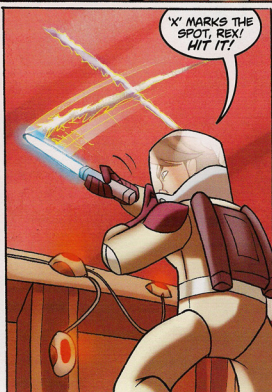
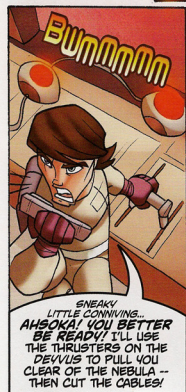
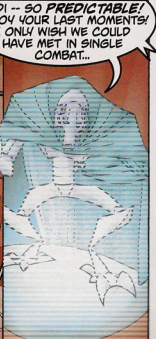
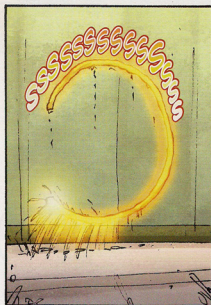
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING GO 'CLANK' A MOMENT AGO?

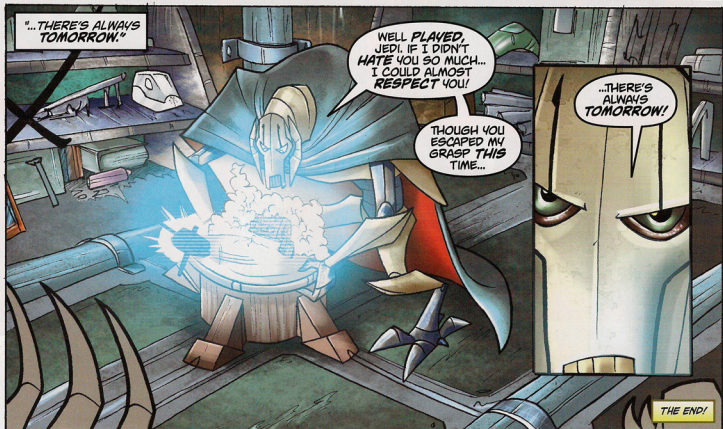
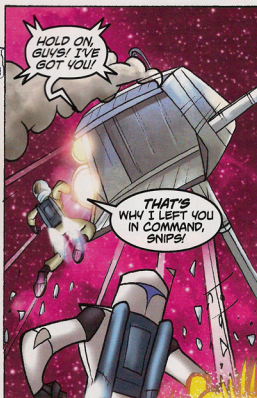
IT WAS PROBABLY JUST MY RUSTY KNEE JOINTS.

YOU TOO? I THOUGHT I WAS THE **ONLY** ONE WHO SUFFERED FROM METAL FATIGUE.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE WE'RE EXPOSED TO THE **ELEMENTS**.
SIGH! SENTRY DUTY CAN REALLY GET YOU--

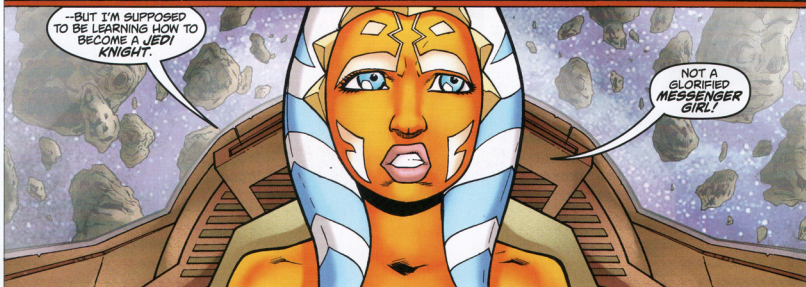








MILK RUN TO MAARKA!





"DROP OFF
THE DATA FILE,
AHSOKA".

"MEET UP
WITH US ON THE
RESOLUTE,
AHSOKA".

"DON'T GET
INTO TROUBLE,
AHSOKA".

FFF, AT LEAST
I CAN USE THIS
ASTEROID FIELD TO
SHARPEN MY
PILOTING
SKILLS.

DWEE-
BWEEEEEEEP!

RELAX,
ARTOO! I'M
IN COMPLETE
CONTROL.

I'VE GOT
THE SITUATION
WELL IN--

HAAAAHHH!

VULTURE
DROIDS!



EVASIVE
MANOEUVRES!

CAN'T
LET THEM
SPOT US!



THE
SEPARATISTS
MUST BE PLANNING A
SNEAK ATTACK ON
MAARKA!

DOO-BWEE-
BWOOO.



RIGHT, ARTOO!
WE'VE GOTTA FIND A
WAY TO **SNEAK** PAST
THOSE FIGHTERS
AND **WARN** THE
BASE.



JUST MY
LUCK! ANOTHER
FIGHTER WAS
TRAILING THE
SQUAD!

MUST'VE
ASSIGNED HIM
TO WATCH THEIR
BACKS.




I DON'T
KNOW ABOUT
YOU--

--BUT I'M
GLAD I DIDN'T EAT
LUNCH BEFORE
THIS MISSION!




LET'S SEE
HOW OUR FRIEND
LIKES BEING ON
THE **RECEIVING**
END--!



HERE'S
THE GOOD
NEWS, ARTOO --
WE CAN **SCRATCH**
ONE DROID
FIGHTER!


OOO-DWEEE-
BWOOOO!




BUT YEAH,
I KNOW THE BAD NEWS
IS REALLLLLLLY
BAD--



--THE REST
OF THE SQUAD IS
NOW TARGETING
US!



MASTER
YODA SAYS A JEDI
KNIGHT MUST ALWAYS
REMAIN CALM AND
FOCUSED.



RATHER DIFFICULT
UNDER THE CURRENT
CIRCUMSTANCES!



WHOA!
THAT WAS A
LITTLE CLOSE FOR
COMFORT!



WAY TOO CLOSE!

M-MUST REMAIN CALM AND FOCUSED...

EEEE-
DOOO-
BWEEE-
BWOOD!



ARE YOU *SURE*, ARTTOO? WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE THE STARBOARD CANNON.

CAN'T YOU FIX IT?

SCHWEE-
BWEEE-
BOOO!



ALL RIGHT, CALM DOWN!

NO ONE'S ASKING YOU TO WORK MIRACLES.



ALTHOUGH WE COULD REALLY USE ONE.

EVEN MASTER SKYWALKER WOULD HAVE TROUBLE TAKING ON SIX DROID FIGHTERS WITH ONLY *ONE* LASER CANNON.



GOTTA FIND A WAY TO EVEN THE ODDS -- AND FAST!

DEEE-
DOOO-
DWEEEP!



I'M NOT GIVING UP. MAARKA IS COUNTING ON US.

THERE MUST BE A WAY TO--
OF COURSE!



ALL I HAVE
TO DO IS FOLLOW
MASTER VODA'S
ADVICE--

HANG
ON!

THIS IS
GOING TO BE
A BUMPY
RIDE!

FOCUS
MY MIND--

--REACH
OUT TO THE
ASTEROID
FIELD..

THIS
IS IT!

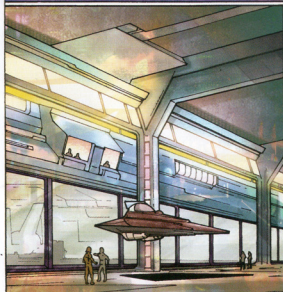
MAY THE
FORCE BE
WITH ME--!



AFTER DELIVERING THE FILE TO THE MAARKA BASE, AHSOKA SOON PROCEEDS TO THE RENDEZVOUS POINT IN THE OUTER RIM...

STAR DESTROYER RESOLUTE, THIS IS PADAWAN AHSOKA TANO REQUESTING PERMISSION TO LAND.

WE'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, PADAWAN TANO.



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, SNIPS?

NICE TO SEE YOU TOO, MASTER SKYWALKER.



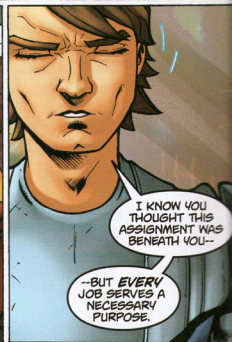
AND WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SHIP?

YOU WENT JOYRIDING IN THE ASTEROID FIELD?



I GUESS YOU COULD SAY I DID--

--IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING.



I KNOW YOU THOUGHT THIS ASSIGNMENT WAS BENEATH YOU--

--BUT EVERY JOB SERVES A NECESSARY PURPOSE.



I KNOW, MASTER.

TRUST ME-- I ALREADY KNOW!

TWEE-DEET!

SOMEWHERE IN THE
CORE SYSTEMS, CLOSE
TO CORUSCANT...

BLAST THESE
SEPARATISTS
AND THEIR SILLY
WAR DROIDS...

BOOM

...THE REPUBLIC
IS WASTING TOO
MUCH TIME
REPELLING
THESE SNEAK
ATTACKS!

WELL, THAT'S
THE LAST OF THEM
FOR NOW, ARFOUR --
TIME TO HEAD
HOME.

CRUNK

FWEEEEEE!

SOUNDS LIKE
I JUST TROD
ON A WAMPA'S
TOE! THIS IS
WHY I HATE
FLYING!

I WON'T BE
GOING ANYWHERE
UNTIL I GET THAT
LITTLE DROMECH
REPAIRED.

LET'S SEE IF
THERE'S ANYONE
NEARBY WHO
CAN...

...AH-HAH,
INDUSTRIAL CENTRE
ON THE THIRD PLANET.
I'M SURE THEY'LL BE
ABLE TO HELP A
JEDI KNIGHT IN
NEED.

FORECLOSURE

ATTENTION, STARFIGHTER -- THIS IS A RESTRICTED AREA. PLEASE STATE YOUR BUSINESS OR WE WILL BE FORCED TO ESCORT YOU OFF-PLANET.

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

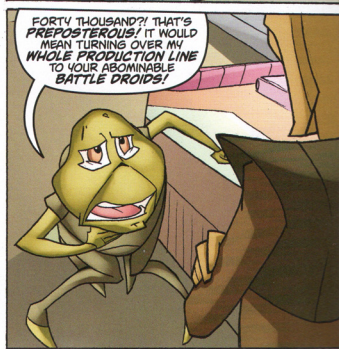
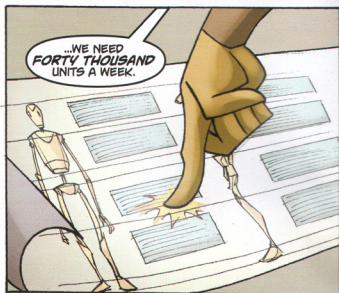
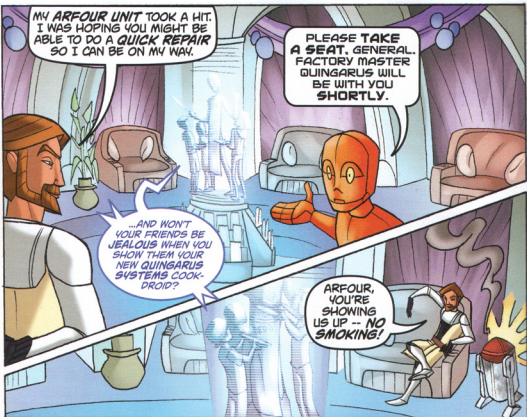
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

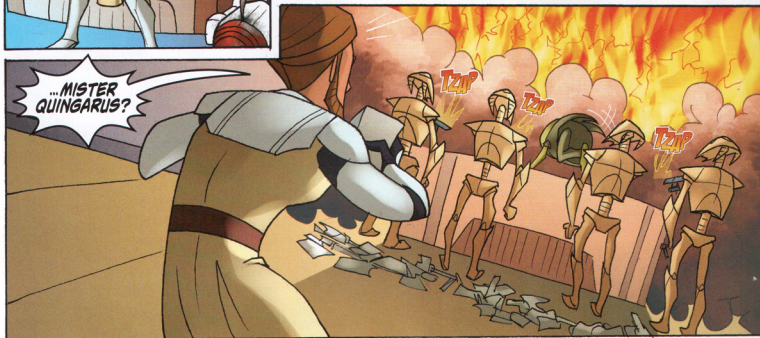
THIS IS GENERAL KENOBI OF THE REPUBLIC -- I'M HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH MY ASTROMECH.

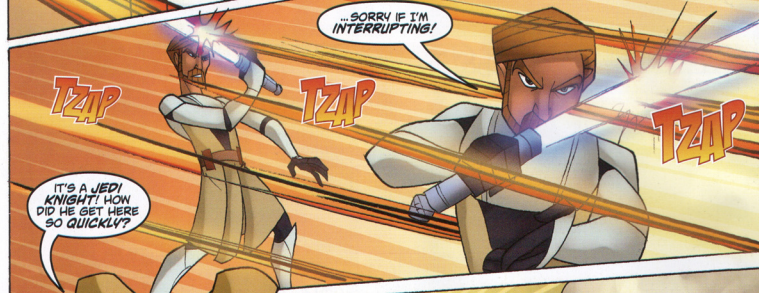
IF YOU CAN PATCH HER UP FOR ME, I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

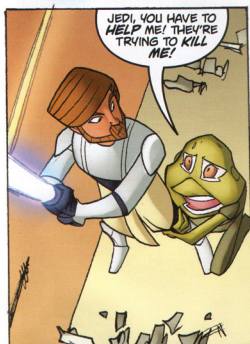
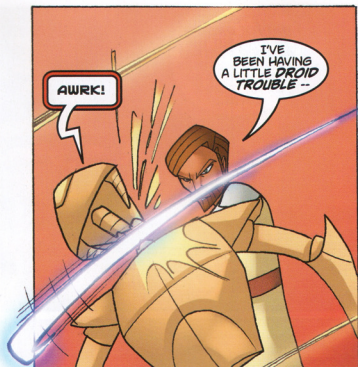
UNDERSTOOD, GENERAL KENOBI. PROCEED TO THE INDICATED LANDING BAY AND SOMEONE WILL BE WITH YOU SHORTLY.

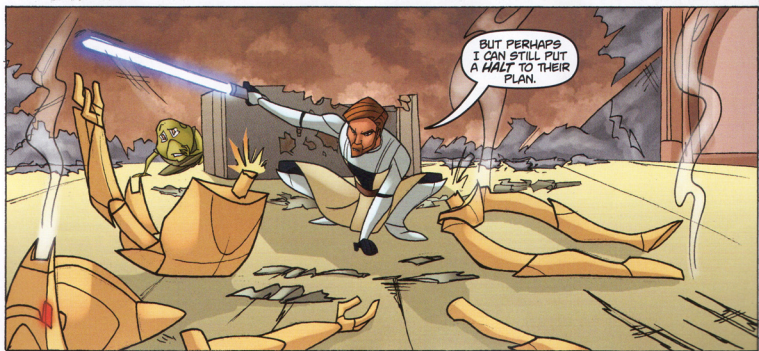
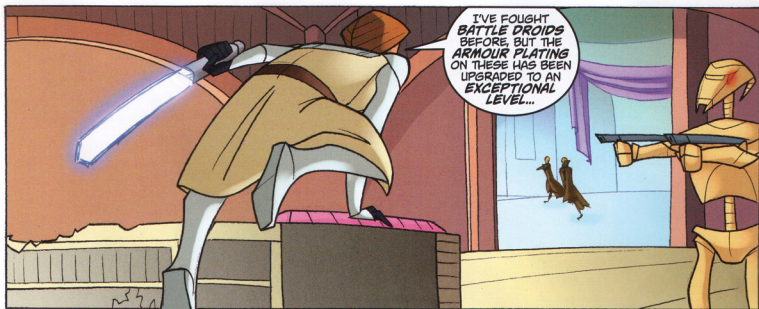


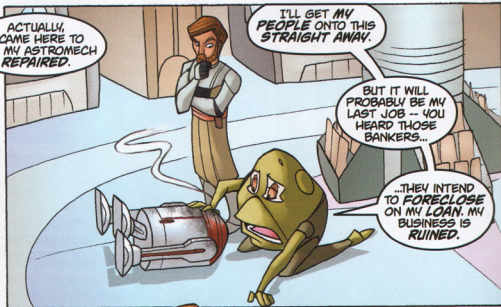












A TROOPER'S TALE



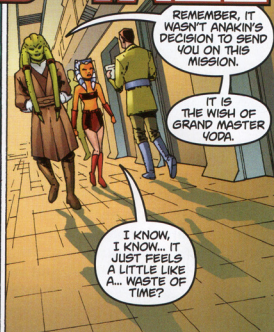
AS THE GALACTIC STRUGGLE BETWEEN THE REPUBLIC AND SEPARATIST FORCES ESCALATES, SO TOO DO THE CASUALTIES.

ON THE PLANET SACORRIA, A CLONE MEDICAL AND REHABILITATION FACILITY HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED TO CARE FOR THOSE INJURED IN THE LINE OF DUTY.



I STILL DON'T GET IT...

UNDER INSTRUCTION FROM YODA, KIT FISTO AND AHSOKA HAVE BEEN SENT TO MEET WITH A WOUNDED CLONE SCOUT.



REMEMBER, IT WASN'T ANAKIN'S DECISION TO SEND YOU ON THIS MISSION.

IT IS THE WISH OF GRAND MASTER YODA.

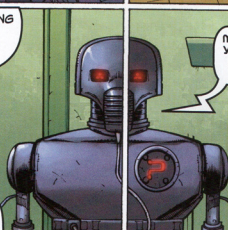
I KNOW, I KNOW... IT JUST FEELS A LITTLE LIKE A... WASTE OF TIME?



WE'RE JEDI! INSTEAD OF COMFORTING ONE POOR CLONE, WE SHOULD BE OUT THERE, TAKING THE FIGHT TO THOSE ANIMALS THAT FORCED US TO BUILD PLACES LIKE THIS!

YOUR LOYALTY AND PASSION FOR JUSTICE IS COMMENDABLE, BUT IT IS PATIENCE THAT YOU REQUIRE TODAY.

THERE IS MORE TO THIS ASSIGNMENT THAN MEETS THE EYE.



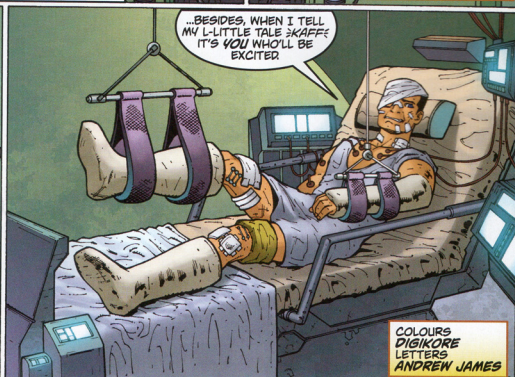
MASTER JEDI - YOU MAY GO IN NOW, BUT BE CAREFUL.

THE PATIENT IS INCREDIBLY WEAK. PLEASE TRY NOT TO EXCITE HIM.

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE



SCOUGH SILLY OLD N-NURSEMAID IT'S A-HACKE NOT AS BAD AS IT L-LOOKS...



...BESIDES, WHEN I TELL MY L-LITTLE TALE A-KAFFE IT'S YOU WHO'LL BE EXCITED

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

MASTER YODA SAID YOU HAD REQUESTED TO SPEAK ONLY WITH JEDI. IS THIS CORRECT?



Y-YES... THIS INFORMATION IS FOR YOUR E-EARS ONLY, GENERAL. NOW, PLEASE S-SIT... AND ALLOW SKOFFE A BROKEN SOLDIER TO SHARE HIS LAST BATTLE.

"MY N-NAME IS MARRT. SERGEANT MARRT OF THE 182ND LEGION."



"THREE W-WEEKS AGO WE LANDED BY DROPSHIP ON THE REMOTE PLANET OF BELGAROTH."

"C-COMMAND SENT MY F-FOUR MAN SCOUT UNIT TO INVESTIGATE A CLAIM THAT A REPUBLIC WEAPONS FACTORY WAS TRADING WITH THE ENEMY."



"THEN CAME KNUCKLES, A B-BRAWLER WHO PREFERRED HIS TWO FISTS TO A GOOD BLASTER."

"BRINGING UP THE REAR WAS CHATTER. HE GOT HIS N-NAME DUE TO HIS LOVE OF CODE-BREAKING, AND BECAUSE HE NEVER SHUTS UP!"

... AND THE DROID SAYS, "THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS ASK FOR GUARD DUTY!"

HAHAHA!



QUIET, BOYS. WE'VE REACHED THE CZERKA FACTORY.



"AND FINALLY, RECON. HIS SENSE OF IMMINENT D-DANGER WAS LEGENDARY, EVEN AMONGST V-VETERAN SCOUTS."

I'M SORRY, REEP, BUT THE SHIPMENT IS STILL NOT READY.



YOUR CONSTANT DELAYS IRRITATE ME, TARIN. THE TONITH FAMILY DO NOT ACCEPT EXCUSES.



YOU WERE TO PRODUCE 100,000 UNITS BY TODAY... AND, IN EXCHANGE, THE BANKING CLAN WOULD MAKE YOU AND YOUR SUPERIORS EXTREMELY RICH.

NOW, I APPEAR TO HAVE UPHELD MY PART OF THE DEAL...



AND I SHALL KEEP MINE! JUST GIVE ME 12 HOURS AND THE ORDER WILL BE GOOD TO GO!



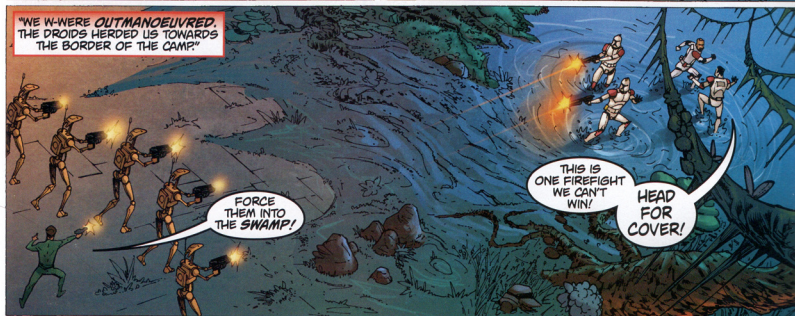
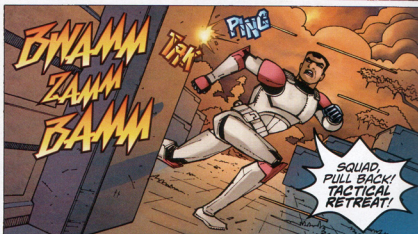
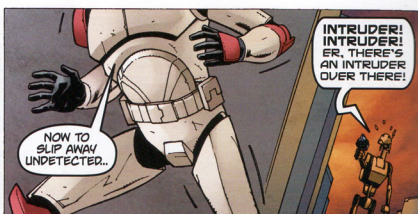
I HOPE SO, FOR YOUR SAKE -- COUNT DOOKU CAN BE EXTREMELY UNPLEASANT WHEN SUPPLIERS FAIL TO DELIVER.

"MY H-HEAD WAS REELING FROM WHAT I'D HEARD, BUT THERE WAS W-WORSE TO COME..."



COUNT DOOKU! AND THE BANKING CLAN?

LOOKS LIKE OUR INTEL WAS CORRECT. WONDER WHAT THEY'RE TRADING...





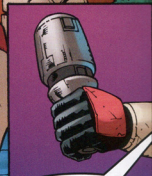
LOOKS LIKE
THEY'VE GIVEN UP
PURSUIT.

"WE F-FOUND OURSELVES IN A
SMALL CLEARING SURROUNDED
B-BY THICK SWIRLING MIST"

WHAT
HAPPENED BACK
THERE, SARGE?

DOUBLE-
DEALING, RECON.
OF THE WORST
KIND

THAT
STRING BEAN
WAS A **MULIN**. AND
A MEMBER OF THE
BANKING CLAN.



LOOKS LIKE THE
CLAN ARE TRYING TO
HELP DOOKU GET AN
EDGE IN THE WAR --
AND AT LEAST **ONE**
OF OUR FAMILIES
IS HELPING!

10,000 OF
THESE ILLEGAL
GRENADES IN THE
HANDS OF **BX DROID**
COMMANDOS, AND
THERE WON'T BE
A CLONE LEFT
BREATHING!

WE NEED
TO GET THE
WORD BACK
TO HQ --
CHATTER?



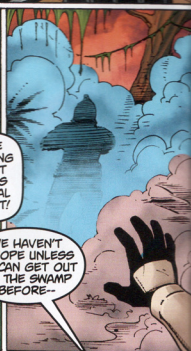
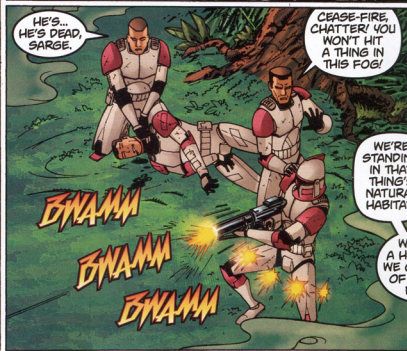
SORRY,
SARGE, I CAN'T
RAISE A PEEP.
THIS FOG'S PLAYING
HAVOC WITH OUR
COMMS.

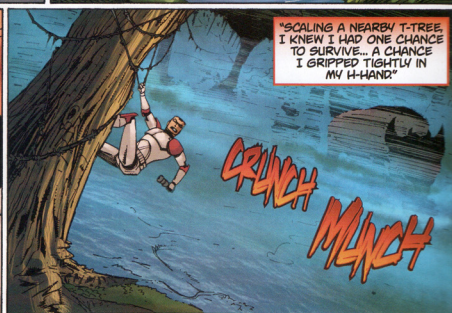
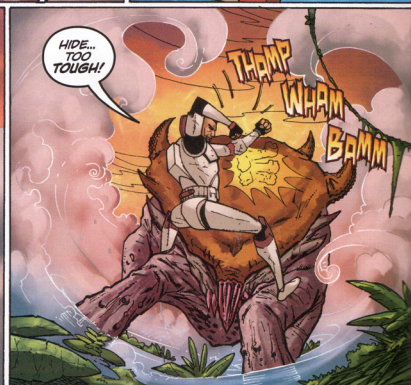
SKRAAAAAAAAAAAAA

WHAT IN THE
NAME OF THE
SITH WAS THAT?

MORE
DROIDS?

NO, KNUCKLES... NOT
DROIDS... SOMETHING
ELSE... SOMETHING BIG...
SOMETHING VERY BIG --
AND APPROACHING
AT **SPEED!**







HEY, PLATE-FACE!
UP HERE! IF YOU
LIKE METAL
SO MUCH--



--YOU'RE
GOING TO
LOVE
THIS!



"THE MONSTROSITY ROSE
ON ITS H-HAUNCHES AND
CAUGHT THE GRENADE
WITH TERRIFYING EASE."



"I OPENED FIRE
WITH MY PISTOL."



"MOST S-SHOTS
BOUNCED
HARMLESSLY
OFF T-THE
CARAPACE."



"MOST... BUT
N-NOT ALL."



"THE FEX-M3 NERVE
GAS DID ITS W-WORK.
THE CREATURE WAS
DEAD BEFORE IT
H-HIT THE GROUND"



"I B-BURIED MY BROTHERS
IN THE SHADOW OF THE
CONQUERED CREATURE
AND SWORE A F-FINAL
BATTLE OATH."



I'LL SEE THAT
SHIPMENT BURN
BEFORE IT EVER
LEAVES THIS
PLANET!



"THE BATTLE RAGED FOR HOURS, BEFORE THE S-SUN HAD RISEN, THE SKIES OF BELGAROTH WERE ILLUMINATED BY FLAMES."



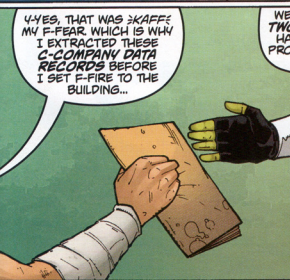
"REEP TONITH FLED IN HIS SHUTTLE, BUT I MANAGED TO SHACKLE TARIN... BEFORE MY W-WOUNDS FINALLY BROUGHT ME DOWN."

"THE FIGHT COST ME MY L-LEGS... BUT IT WAS WORTH IT."



BUT... BUT POOR MARRT, IT *WASN'T* WORTH IT! WE INTERROGATED TARIN WEEKS AGO!

HE DIDN'T KNOW THE IDENTITY OF HIS 'SUPERIORS'. THE *REAL* TRAITORS ARE STILL FREE!



YES, THAT WAS KAFF; MY F-FEAR WHICH IS WHY I EXTRACTED THESE C-COMPANY DATA RECORDS BEFORE I SET F-FIRE TO THE BUILDING...



WELL, WELL... IT APPEARS THAT *TWO INFLUENTIAL SENATORS* HAVE BEEN ENJOYING A VERY PROFITABLE BUSINESS... DEALING ARMS TO THE ENEMY!



BUT N-NOT *ANYMORE*... RIGHT, GENERAL?

CORRECT. BRAVE SCOUT, YOU *HONOUR* THE REPUBLIC WITH YOUR HEROISM.

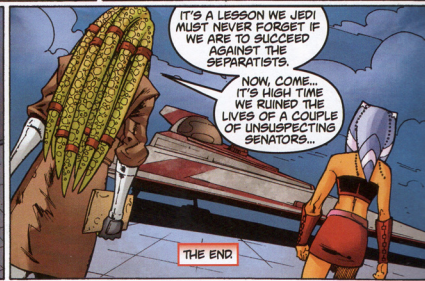
WE WILL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR DESERVED *PEACE*.



MASTER... I'M... I'M *SORRY* FOR DOUBTING YODA'S MISSION.

I CLEARLY HAVE *MUCH* LEFT TO LEARN.

WELL, TODAY A COURAGEOUS CLONE TAUGHT US THAT THE ACTIONS OF *ONE* CAN AFFECT THE LIVES OF *MANY*.



IT'S A LESSON WE JEDI MUST NEVER FORGET IF WE ARE TO SUCCEED AGAINST THE SEPARATISTS.

NOW, COME... IT'S HIGH TIME WE RUINED THE LIVES OF A COUPLE OF UNSUSPECTING SENATORS...

THE END

A LITTLE HELP ON HAKARA

INVESTIGATING A GARBLED DISTRESS CALL, JEDI KNIGHT ANAKIN SKYWALKER AND HIS PADAWAN AHSOKA TANO HAVE COME TO THE SWAMP-FILLED PLANET HAKARA -- A WORLD THE REPUBLIC BELIEVED UNINHABITED!

GROSS!

I JUST STEPPED IN SOMETHING VERY SQUISHY.

YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO GROW A LITTLE **BACKBONE** IF YOU EXPECT TO BECOME A JEDI KNIGHT, AHSOKA.

AND KEEP YOUR VOICE **DOWN!** WE DON'T KNOW IF THE INHABITANTS ARE FRIENDLY.

WRITER
TOM DEFALCO
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

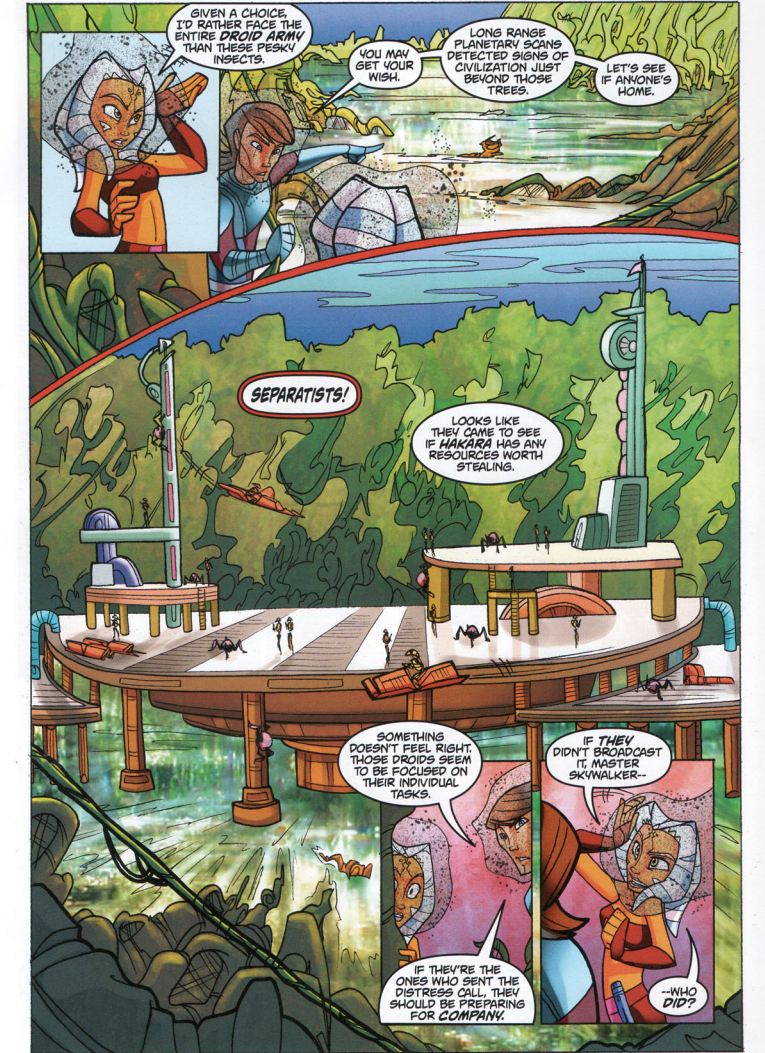
FROM THE LITTLE I PICKED UP ABOUT HAKARA, WE DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THERE ARE INHABITANTS.

HOW CAN WE BE SURE A NATIVE HAKARAN SENT THE DISTRESS SIGNAL?

WE CAN'T, SNIPS.

THE TRANSMISSION EMPLOYED AN UNKNOWN TECHNOLOGY AND A LANGUAGE THE JEDI COUNCIL ARE STILL TRYING TO DECIPHER.

THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THE SEPARATISTS SENT IT TO LURE US INTO A TRAP.



GIVEN A CHOICE,
I'D RATHER FACE THE
ENTIRE DROID ARMY
THAN THESE PESKY
INSECTS.

YOU MAY
GET YOUR
WISH.

LONG RANGE
PLANETARY SCANS
DETECTED SIGNS OF
CIVILIZATION JUST
BEYOND THOSE
TREES.

LET'S SEE
IF ANYONE'S
HOME.

SEPARATISTS!

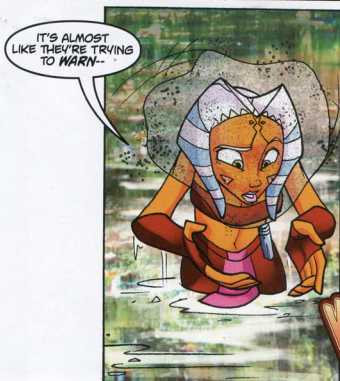
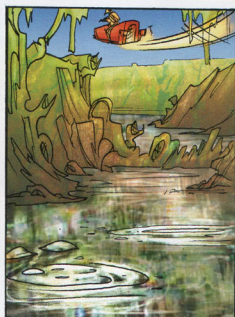
LOOKS LIKE
THEY CAME TO SEE
IF HAKARA HAS ANY
RESOURCES WORTH
STEALING.

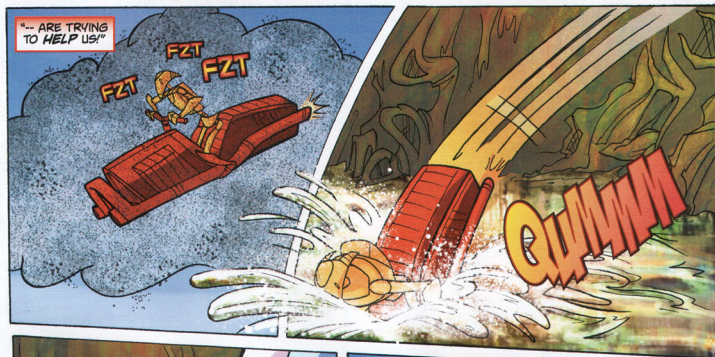
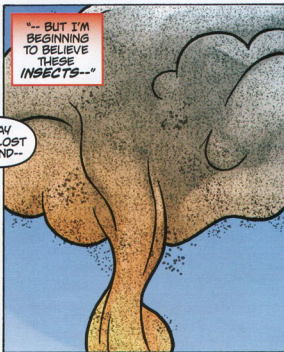
SOMETHING
DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT.
THOSE DROIDS SEEM
TO BE FOCUSED ON
THEIR INDIVIDUAL
TASKS.

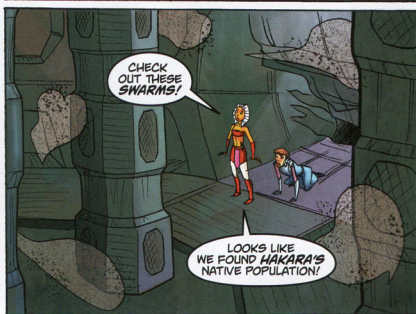
IF THEY
DIDN'T BROADCAST
IT, MASTER
SKYWALKER--

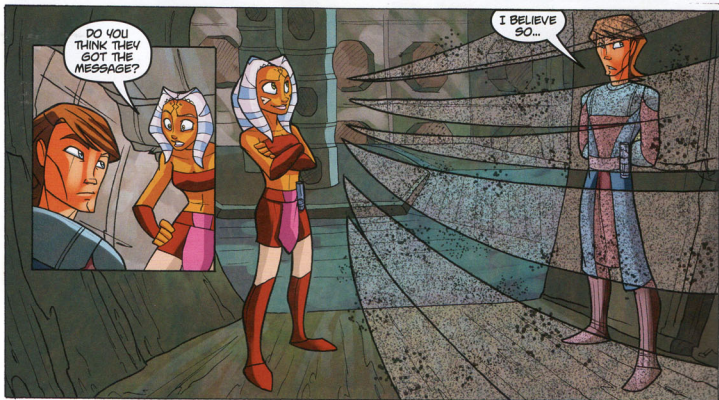
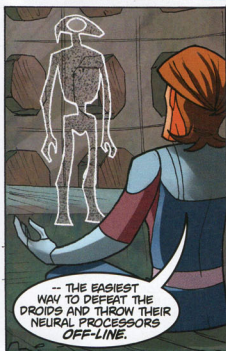
IF THEY'RE THE
ONES WHO SENT THE
DISTRESS CALL, THEY
SHOULD BE PREPARING
FOR COMPANY.

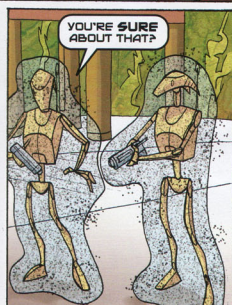
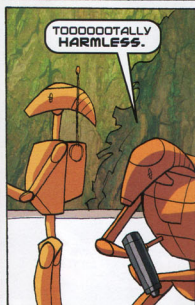
--WHO
DID?

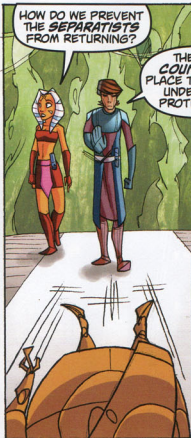






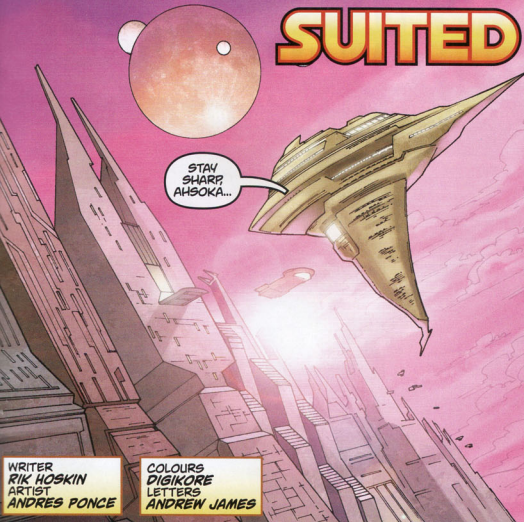






THE END!

SUITED



STAY SHARP, AHSOKA...



... FOR THE DURATION OF THIS MISSION, I'M A **WEALTHY MERCHANT** -- HENCE THE **1,000 CREDIT COIN** AT THE READY -- AND YOU'RE MY **SERVANT**.

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



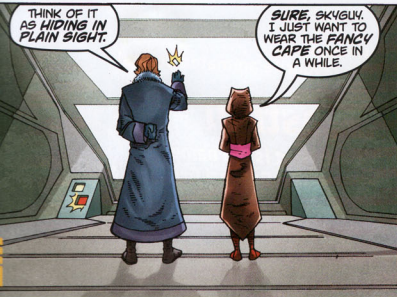
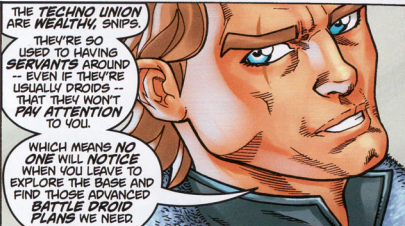
I KNOW THAT, MASTER BUT JUST **ONCE**, WHEN WE PLAY **DRESS-UP** I WANT TO BE THE **MERCHANT**.

I THINK I'D MAKE A PRETTY GOOD...

THE **TECHNO UNION** ARE **WEALTHY**, SNIPS.

THEY'RE SO USED TO HAVING **SERVANTS** AROUND -- EVEN IF THEY'RE USUALLY **DROIDS** -- THAT THEY WON'T PAY ATTENTION TO YOU.

WHICH MEANS **NO ONE** WILL NOTICE WHEN YOU LEAVE TO EXPLORE THE BASE AND FIND THOSE **ADVANCED BATTLE DROID PLANS** WE NEED.



THINK OF IT AS **HIDING IN PLAIN SIGHT**.

SURE, SKYGUY. I JUST WANT TO WEAR THE **FANCY CAPE** ONCE IN A WHILE.



DON'T BE TOO ENVOUS. I'LL BE BUSY DISTRACTING THEM.

TRUST ME -- **SMALL TALK** WITH **TECHNOCRATS** IS HARDLY A CAKEWALK!



MY FRIENDS!
MY FRIENDS!

SO GOOD TO
FINALLY MEET YOU
IN PERSON.

[FZZT] YOU, TOO,
[FZZT] MERCHANT
KWARELSKY.



WE WERE VERY GRATEFUL
WHEN [FZZT] YOU OFFERED
TO DONATE FUNDS FOR OUR
BATTLE DROID PRODUCTION.
THE SEPARATIST MOVEMENT
IS WEALTHY, BUT WAR COSTS
A GREAT DEAL. [FZZT]



OF COURSE, OF COURSE, BUT
THE **OVERTHROW** OF THIS
STIFLINGLY BUREAUCRATIC
REPUBLIC IS--

COFF COFF

--A VERY
WORTHWHILE
CAUSE.



ARE YOU OKAY,
[FZZT] TRADER
KWARELSKY?

COFF COFF! IT'S
NOTHING, JUST
THE AIR IN HERE
AFFECTING MY
ALLERGIES.

HOWEVER,
I SEEM TO HAVE
FOOLISHLY LEFT
MY MEDICATION
ON MY SHIP.



SERVANT, IF YOU WOULD BE
SO KIND AS TO RETRIEVE
IT...?

AS YOU COMMAND,
MASTER.



YOU HAVE AN ACTUAL
LIVING SLAVE? [FZZT]
HOW EXTRAVAGANT!

WE FIND DROIDS
FAR MORE
EFFICIENT.

OH, YOU'D BE
SURPRISED WHAT
SLAVES CAN AMOUNT
TO SOMETIMES...

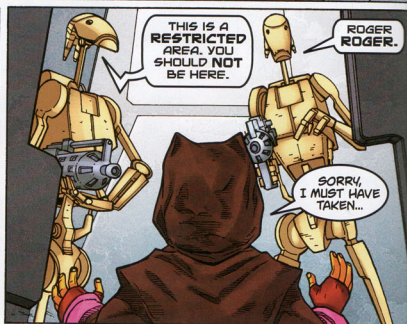


...I ONCE HEARD OF ONE THAT BECAME A JEDI KNIGHT.

HAH-HAH-HAH!
PRE-[fzzt]
-POSTERIOUS!



DING



THIS IS A
RESTRICTED
AREA. YOU
SHOULD NOT
BE HERE.

ROGER
ROGER.

SORRY,
I MUST HAVE
TAKEN...



...A
WRONG
TURN!

FSSSSHHHHH KSSK

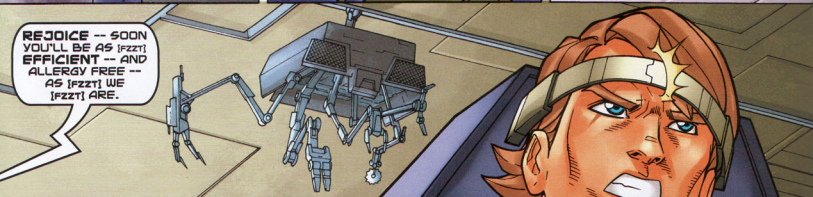
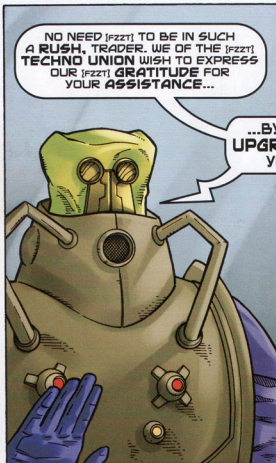


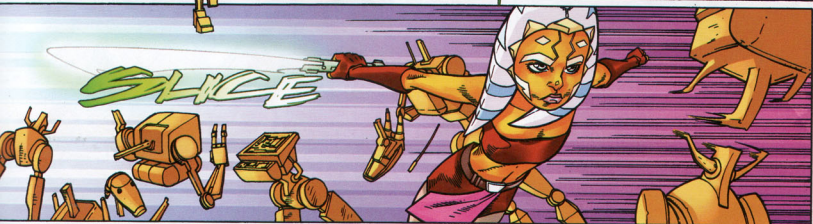
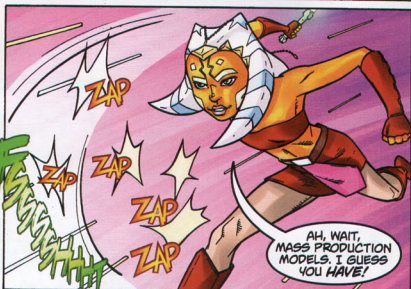
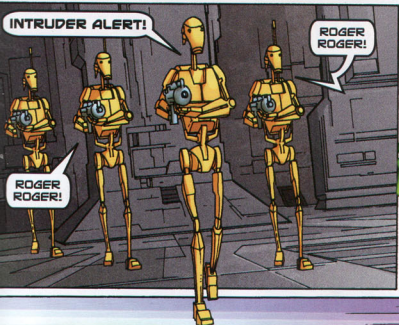
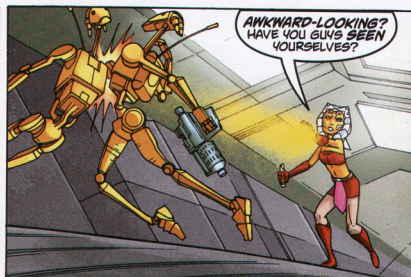
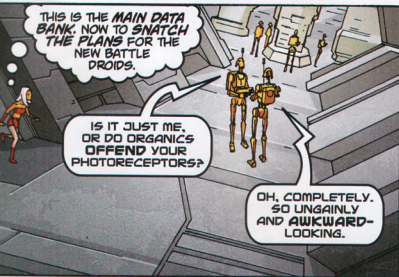
WE'RE UNDER
ATTA--KRK!

KRSSSK

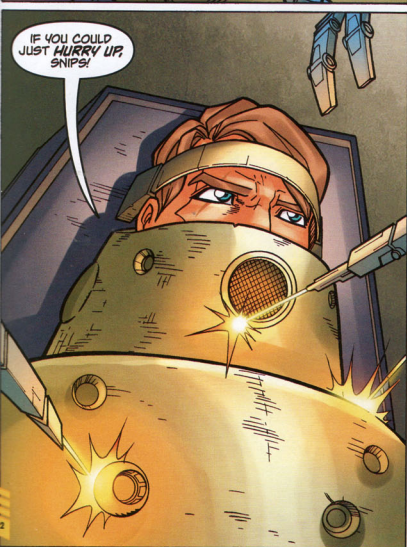


PHEW!
I HOPE SKYGUYS
HAVING MORE
FUN THAN
I AM!



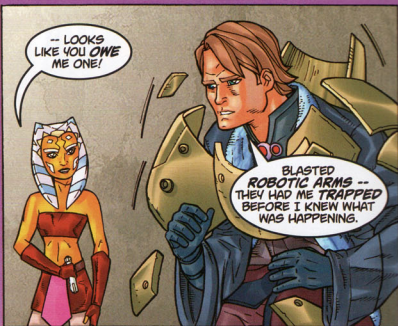








TOUGH
BREAK,
MASTER --

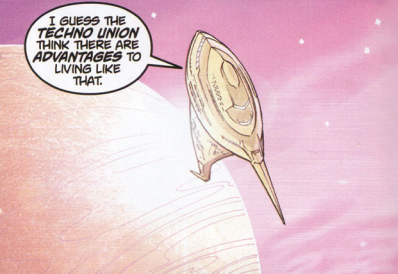


-- LOOKS
LIKE YOU OWE
ME ONE!

BLASTED
ROBOTIC ARMS --
THEY HAD ME TRAPPED
BEFORE I KNEW WHAT
WAS HAPPENING.



THEY WANTED TO
PERMANENTLY
ENCASE ME IN
ARMOUR!



I GUESS THE
TECHNO UNION
THINK THERE ARE
ADVANTAGES TO
LIVING LIKE
THAT.



MAYBE, AHSOKA,
BUT IT JUST DIDN'T
SUIT ME.

THE END

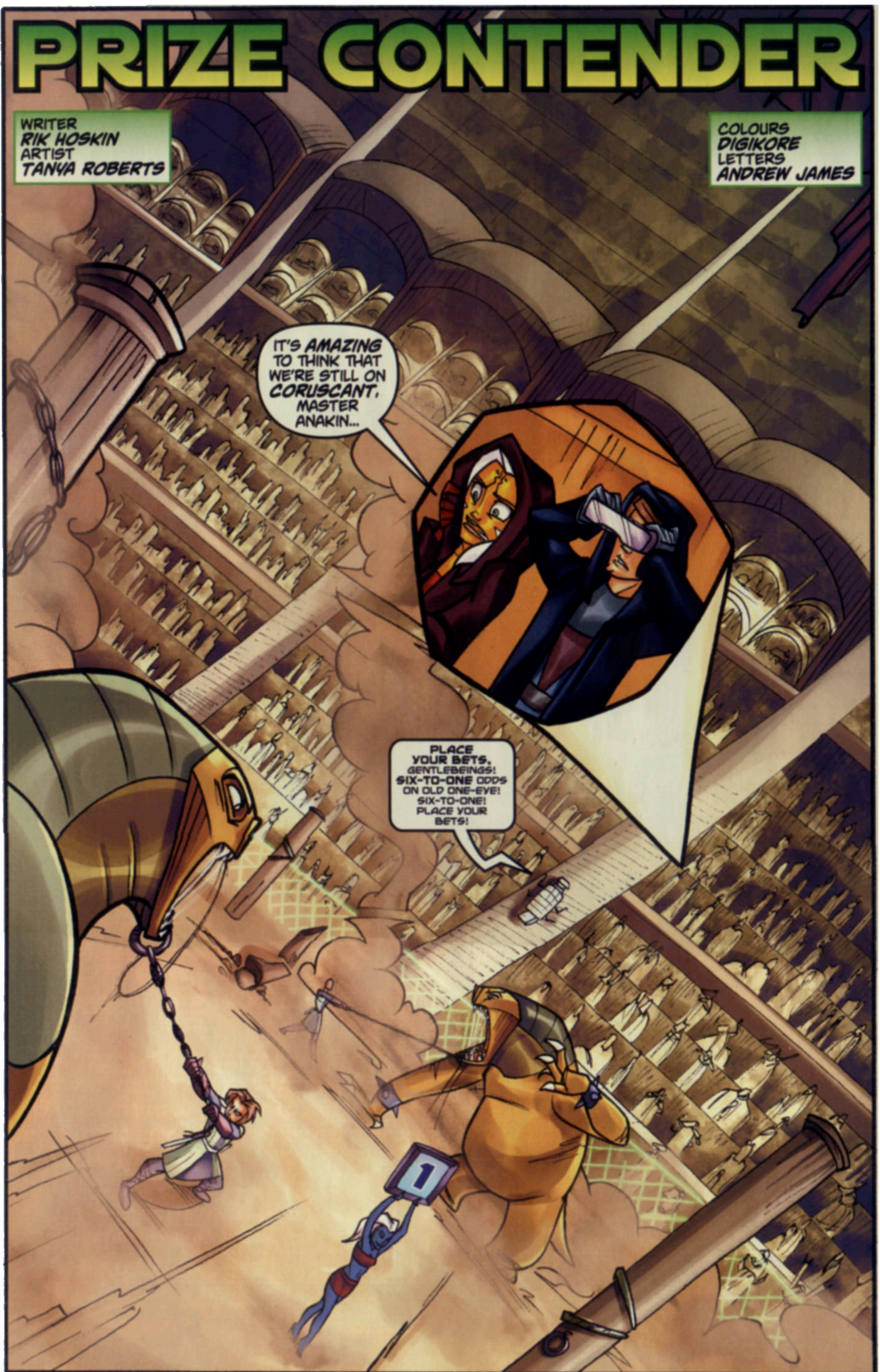
PRIZE CONTENDER

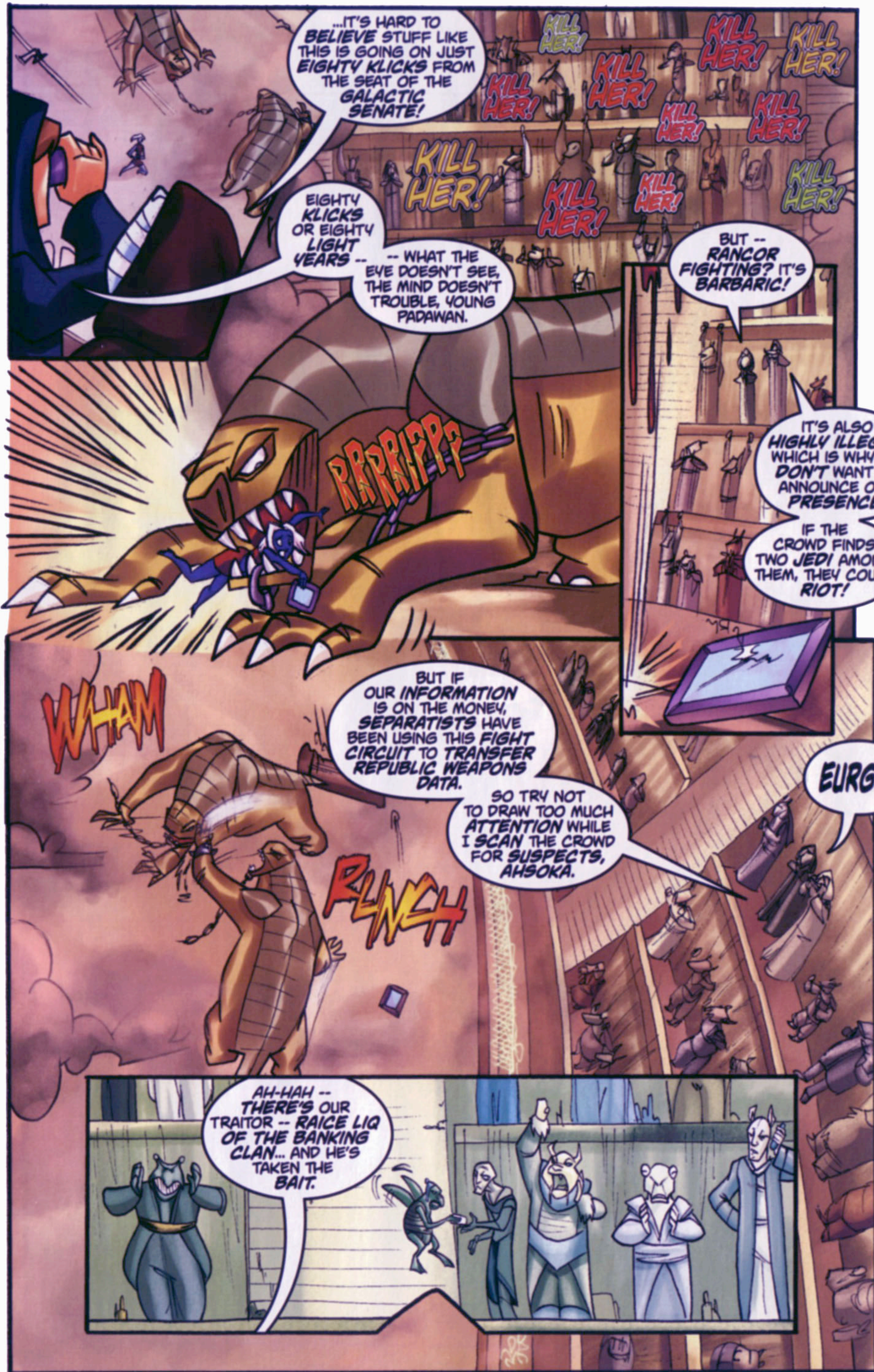
WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

IT'S AMAZING
TO THINK THAT
WE'RE STILL ON
CORUSCANT,
MASTER
ANAKIN...

PLACE
YOUR BETS.
GENTLEBEINGS!
SIX-TO-ONE ODDS
ON OLD ONE-EYE!
SIX-TO-ONE!
PLACE YOUR
BETS!





...IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE STUFF LIKE THIS IS GOING ON JUST EIGHTY KLICKS FROM THE SEAT OF THE GALACTIC SENATE!

EIGHTY KLICKS OR EIGHTY LIGHT YEARS --

-- WHAT THE EYE DOESN'T SEE, THE MIND DOESN'T TROUBLE, YOUNG PADAWAN.

KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER! KILL HER!

BUT -- RANCOR FIGHTING? IT'S BARBARIC!

IT'S ALSO HIGHLY ILLEGAL, WHICH IS WHY WE DON'T WANT TO ANNOUNCE OUR PRESENCE.

IF THE CROWD FINDS TWO JEDI AMONG THEM, THEY COULD RIOT!

BUT IF OUR INFORMATION IS ON THE MONEY, SEPARATISTS HAVE BEEN USING THIS FIGHT CIRCUIT TO TRANSFER REPUBLIC WEAPONS DATA.

SO TRY NOT TO DRAW TOO MUCH ATTENTION WHILE I SCAN THE CROWD FOR SUSPECTS, AHSOKA.

EURGH!

AH-HAH -- THERE'S OUR TRAITOR -- RAICE LIQ OF THE BANKING CLAN... AND HE'S TAKEN THE BAIT.

COME ON, SNIPS -- LET'S GRAB HIM BEFORE HE LOSES US IN THE CROWD.

RIGHT BEHIND YOU!



... JEDI!!

OH NO...

WHAT...?

JEDI? HERE?!

WE'LL ALL BE ARRESTED!

SOMEONE STOP THE JEDI!

MY MOTHER WILL KILL ME!



GET OUT OF MY WAY!

WHOA!

PUNT



HAVE TO TIME MY LEAP
RIGHT OR I'LL END UP AS
A JEDI-SHAPED STAIN
ON THE ARENA FLOOR --
SOMETHING THIS
CROWD WOULD
LOVE!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

SLASH

KILL
THE
JEDI!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

KILL
THE
JEDI!

OH NO --
OLD ONE EYE!
HAVE TO...

ARGH!

BAD
RANCOR --
PUT ME
DOWN!





OWNED AND OPERATED BY THE CLAN BESADDII, THE CASINO PLANET OF KATALLA SERVES AS A PLAYGROUND FOR THE RICH AND FAMOUS --

-- A RESPITE FROM THE WAR WAGING BETWEEN THE REPUBLIC AND THE SEPARATISTS.

MILLIONS OF GALACTIC CREDITS ARE ROUTINELY WAGERED ON THE SPIN OF A WHEEL, THE TURN OF A CARD, OR THE ENDURANCE OF A KOWAKIAN MONKEY LIZARD.

ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, KANTO RAGA IS BETTING ON A DIFFERENT GAMBLE NEARLY A KILOMETRE BENEATH THE CASINO'S FLOOR.

AFTER SECRETLY OBTAINING THE ARCHITECTURAL PLANS AND SECURITY DETERRENTS FOR THE CASINO'S UNDERGROUND VAULT, KANTO HAS SPENT THE LAST FIVE MONTHS PLANNING THE PERFECT CRIME.

KANTO IS PREPARED FOR EVERY CONTINGENCY BECAUSE HE IS...

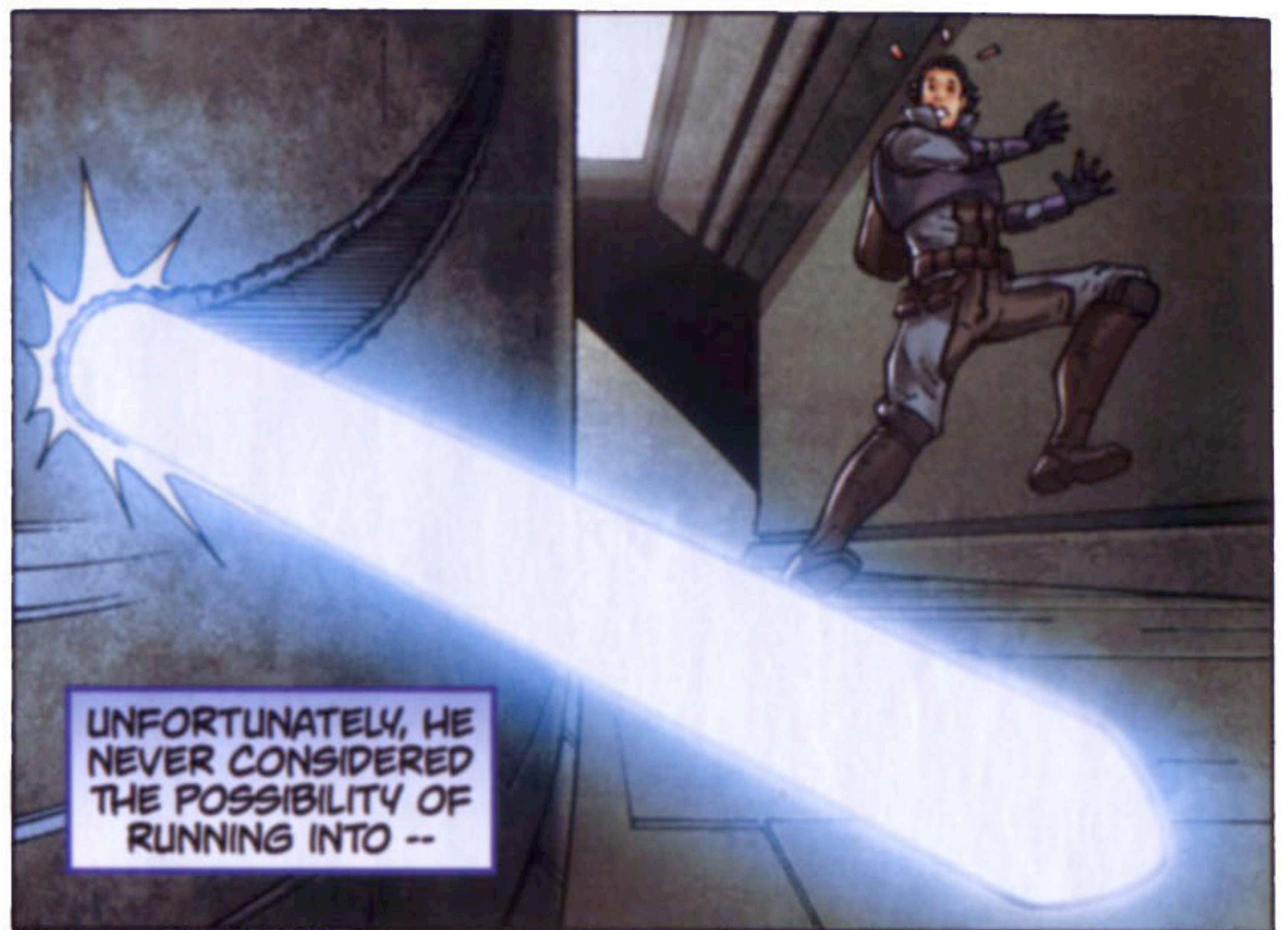
THE PROFESSIONAL!

WRITER
TOM DEFALCO
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



HAVING MEMORISED THE DIRECTIONS TO THE VAULT, KANTO IS CONVINCED NOTHING CAN GO WRONG.



UNFORTUNATELY, HE NEVER CONSIDERED THE POSSIBILITY OF RUNNING INTO --



JEDI--?!

W-WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? AND WHY DO YOU SMELL LIKE THE SEWER?

WE'LL ASK THE QUESTIONS.

STARTING WITH -- WHO ARE YOU?



I AM KANTO RAKA, INDEPENDENT THIEF AND BRIGAND-FOR-HIRE.

I'VE COME TO MAKE A SIZEABLE WITHDRAWAL FROM THE CASINO'S VAULT.



BASED ON YOUR UNORTHODOX ENTRANCE, I ASSUME WE SHARE A COMMON GOAL.

NOT QUITE.



WE'RE HERE TO PLANT A BOMB--

--AND DESTROY EVERYTHING IN THE VAULT.

TAP TAP



INDOOR VOICES, PLEASE! WE'RE SHY, RETIRING TYPES--

--AND HATE TO ATTRACT ATTENTION.

A-ARE YOU INSANE?





THE JEDI COUNCIL RECENTLY LEARNED CLAN BESADDII HAS BEEN SECRETLY FUNNELLING THE CASINO'S PROFITS TO THE SEPARATISTS.



SINCE DIPLOMACY HAS FAILED TO DISCOURAGE THIS BEHAVIOUR, I'VE DECIDED ON A MORE DIRECT APPROACH.

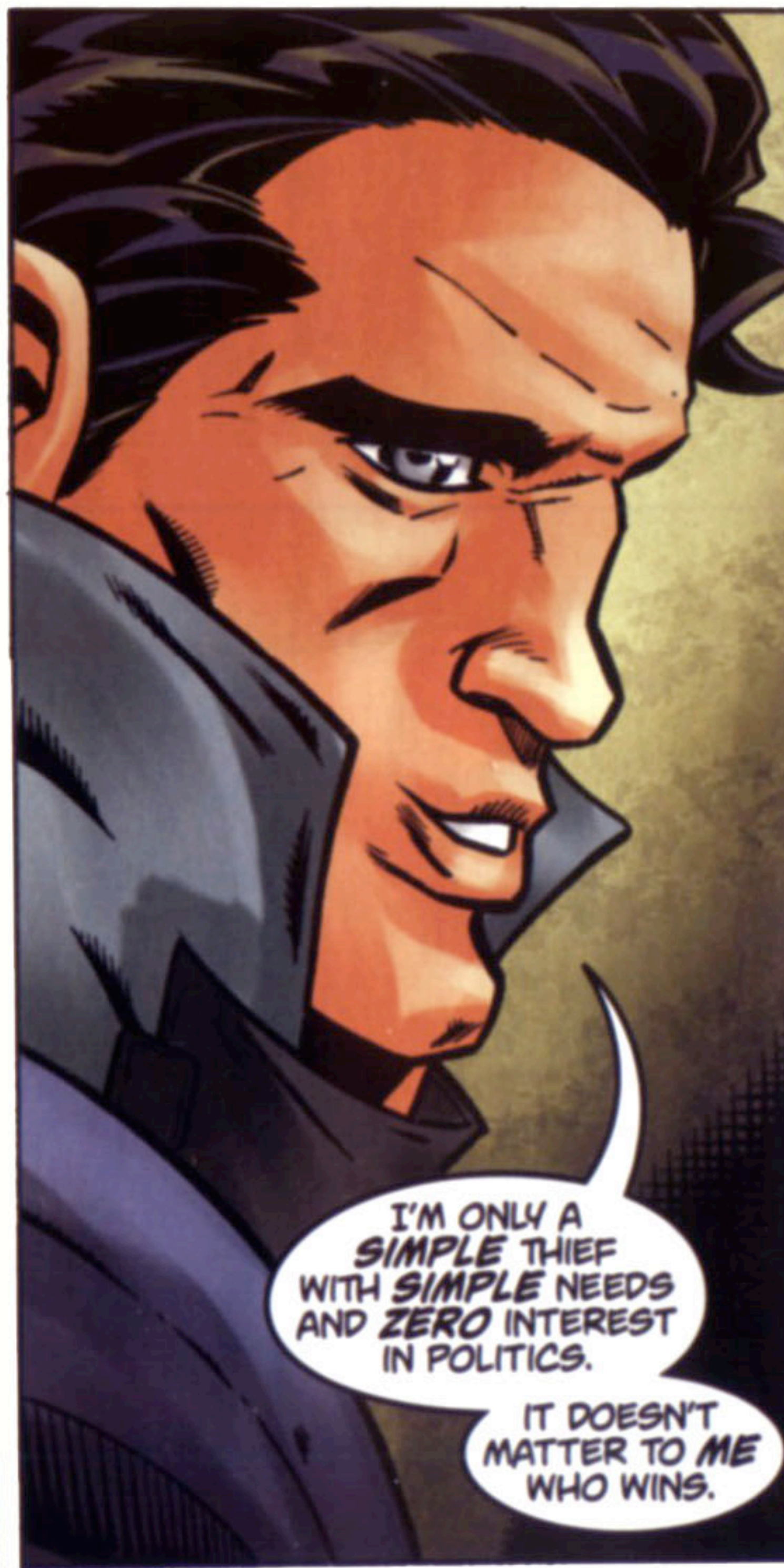


YOU'RE GOING TO DESTROY PRECIOUS JEWELS AND GALACTIC CREDITS BECAUSE OF YOUR STUPID WAR?!?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! IF THE SEPARATISTS WIN, THE GALAXY FALLS UNDER THEIR SWAY --

-- AND NO ONE WILL BE SAFE!



I'M ONLY A SIMPLE THIEF WITH SIMPLE NEEDS AND ZERO INTEREST IN POLITICS.

IT DOESN'T MATTER TO ME WHO WINS.



IT *SHOULD*! BILLIONS OF LIVES ARE AT STAKE!

LIVES I DON'T KNOW OR CARE ABOUT.

THERE'S THE VAULT! I'VE COMPLETED MY END OF THE BARGAIN--



"--AND GOT YOU HERE WITHOUT DETECTION!"



SWEEDAP!



CLEANING DROID 397-108 HAS DETECTED A UPD-- AN UNEXPLAINED PIECE OF DEBRIS-- IN UTILITY TUNNEL 4048.

PROBABLY NOTHING, BUT PROTOCOL DEMANDS WE IMMEDIATELY DISPATCH--



"--A SECURITY TEAM TO CHECK ON THE VAULT!"

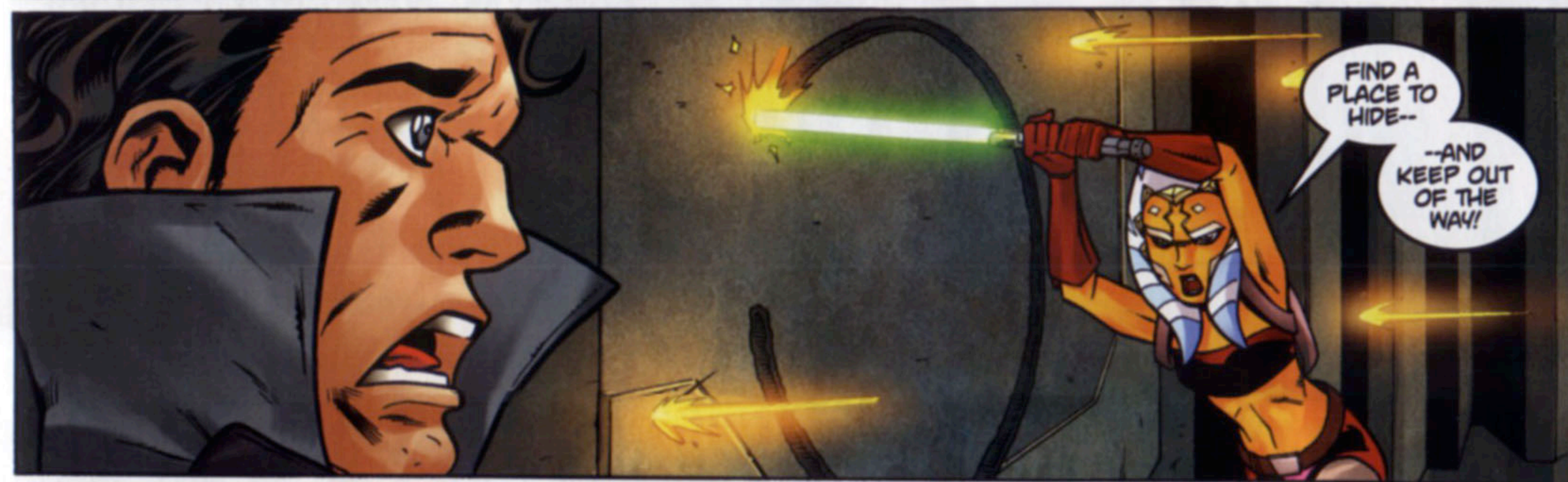
WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!

I'LL HOLD THEM OFF, AHSOKA. YOU HANDLE THE VAULT.

I'M ON IT!

W-WHAT ABOUT ME?!?

HALT! YOU ARE NOT AUTHORISED TO BE HERE!



FIND A PLACE TO HIDE--

--AND KEEP OUT OF THE WAY!



UGGGN!

KAZAKK

A-ARE YOU ALRIGHT?



I'M NOT GOING TO BE STOPPED BY A LITTLE FLESH WOUND--

--IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE ASKING.

MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST... SURRENDER.

EVEN PRISON IS PREFERABLE TO DEATH.



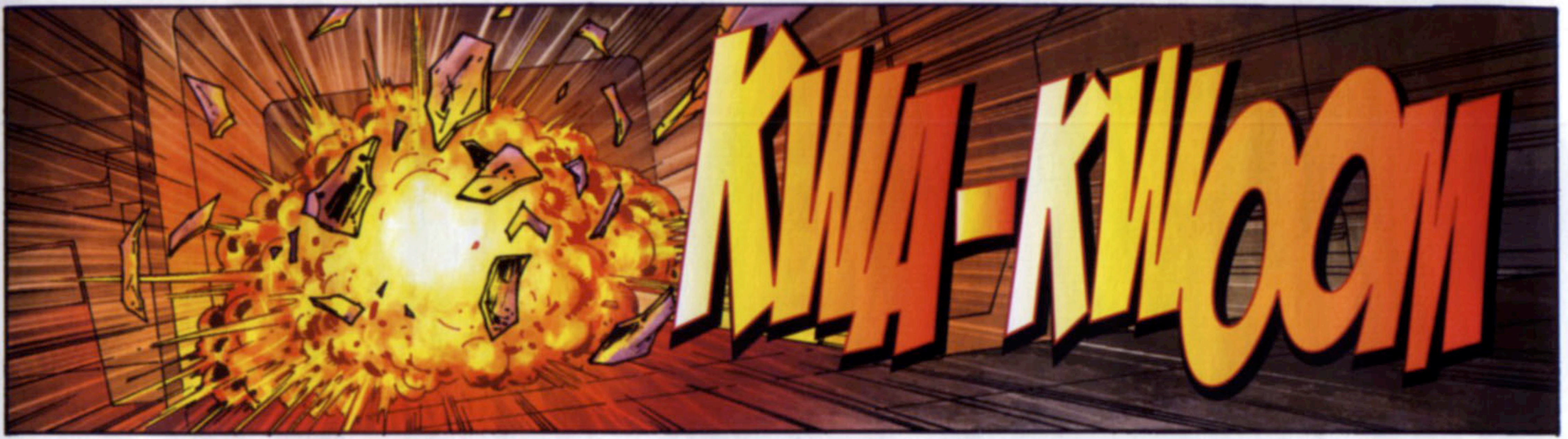
HAVEN'T YOU HEARD A WORD I SAID?

COUNTLESS LIVES ARE DEPENDING ON US!

WE HAVE TO STOP THE BESADDII FROM FUNDING THE SEPARATISTS.







THE END

THE GUNS OF NAR HEKKA

THIS IS 'THE SHEELA RUN'.

A SECRET MID-RIM SPACE ROUTE WHICH, UNTIL RECENTLY, WAS USED BY THE REPUBLIC TO FERRY MUCH-NEEDED SUPPLIES TO THE FRONT LINE.

NOW THE STARS SURROUNDING THE Y'TOUB SYSTEM ARE LITTERED WITH THE DEBRIS OF A DOZEN TRANSPORTS, DESTROYED BY AN UNKNOWN FORCE.

BUT AMID THE WRECKAGE, THERE IS STILL HOPE... AS A DISGUISED CR90 CORVETTE SILENTLY LAUNCHES A SINGLE DROPSHIP.

ITS DESTINATION - THE NEARBY PLANET OF NAR HEKKA.

ITS CARGO - TWO LONE FIGURES, NOW LOST IN THE COLD.

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES









REPULSOR TECHNOLOGY, IN THE RIGHT HANDS, IS A MARVELLOUS THING. IT IS MOST FAMOUS FOR POWERING ANTI-GRAVITY VEHICLES LIKE MY HUMBLE HOVERSLER.

BUT IN THIS UNSTOPPABLE FORM...



...IT CAN ERASE UNINVITED TRAFFIC FROM THE SKIES ABOVE MY PLANET!

MIGHTY, YOUR WEAPONS ARE.

BUT TO SOLVE THIS PROBLEM, MORE THAN ONE OPTION THERE IS.



TAGTA, IT IS VITAL THAT THE REPUBLIC SECURE THIS TRADE ROUTE.

WE ARE PREPARED TO NEGOTIATE THE TERMS OF YOUR CO-OPERATION.



GOOD TO HEAR, JEDI. TAGTA IS A BUSINESSMAN FIRST, A MERCILESS CRIME LORD SECOND!

I ANTICIPATED YOUR ARRIVAL, SO THE PAPERWORK HAS ALREADY BEEN COMPLETED. MY CANNONS ARE YOURS TO COMMAND, FOR THE REASONABLE SUM OF...



...ONE **BILLION** GALACTIC CREDITS!

WHAT?!

IMPOSSIBLE TO MEET, YOUR PRICE IS.



NOW, THAT IS A SHAME... BUT PERHAPS COUNT DOOKU WILL BE MORE ACCOMMODATING. YOU ARE WRONG, TINY JEDI. NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE!

TAKE MY FIST OF KSSKOR MERCENARIES... I WAS TOLD THE TRANDOSHAN WERE AN IMPOSSIBLE RACE TO COMMAND, YET WATCH HOW OBEDIENTLY THEY FOLLOW A SIMPLE INSTRUCTION.



KILL THEM!



GAHH!

I BELIEVE THIS MIGHT BE AN APPROPRIATE MOMENT FOR COMBAT, MASTER YODA.

REGRETFULLY IN AGREEMENT AM I.

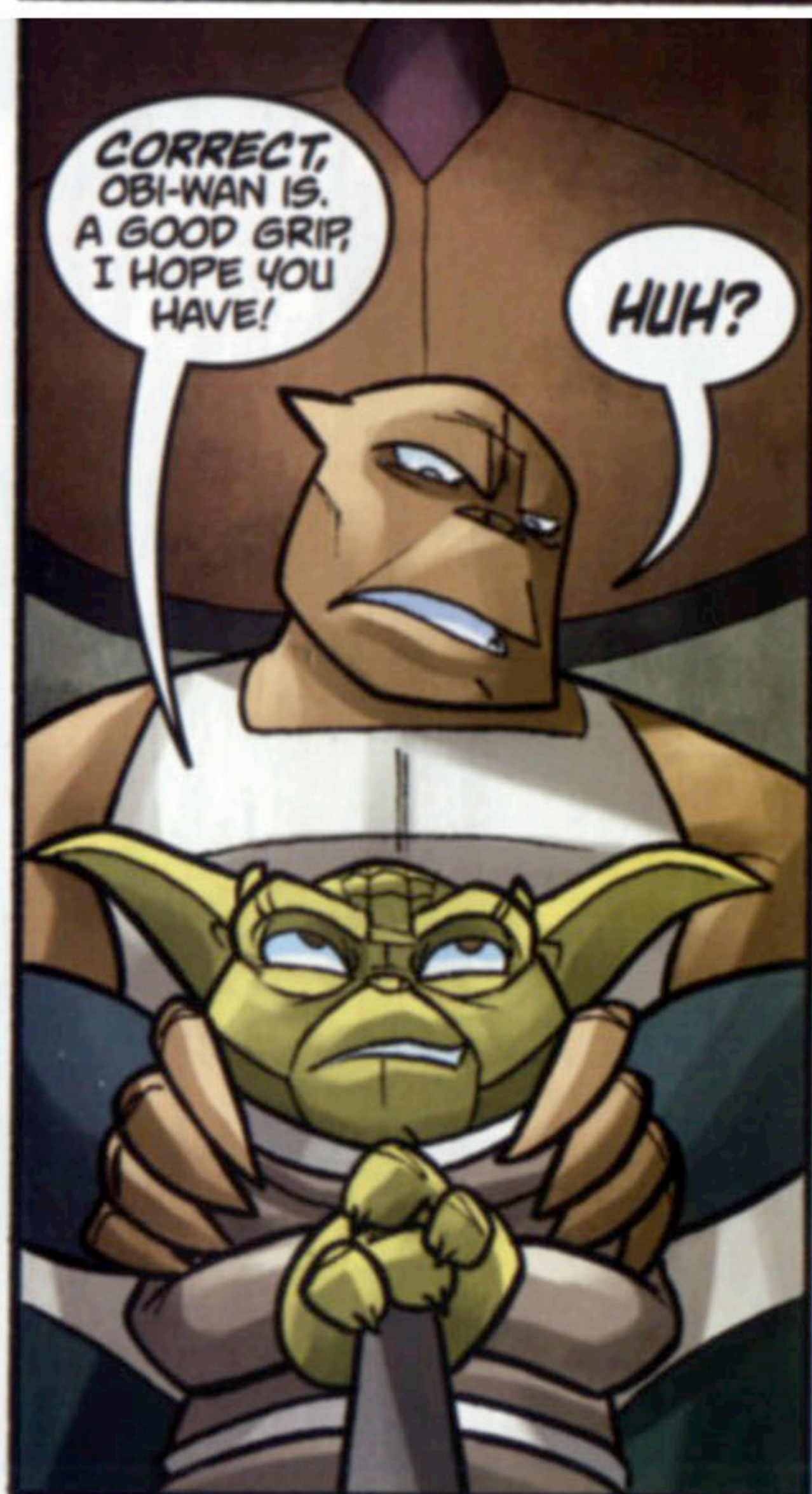


RORKK HAS THE DWARF-- STOP THE OTHER ONE!

BRAKKA
BRAM
BLAM

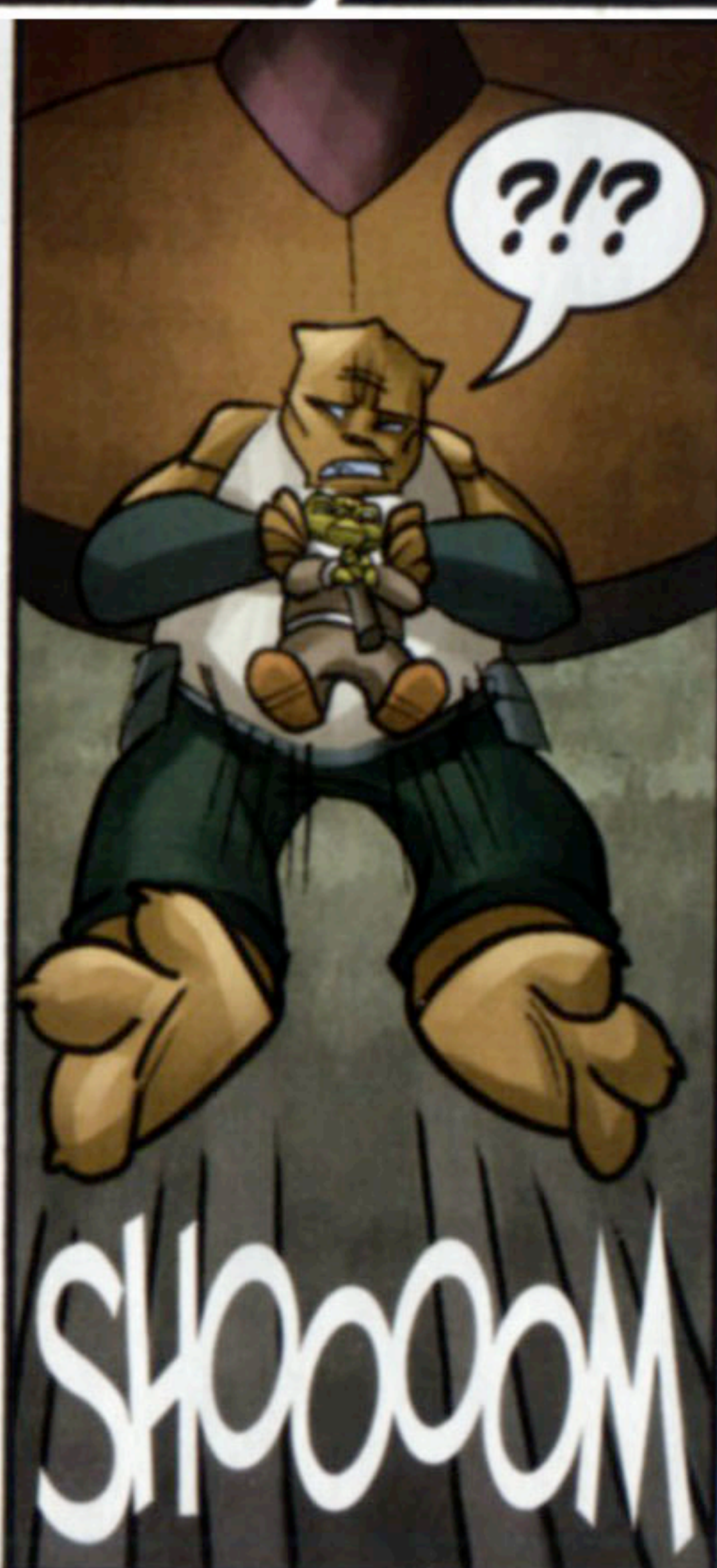


THIS IS NOT A FAIR FIGHT! YOU SHOULD ALL SURRENDER WHILE YOU CAN STILL PUT YOUR HANDS UP.



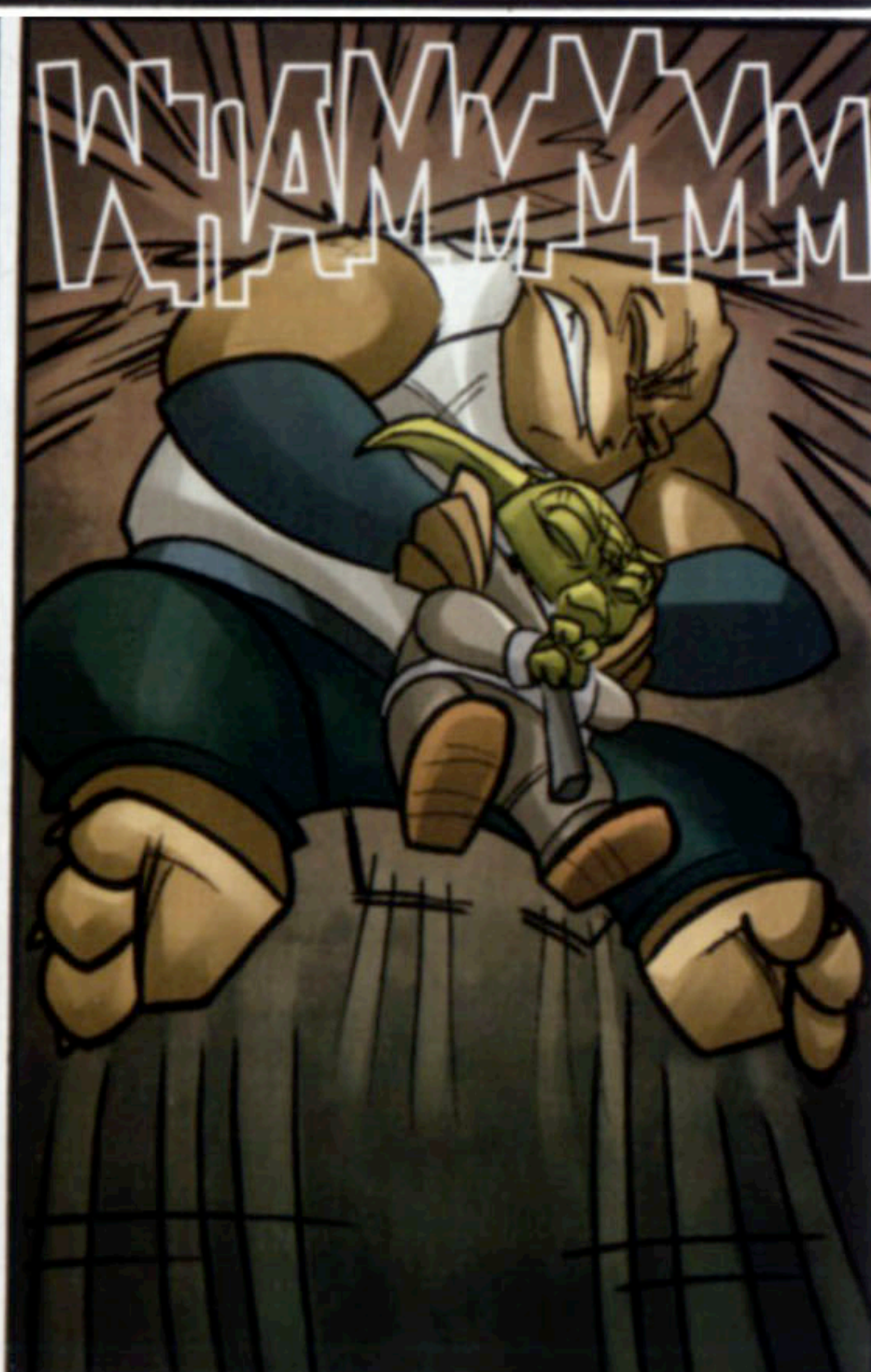
CORRECT, OBI-WAN IS. A GOOD GRIP, I HOPE YOU HAVE!

HUH?



?!?

SHOOOOM





NO ONE GIVING UP?
WELL, DON'T SAY YOU
WEREN'T WARNED.

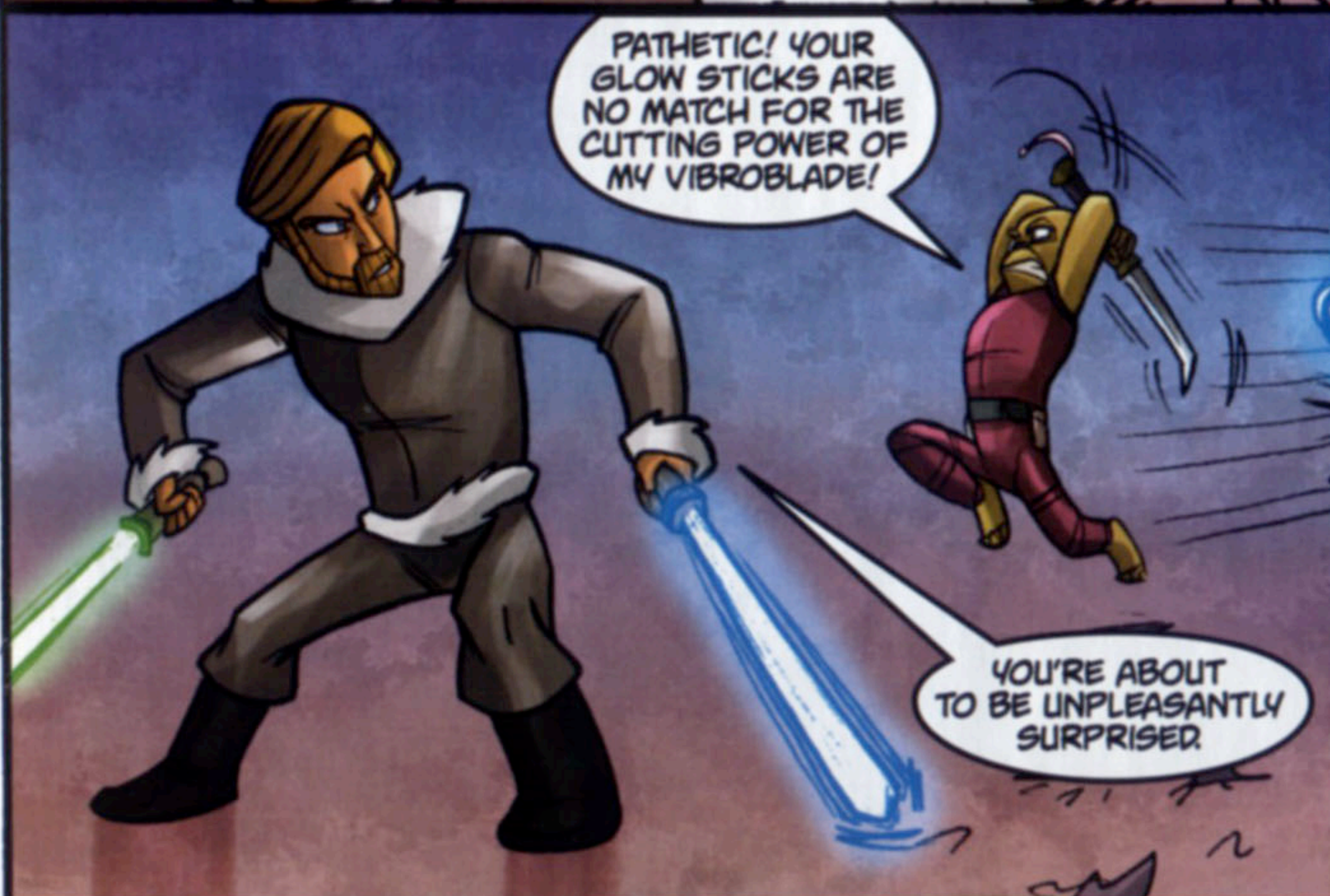


THE
LIGHTSABERS!



THAT'S
BETTER!

GRAB



PATHETIC! YOUR
GLOW STICKS ARE
NO MATCH FOR THE
CUTTING POWER OF
MY VIBROBLADE!

YOU'RE ABOUT
TO BE UNPLEASANTLY
SURPRISED.



BWUMMMM



I AM TOO STRONG!
YOU WON'T HOLD OUT
FOR LONG!

JUST LONG
ENOUGH FOR
THE ENERGY
FROM MY
LIGHTSABER...



...TO FUSE YOUR
BLADE'S POWERCELL!
WHICH SHOULD
CAUSE...

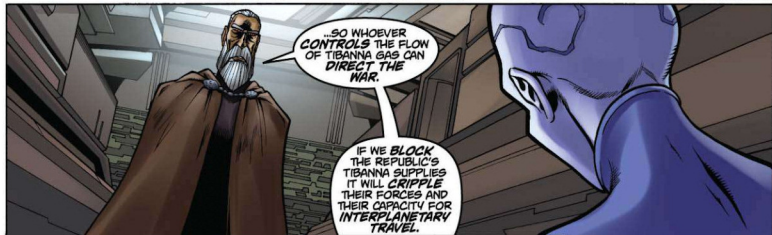
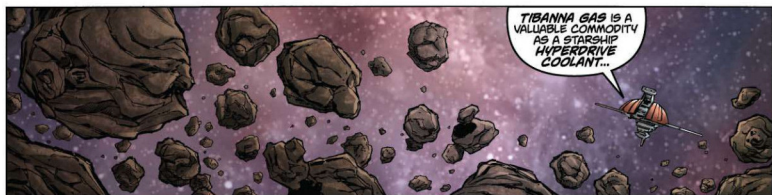
BOOM



YES.
QUITE.



THE END



IN THE AIR



BATTLE
DROIDS --
DEPLOY!

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
ANDRÉS PONCE
COLOURS
DISIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



THE
REPUBLIC
WON'T KNOW
WHAT'S HIT
THEM!



COMMANDER, LOOK!
SEPARATIST
SHIPS!

NO WAY
THEY SHOULD
BE THIS CLOSE
TO OUR MINING
INSTALLATION...



...WE'RE
CHASING THEM
DOWN!

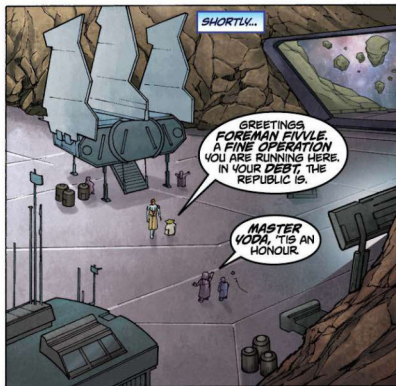


GREAT SHOOTING,
CODU! THOSE DROID
SHIPS WON'T BE BACK
IN A HURRY!

DISTURBING, THIS
TURN OF EVENTS IS.
UNLIKELY, THE DROID
SHIPS HAVE TRAVELLED
HERE BY CHANCE,
I THINK.



A PRESENCE,
I SENSE, OBI-WAN.
ALERT TO DANGER
WE MUST BE.



GREETINGS, FOREMAN FIVVLE. A FINE OPERATION YOU ARE RUNNING HERE. IN YOUR DEBT, THE REPUBLIC IS.

MASTER VODA, 'TIS AN HONOUR.



EVERYTHING'S FINE, GENERAL KENOBI. LET ME SHOW YE BOTH AROUND.

YOU'VE MET MY SON BEFORE, I THINK.

NO, I DON'T BELIEVE I HAVE.



'TIS TRULY AN HONOUR TO MEET TWO JEDI ON THE SAME DAY.

DO YOU MIND ME RECORDIN' THE MEETING FOR MY JOURNAL?

GO AHEAD. THAT'S ONE SMART-LOOKING CAMERA DROID.



HERE WE HAVE THE CENTRE OF OUR OPERATION. ABOVE US YOU CAN SEE THE BELDONS, WHO EXCRETE TIBANNA GAS AFTER CONSUMIN' AND PROCESSIN' NUTRIENTS THEY FIND IN THE AIR.

YES, TIBANNA IS ACTUALLY A WASTE PRODUCT.

MANY ARE THE WONDERS OF THE UNIVERSE, OBI-WAN.



THE MINING PROCESS IS...

FATHER! MY CAMERA! IT'S GONE CRAZY!



IT'S NOT JUST YOUR CAMERA, SON -- THE GRAVITY'S BECOME UNSTABLE!

NOT THE GRAVITY, FOREMAN FIVVLE -- AFFECTING THE BELDONS, SOMETHING IS.

EXCRETING POISONED TIBANNA GAS THEY ARE.







COME NOW,
GIANT ONES,
LET US ALL WORK
TOGETHER.

WHAT
TH--?

THERE ARE
HEAVY POCKETS
ALL OVER, THANKS
TO YOUR SPORES!
YOUR SCHEME HAS
LEFT NEITHER OF
US WITH A LEG
TO STAND ON!

SLASH

I NEVER
COULD SEE
MUCH POINT
IN USING TWO
LIGHTSABERS...

...IT
SEEMS
A BIT TOO
FLASHY TO
ME.

YES, THAT'S
IT -- REMOVE THE
SPORES FROM THE
AIR, YOU MUST.

DESTROY
THEM
SWIFTLY.

ALL OF
THEM, IF YOU
PLEASE.



WHIP!
GRABT'S
BACK!

MY CLUE
TO LEAVE,
I THINK



BLAST!
COME BACK --
THERE'S NOWHERE
LEFT TO--



GOODBYE,
JEDI! --
FOR NOW!

...RUN?!

A SHORT TIME LATER.



I SCANNED
THE ASTEROID
FIELD...

NO SIGN
OF YOUR
SABOTEUR,
I'M AFRAID

IT'S
MY FAULT,
MASTER YODA.
I HAD HER
AND I LOST
HER.

BE SO HARD
ON YOURSELF. YOU
SHOULD NOT FORESEE,
YOU COULD NOT, THAT
EXIT WITHOUT A
SPACESHIP, SHE
WOULD.

WITH THE
POISONED TIBANNA
NOW REMOVED, CALL
THIS DAY A VICTORY
WE SHALL.



I WAS IMPRESSED BY HOW YOU COMMANDED
THE BELDONS TO ABSORB AND DESTROY
THOSE POISONOUS SPORES.

AN
ELEGANT
SOLUTION TO
A TRICKY
PROBLEM.

EMPLOY RESOURCES
ALL AROUND US,
WE MUST...



"...IF TO WIN THIS
CLONE WAR, WE ARE!"

IT WAS A
SIMPLE PLAN,
APPRENTICE, AND
YET YOU'VE FAILED
ME AGAIN.

MY
PATIENCE --
AND THAT OF MY
MASTER -- IS NOT
INFINITE.

MY
APOLOGIES,
COUNT DOOKU.
WHEN NEXT WE
MEET, I WILL BE
PREPARED FOR
THE JEDI.



THE
END.

WELCOME TO MOS ESPA,
SPACEPORT ON THE PLANET
TATOOINE. A CITY FAMED
FOR ITS PODRACING AND
ENTREPRENEURIAL SPIRIT.

SPICES & SPIES

A HABITAT
FILLED WITH
EXCITEMENT...

WITH
OPPORTUNITY...

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

AND WITH
CRIME!

EYES
WIDE OPEN,
TTEKKET...

**KNOCK
KNOCK**

GOMJAM!

"ALWAYS!"

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

SHUNK

YEAH?
WASSA
PASSWORD?!

SHUMENEEZ
UN TOYNEEPA!

"SHOW ME
THE CREDITS!"

GWAHAHAHA --
CLOSE ENOUGH!
I LIKE YOUR STYLE,
JAWA. NOW GET ON
IN HERE.



YA KNOW, I DIDN'T QUITE BELIEVE IT WHEN YOUR HOLO CAME THROUGH.

CAD BANE STOOPING TO PETTY THEFT!

BOUNTY HUNTING IS AN EXPENSIVE TRADE, CLAWFISH; I'VE BILLS TO PAY LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

BUT THERE'S NOTHING PETTY ABOUT HIJACKING A CONFEDERACY TRADE BARGE.



OH, I'M NOT DENYING YOUR TALENTS, THOUGH I DOUBT THE WORTH OF *THIS* JOB. CAREER CRIMINAL THOUGH I AM, WHAT DO I NEED WITH A HOT *FREIGHTER*?



NOTHING. BUT ITS CONTENTS, NAMELY *TWO MILLION CREDITS WORTH OF RAW SPICE*, MIGHT BE OF INTEREST.



HA! YEAH, *SURE!* AND I SUPPOSE YOU'VE GOT ALL THAT TUCKED UNDER YOUR NATTY LITTLE HAT.

CLICK

UNFORTUNATELY, IT WOULDN'T FIT, SO I THOUGHT I'D STASH IT RIGHT *HERE!*

TTEKKET!



WHA--! YOU HID THE LOOT UNDER MY HIDEOUT! HOW DID YOU GET PAST MY SECURITY?

COME NOW -- I'M CAD BANE. BUT I DON'T REMEMBER INCLUDING A *TRACKING BEACON* IN THE SHIPMENT--



UTINNI! ASHUNA, ASHUNA!

"DANGER! GO! GO!"



WELL NOW, WHAT'S ALL THIS, *FISH FACE*?

HAVE YOU BEEN DOUBLE-DEALING?

YOU GOTTA BE JOKING!

I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW *WHAT* THIS DEAL WAS ABOUT UNTIL YOU SHOWED ME THE SPICE!



NO, BUT I DID..

YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY FREELANCER WITH WAYS AND MEANS, BANE.

OKAY, NOW THAT I KNOW YOU'RE NOT INVOLVED, YOU SHOULD BEAT IT, CLAWFISH...

YOU GET OUT OF HERE IN ONE PIECE, WE'LL DO LUNCH.

SÜLPHURR CYANDER! THIS IS A THOROUGHLY UNPLEASANT SURPRISE!

PLANTING THAT PULSE BEACON WAS CHILD'S PLAY.

AREA SECURE, SÜLPHURR. SUBJECTS ARE ALONE.

PROBABLY BEST YOU FIND YOURSELF A NEW SAFE HOUSE.

WHAT BRINGS A SECOND-RATE BOUNTY HUNTER LIKE YOU TO TATOOINE?

THE PRICE ON YOUR HEAD, OF COURSE!

ONCE WORD GETS AROUND THAT YOU'VE BITTEN THE HAND THAT FEEDS YOU, YOUR SCALP WILL BE WORTH A FORTUNE!

YANNA JAWA KUZU PEEKAY!

"THIS JAWA IS NOT FOR SALE!"

PAH! YOUR PUNY ION BLASTER IS NO MATCH FOR MY CRYSTAL CANNON!

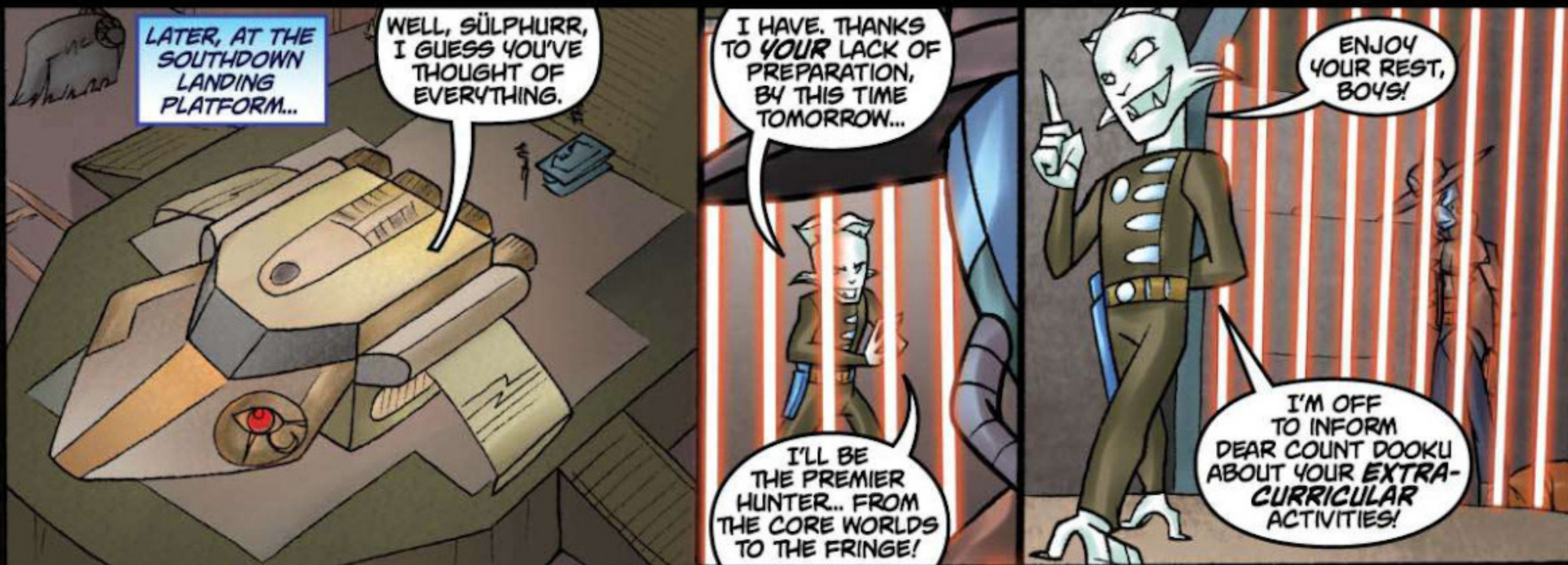
HKEEK NKULLA!

THANK TANK
THANK TANK

ENOUGH! TAKE THEM TO MY SHIP, STRIP THEM OF THEIR PACKS AND BLASTERS AND SEARCH THEM THOROUGHLY!

BANE HAS A NASTY HABIT OF HIDING SPARE WEAPONS.

TOO RUDE TO TRANSLATE.



LATER, AT THE
SOUTHDOWN
LANDING
PLATFORM...

WELL, SÜLPHURR,
I GUESS YOU'VE
THOUGHT OF
EVERYTHING.

I HAVE. THANKS
TO *YOUR* LACK OF
PREPARATION,
BY THIS TIME
TOMORROW...

ENJOY
YOUR REST,
BOYS!

I'LL BE
THE PREMIER
HUNTER... FROM
THE CORE WORLDS
TO THE FRINGE!

I'M OFF
TO INFORM
DEAR COUNT DOOKU
ABOUT YOUR *EXTRA-
CURRICULAR*
ACTIVITIES!



YOU'RE
STILL IN ONE
PIECE. GET UP
AND SEE ABOUT
LIBERATING
US...

0000000...
KO LOPO!

"NO...BROKEN!"

...FROM
THIS PATHETIC
EXCUSE FOR
A HOLDING
CELL.

RUMMAGE

BEST THING
ABOUT YOU JAWAS?
YOU SMELL *SO* BAD
THAT NO ONE, NOT EVEN A
DROID, WANTS TO CHECK
UNDER YOUR ROBES!



TANDO!

"FIX!"

I WAS KINDA
HOPING YOU'D PULL
OUT A *BLASTER*, BUT
I SUPPOSE AN *ARC
WRENCH* IS MORE
USEFUL FOR
SHUTTING DOWN
THE POWER.

KSHHHHHHT

FZZZZ

GET READY,
SÜLPHURR. IT'S
TIME I TAUGHT YOU
WHAT IT *MEANS* TO
BE A *BAD GUY*!

AND ON
THE BRIDGE...

...I DON'T CARE
IF HE'S LAUNDERING
HIS BEST CLOAK,
PATCH ME THROUGH
TO DOOKU **THIS**
INSTANT!

I'VE GOT
SOME **VERY**
INTERESTING
NEWS TO--

**BLEEEP
BLEEEP
BLEEEP**

A FIRE IN THE CARGO BAY?
BUT THAT'S WHERE I'VE
STORED THE--

**MOVE IT,
BUCKETHEADS!**
THAT SPICE STOCK
IS MY ONLY EVIDENCE!
IF WE LOSE IT, THIS
WILL HAVE BEEN
FOR NOTHING!

YOU GO
FIRST.

ER,
MUST
I?

LOOKS LIKE A FALSE ALARM.
THERE'S NO SIGN OF A FIRE
-- EVERYTHING'S EXACTLY
WHERE IT SHOULD BE.

WRONG...
ON **THREE**
COUNTS.

HUH?

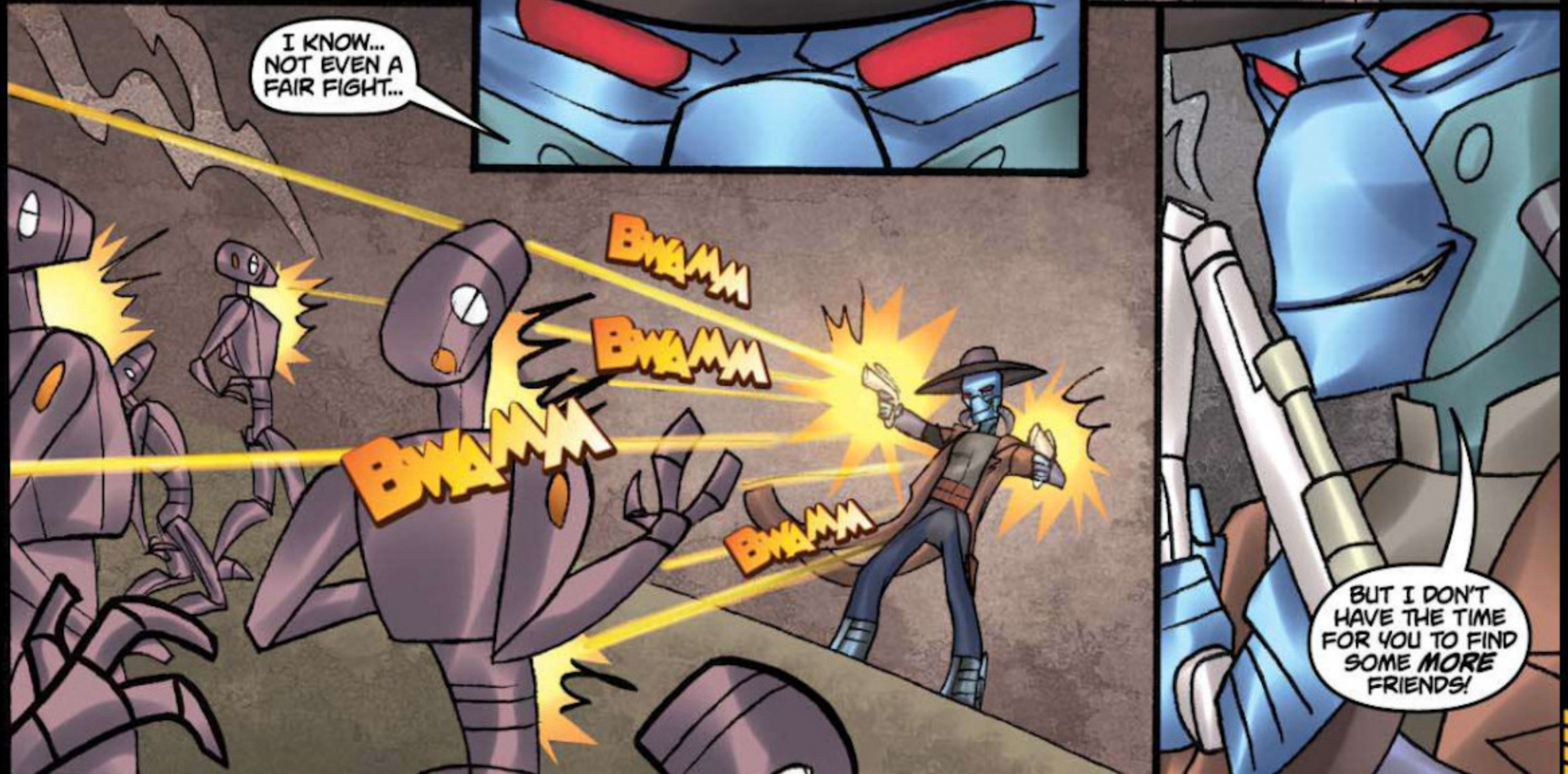
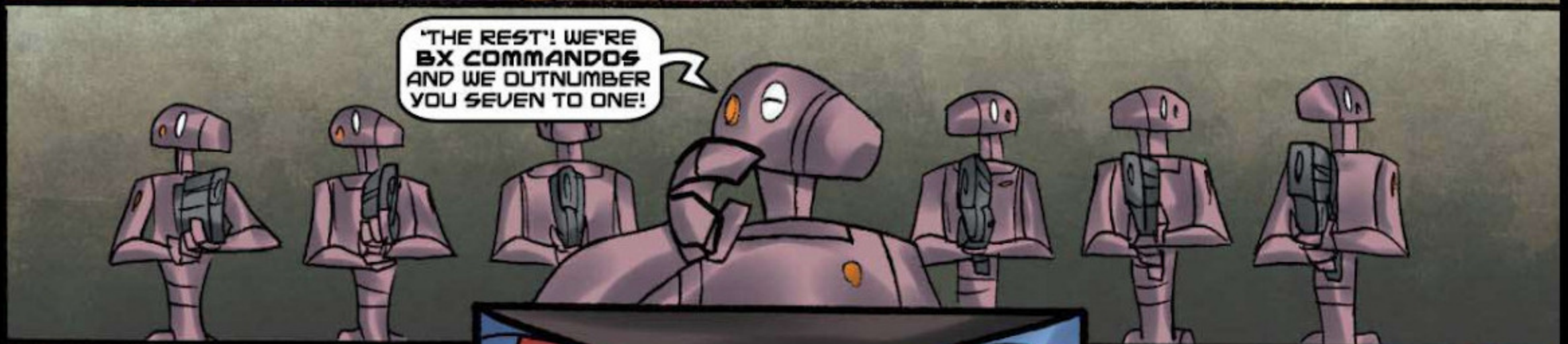
ONE, THESE
DON'T BELONG
TO YOU, **TWO**,
I'VE ESCAPED...

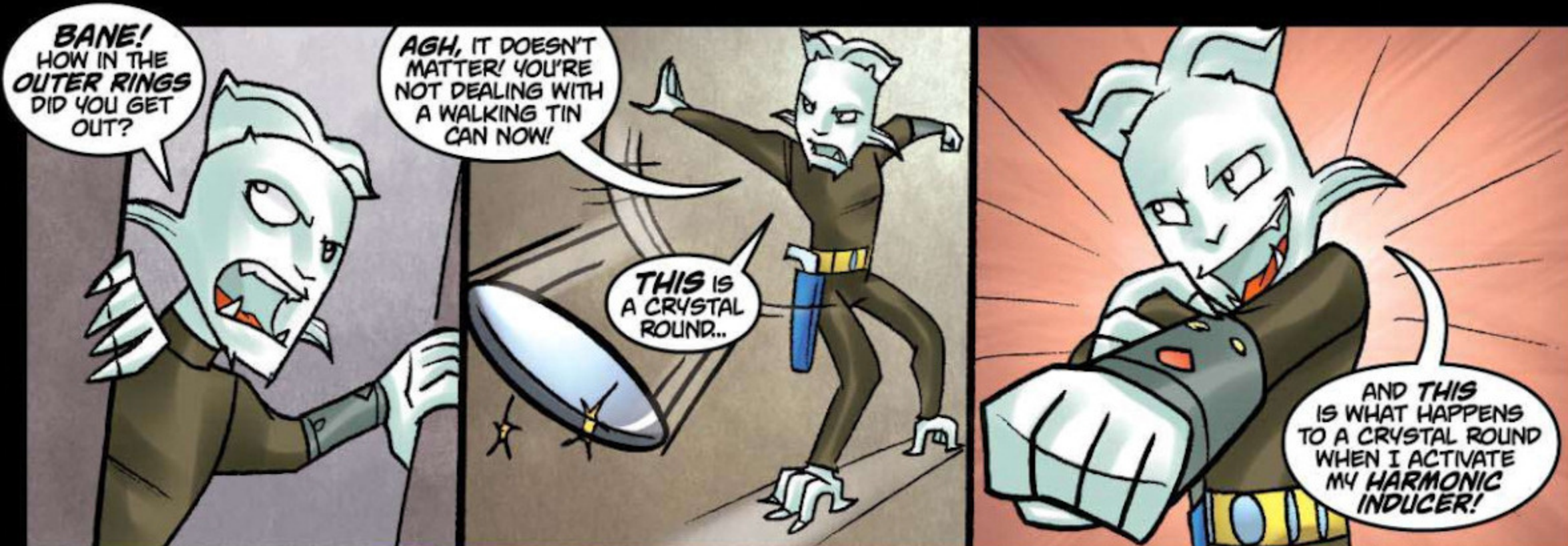
**ALERT! THE BOUNTY
HUNTER HAS STOLEN
HIS, ER, STOLEN
BLASTERS BACK!**

...AND **THREE**,
SO HAS
HE!

Booomph

???





YOU SHOULD NEVER
TURN YOUR BACK
ON A HUNTER.

EVEN
WHEN HE'S
LOCKED
UP.

SAVE IT,
BANE! AM I
SUPPOSED TO
BE SCARED?

OF
ME?
NO...

OF THE ENGINE I'M
ABOUT TO THROW
YOU INTO...
YES.

NYETA!
ETEE
UWANNA
WAA!

"NO, I
WANT TO
TRADE!"

SPARE
HIM? THAT'S
NOT MY STYLE.

BUT IT
WOULD BE
A SHAME TO
GO HOME
EMPTY-
HANDED...

SHORTLY...

OKAY,
YOU CAN
REMOVE THE
BLINDFOLD.

YOU WANTED TO
BE FAMOUS? YOU
WANTED TO GET
THE ATTENTION
OF COUNT
DOOKU?

WELL, I'M
GOING TO GRANT
YOUR WISHES. HERE
ON CHENINI -- ONE
OF TATOOINE'S
BARREN MOONS...

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

WHEN I TOLD
THE COUNT THAT IT
WAS YOU WHO STOLE
THE CONFEDERATE
SPICE BARGE...

...HE PROMISED
TO MAKE A
PERSONAL
APPEARANCE.

HE SHOULD
BE HERE FOR
YOU AAAAAANY
MINUTE. AND, BY
THE WAY, THANKS
FOR THE
SHIP.

W-W-WHAT?!?
Nooooooooo!

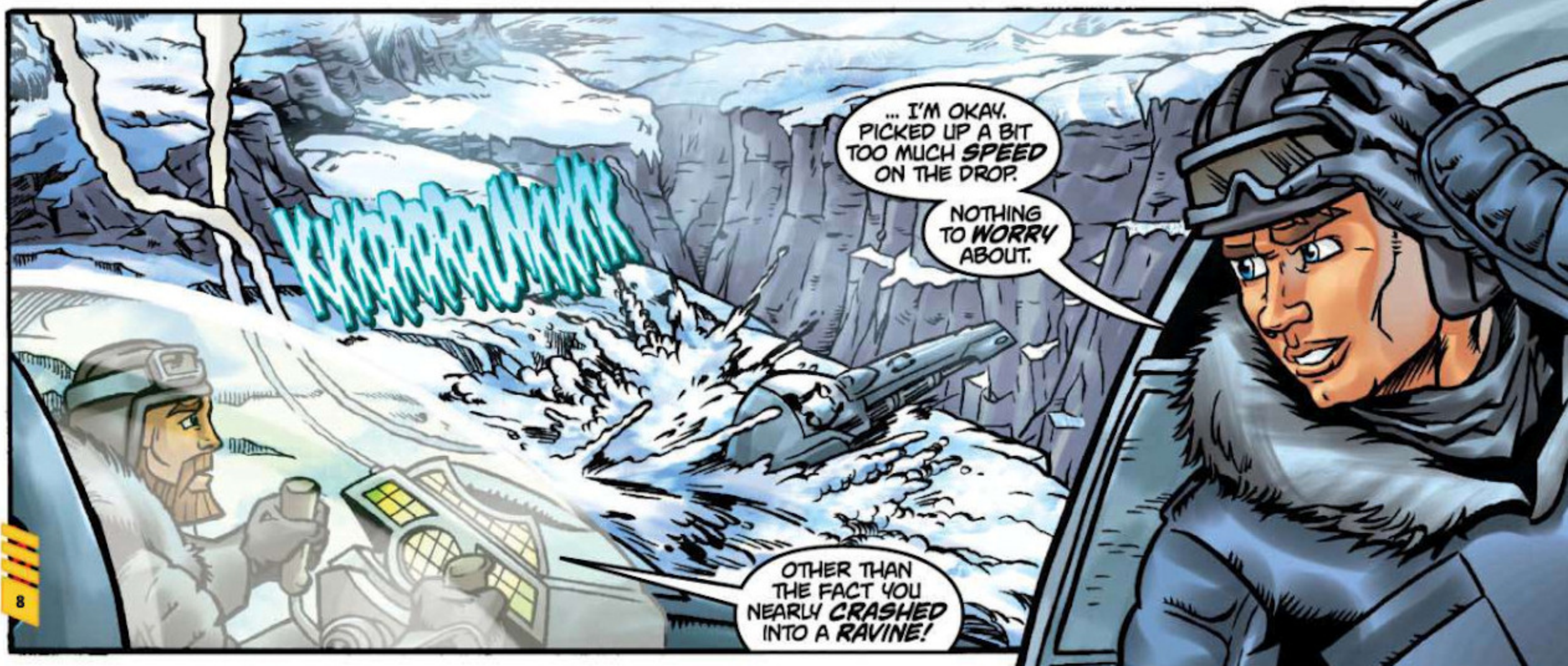
THE
END

ABOVE THE PLANET ASUIN,
DEEP WITHIN HUTT SPACE.

WITH SEPARATIST
FORCES ALERTED TO
THEIR PRESENCE, ANAKIN
AND OBI-WAN RISK
A DROPSHIP LANDING
ON A PLANET BESEIGED
BY FIERCE ICE STORMS.

THEIR MISSION: RECOVER
A CRASHED ESCAPE POD
CONTAINING THE STOLEN
LOCATION OF THE SEPARATIST
HYPERMATTER GENERATORS.

WITH THIS
INFORMATION,
THE REPUBLIC
COULD TURN
THE TIDE OF
THE WAR!





IS THERE'S STILL TIME FOR DYING YET...?

HUNTED

RAAAAWWWRRRRR

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? OH--

YEAH. THOSE GUYS.



MOVE!

YOU DON'T NEED TO TELL ME TWICE!



WE CAN MAKE IT! JUMP!

WRITER
JP RUTTER
ARTIST
BARRY SPIERS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



THERE GOES MY SPEEDER SHAME, IT WAS BRAND NEW.



CRASSSSHHH

PERHAPS THE WAMPAS CAN DINE ON ITS REMAINS... INSTEAD OF OURS.



REX, DO YOU READ ME? WE'VE REACHED THE POD COORDINATES.



IT'S NO USE. WE'RE ON OUR OWN FOR NOW.

WE SHOULD GET TO HIGHER GROUND.





≡FZZT--ERAL,
DO YOU READ?
REPEAT--≡

GOOD TO
HEAR YOUR
VOICE,
REX.



WE'VE FOUND THE
POD, BUT THERE
IS NO SIGN OF
SURVIVORS.

≡BETTER
FIND THEM
SOON.≡

≡UNINVITED
GUESTS
INBOUND!≡



MASTER,
OVER
THERE!

I SEE
HIM.



HE'S GONE.
ANY SIGN OF
THE OTHER--



STOP
RIGHT
THERE!



DON'T FIRE!
WE'RE HERE TO
RESCUE YOU.



I'M SORRY, GENERAL.
SINCE THE CRASH, I'VE
BEEN... RATHER
TWITCHY.

UNDER-
STANDABLE.
WHERE IS YOUR
DROID?



YOU CAN
COME OUT NOW,
J-3PO.



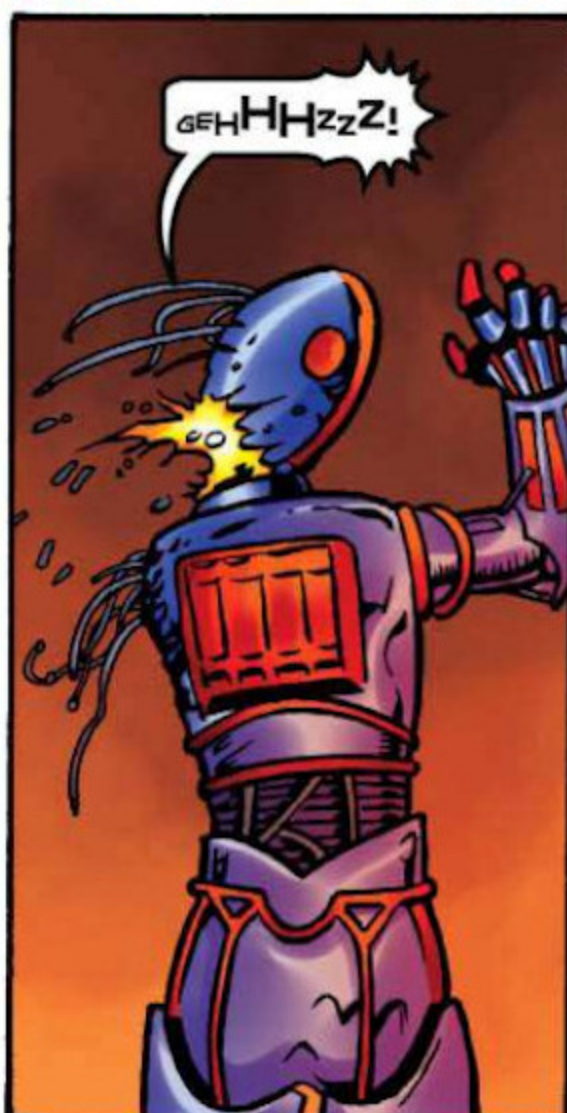
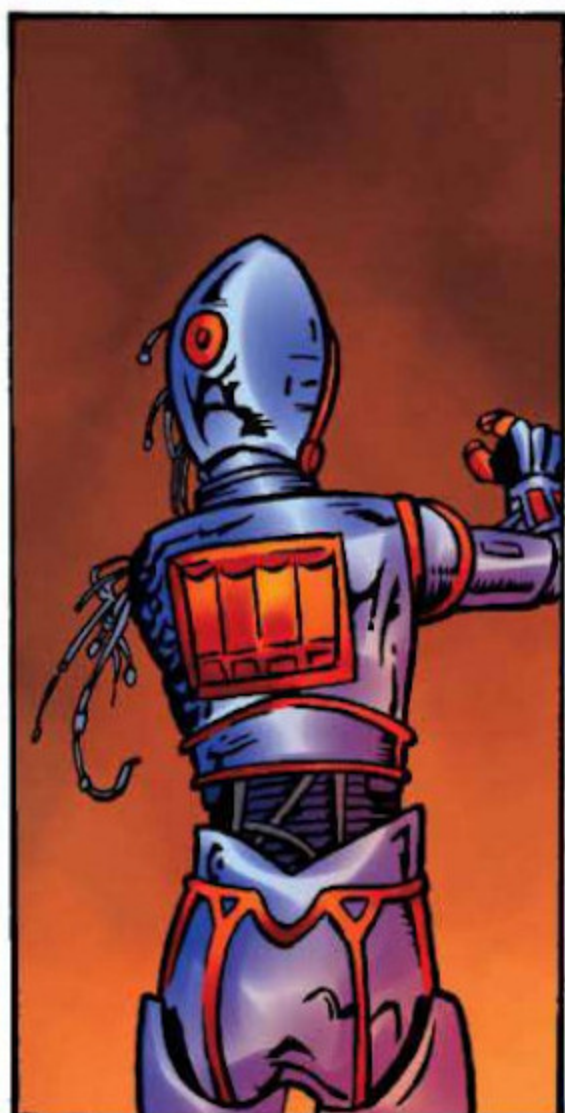
BZZFFT-- PLEASED TO
MAKE YOUR ACU-AQU--
AD-- HELLO.

CHARMED.
NOW WE SHOULD
GO.

THE
SEPARATISTS
WILL BE HERE AT
ANY MOMENT, AND
WE'VE NO WAY OF
COMMUNICATING
WITH OUR DROPSHIP.



FZZZZZZTZZ--
FOLLOW
ME.



GEHHZZZ!



HOW NICE TO SEE
YOU AGAIN,
BOYS.

I DO HOPE
THIS WASN'T
THE DROID YOU
WERE LOOKING
FOR.



LOOKS LIKE YOUR MISSION IS OVER.



COME FACE YOUR DOOM, INSTEAD.

WITH PLEASURE.



KSSSTZZZ



NO NEED TO BE SO MORBID, VENTRESS.

ALWAYS WITH THE QUIPS, JEDI.



IF YOU SPENT MORE TIME FOCUSING ON YOUR SKILLS WITH THE BLADE... PERHAPS THIS WOULDN'T HAPPEN!



WHAT--



OOOOOOF!

DOONPH





THE END

DEEP IN THE OUTER RIM, IN THE
NILGAARD SECTOR, LIES THE
PLANET OF MAKEM TE.

BURN THE BEHEMOTH!

ONCE ALIGNED WITH THE SEPARATISTS,
MAKEM TE HAS RECENTLY REJOINED
THE REPUBLIC; A DECISION MADE LARGELY
TO PROTECT ITS MINING INTERESTS.

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

THE POWERFUL IRON CITY
OF THOUSAND THOUSAND
HAS SURVIVED COUNTLESS
CONFLICTS WITHOUT
ASSISTANCE.

SO WHAT NEW
THREAT COULD CAUSE
ITS INHABITANTS TO
COWER IN FEAR?

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

WHAT COULD BE DANGEROUS
ENOUGH TO WARRANT AN
ENTIRE LEGION OF CLONES
TO UNDERTAKE AN EXPEDITION INTO
THE BRUTAL DESERT?

ASIDE FROM SAND,
WHAT CAN YOU SEE,
CAPTAIN?

TARGET'S DEAD
AHEAD, GENERAL.
BUT I DON'T THINK
WE BROUGHT
NEARLY ENOUGH
TROOPERS...

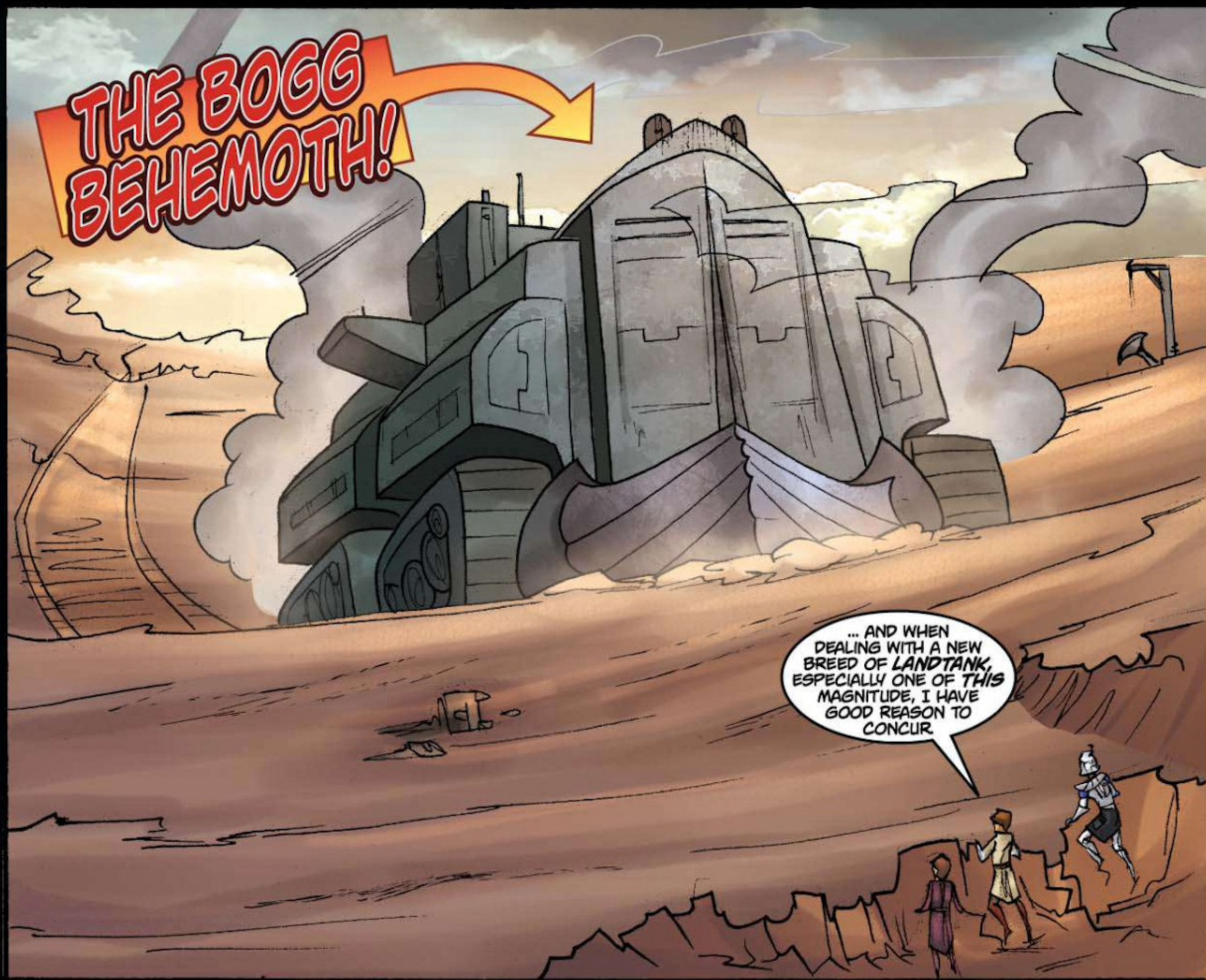
NOT LIKE YOU TO BE SO DRAMATIC,
REX. YOU'RE LEADING A BATTLE-HARDENED
UNIT, SUPPORTED BY JUGGERNAUTS,
COMMANDOS AND TWO JEDI!

THIS'LL BE A
WALK IN THE...
UH... DESERT.

AND TRUST
ME, I KNOW
DESERT.

YOUR
CONFIDENCE IS
ADMIRABLE, ANAKIN,
AND YOU MAY BE
RIGHT. BUT THE
COUNCIL ADVISED
CAUTION...

THE BOGG BEHEMOTH!



... AND WHEN DEALING WITH A NEW BREED OF LANDTANK, ESPECIALLY ONE OF THIS MAGNITUDE, I HAVE GOOD REASON TO CONCUR.

THAT THING IS... **HUGE.**



I'M ALMOST IMPRESSED.



LEAVE IT TO ME, SIR.

THE INTEL WE INTERCEPTED SUGGESTS THAT IT'S **INOPERABLE** -- HEAVY WEAPONS ARE ALL OFFLINE WHILE IT UNDERGOES FINAL TESTING -- WHICH MAKES THIS OUR BEST CHANCE TO STRIKE. READY, REX?



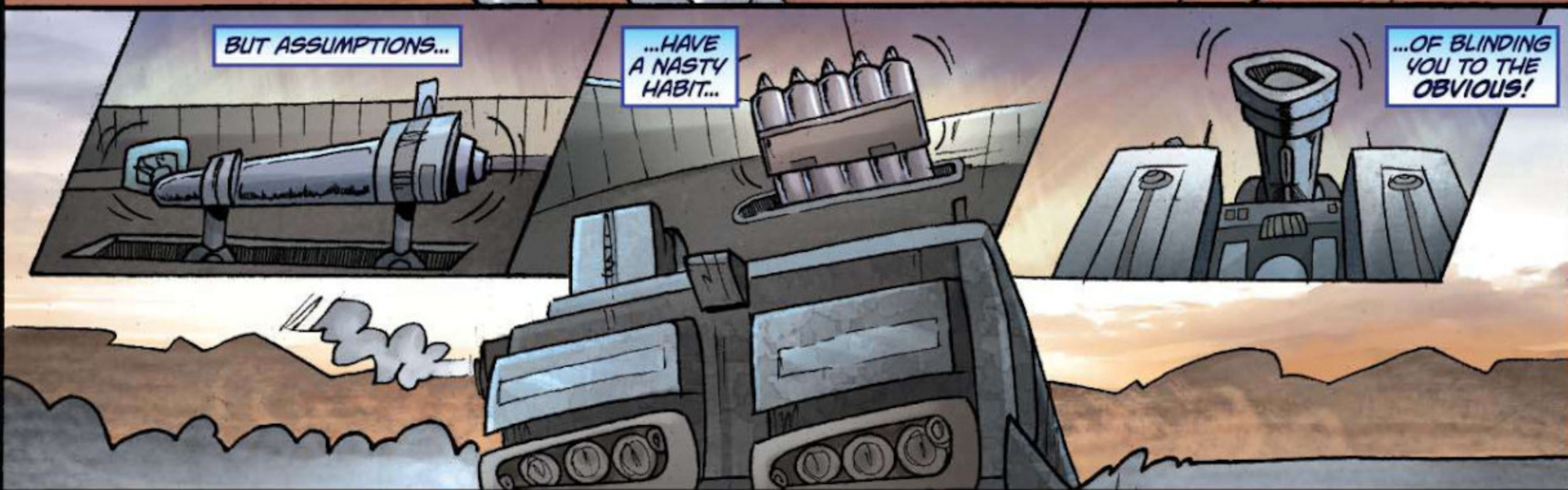
ALL SQUADS, FORM RANKS!

TAKE THIS OVERGROWN CLANKER IN THE NAME OF THE REPUBLIC!





ASSUMING THAT CAPTURING THIS METAL MONSTROSITY WILL BE EASY, THE CLONES ADVANCE SWIFTLY, UNAWARE OF IMPENDING DANGER.



BUT ASSUMPTIONS...

...HAVE A NASTY HABIT...

...OF BLINDING YOU TO THE OBVIOUS!



ASSUME DEFENSIVE POSITIONS!

GIVE IT EVERYTHING YOU'VE GOT!

GUNNERS -- BREAK OUT THE AV-7!

BOOOOOOM!

LOCKED...
FIRING!

KOOOOOM!

NOT A
SCRATCH!

BETWEEN
THAT **SHIELD**
AND THE TANK'S
ARMOUR, WE'RE
NOT GETTING
ANYWHERE!

OBI-WAN, WE
NEED TO DIVERT
ATTENTION AWAY
FROM THE TROOPS
OR THEY'RE GOING
TO BE **DECI-**
MATED...

... AND
WE'RE NOT
EXACTLY
INVULN-
ERABLE!

FOR ONCE,
I AM IN COMPLETE
AGREEMENT. LET'S
TAKE THE LAAT!

YOU SEEM
TO HAVE HAD
DOUBTS ABOUT
A GROUND ASSAULT
FROM THE
BEGINNING,
MASTER...

THE
SEPARATISTS
HAVE A NASTY HABIT
OF LAYING **TRAPS**
THROUGH THEIR INTEL.
OCCASIONALLY WE'RE
LUCKY ENOUGH TO
REALLY CATCH THEM
NAPPING, BUT IT
NEVER HURTS TO
HAVE A **BACK-UP**
PLAN!

BUT THIS IS WHERE
MY PLAN BECOMES
FLUID! I HOPE
YOU'RE READY
FOR A FIGHT!

I'M
ALWAYS
READY!



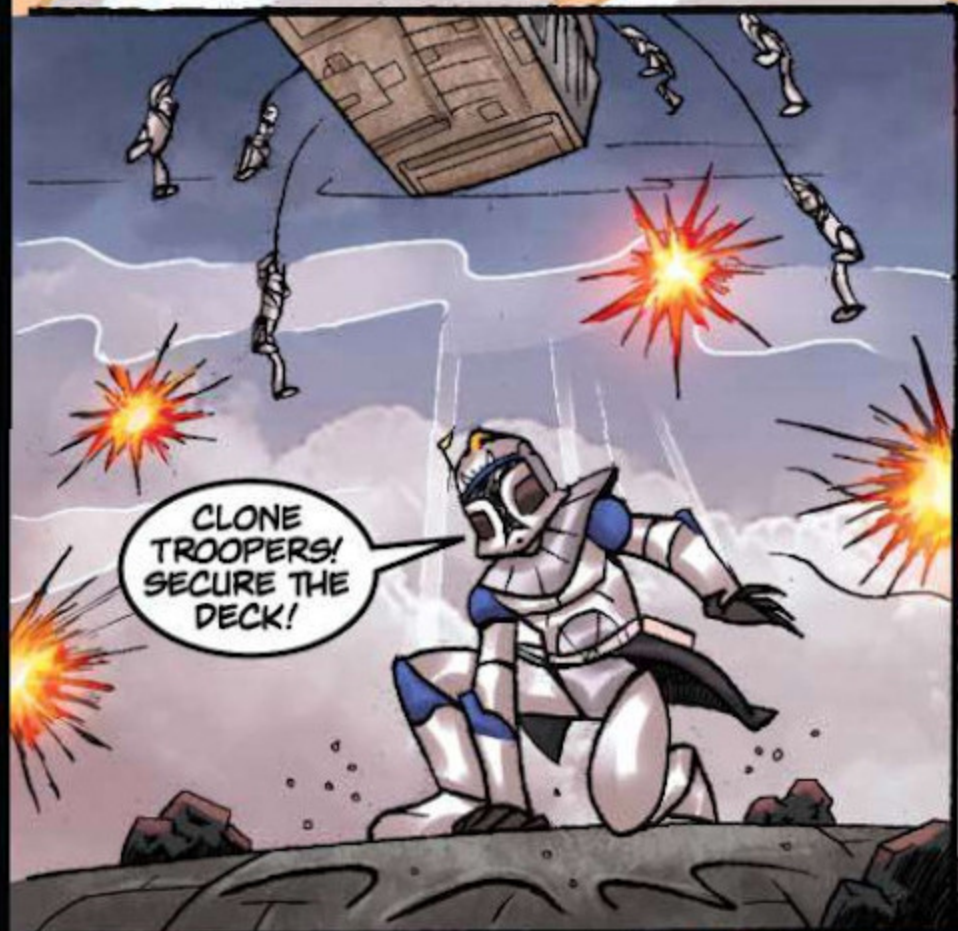
HOW ARE WE GETTING AWAY WITH THIS? THIS THING SHOULD BE A FLYING BLASTER MAGNET!

WHAAM

ZAAAM



THE LAAT-1 IS HIGHLY MANOEUVRABLE! THOSE HEAVY CANNON, PERFECT FOR REPELLING GROUND UNITS, ARE NOT DESIGNED TO COMBAT ONE SWIFT SHIP!



CLONE TROOPERS! SECURE THE DECK!



IT'S TOO QUIET, SIR... EVEN FOR CLANKERS...

WHICH MEANS THIS HUNK OF JUNK HAS ONE FINAL SURPRISE FOR US...



... AND HERE IT COMES!



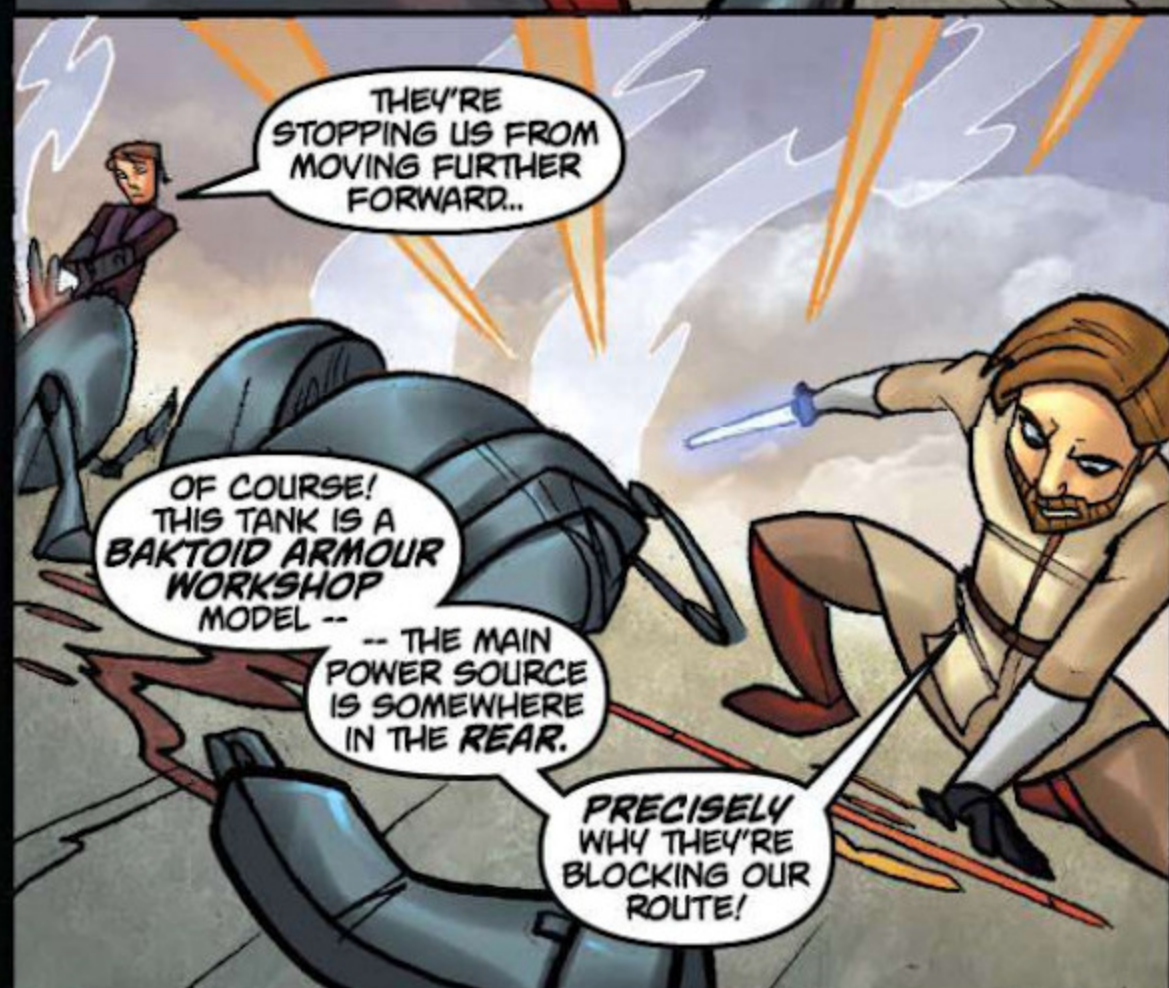
SPIDER DROIDS! HUNDREDS OF 'EM!



MAINTAIN A
TIGHT PERIMETER
-- OR THEIR NUMBERS
WILL OVERWHELM
US!

THE DECK'S TOO
OPEN TO EXPLOIT ANY
WEAKNESS AGAINST
THESE SPIDERS!

IF WE STAY
OUT HERE FOR TOO
LONG, WE DIE!



THEY'RE
STOPPING US FROM
MOVING FURTHER
FORWARD...

OF COURSE!
THIS TANK IS A
BAKTOID ARMOUR
WORKSHOP
MODEL --

-- THE MAIN
POWER SOURCE
IS SOMEWHERE
IN THE REAR.

PRECISELY
WHY THEY'RE
BLOCKING OUR
ROUTE!



I CAN FEEL
THE HEART OF
THIS MACHINE...
LIKE A COURGING
RIVER OF
ENERGY...



I KNOW EXACTLY
WHERE TO FIND
IT!

ZZZZWWIIINNNNN



ANAKIN! JUST
KEEP THESE
DROIDS BUSY FOR
FIVE MINUTES --
IF I HAVEN'T
SECURED THE
BEHEMOTH BY
THEN...

...TAKE THE
LAAT/I AND
ESCAPE!



I THINK THE GENERAL'S
VOICE WAS MUFFLED IN ALL
THE EXPLOSIONS, MEN!
I COULDN'T HEAR HIM!

I THINK HE
SAID TO HOLD
THIS POSITION
INDEFINITELY!

YES,
SIR!

LUCKY THIS WASN'T A TRASH COMPACTOR! THIS LEAP-BEFORE-YOU-LOOK BEHAVIOUR IS MORE ANAKIN'S STYLE...



HMMM... NO CREW! THIS IS AN IMPRESSIVE FEAT OF ENGINEERING. SMELLS LIKE GEONOSIAN INVOLVEMENT!



AH, THE VERY ENGINEER I WAS LOOKING FOR.

LET'S TRY A LITTLE **COMMON COURTESY** FIRST.

TAP TAP

WHAT IS IT? DON'T YOU KNOW HOW **HARD** IT IS TO KEEP THIS THING RUNNING?! I DON'T NEED ANY--*

!--INTERRUPTIONS! GULP!--



* TRANSLATED FROM GEONOSIAN



THIS IS **OVER**, BOGG. SHUT DOWN THE **BEHEMOTH** AND THE DEFENCE DROIDS ON DECK...

...OR I'LL BE FORCED TO **REWIRE** YOUR CREATION WITH MY **LIGHTSABER**.

IT'S NOT A VERY **'SUBTLE'** TOOL.

NO... YOU WOULDN'T DARE...!



WHAT ARE YOU **SMILING** AT?



OH, NOTHING... BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL BE GIVING YOU THE KEYS TO MY BABY JUST YET!

HAHA HAHA...



(GAAHH!)

I'VE ASKED YOU *ONCE* NICELY. NOW I'LL ASK A SECOND TIME, AND THERE WILL NOT BE A THIRD.

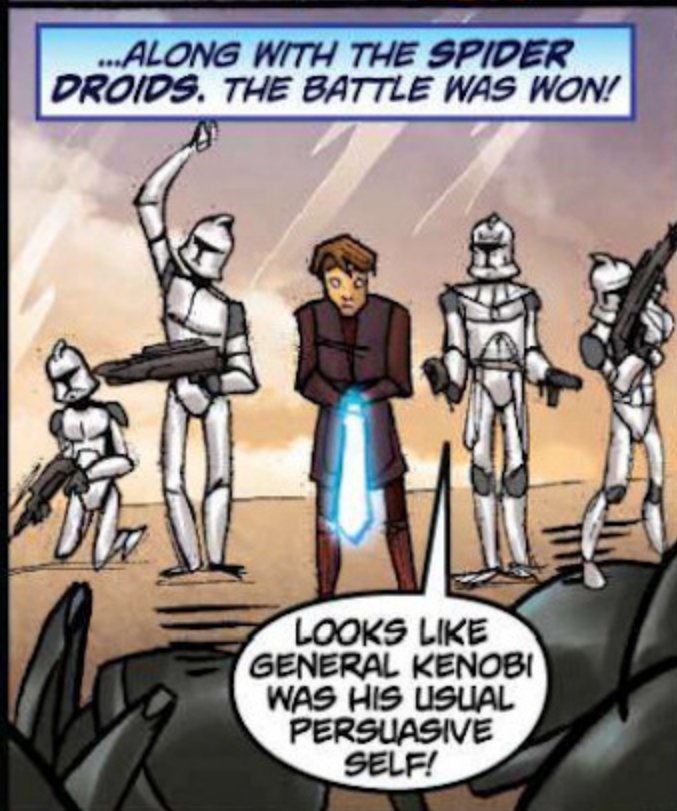
SHUT IT DOWN!



(O-O-KAY! I GIVE UP! JUST DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! THIS IS ONE-OF-A-KIND... AND I'VE LOST THE BLUEPRINTS!



BOGG TERMINATED THE LANDTANK, AND THE HEAVY BLASTER GUNS FELL SILENT...



...ALONG WITH THE SPIDER DROIDS. THE BATTLE WAS WON!

LOOKS LIKE GENERAL KENOBI WAS HIS USUAL PERSUASIVE SELF!



I DON'T GET IT, MASTER...

GET WHAT?

THIS MACHINE COULD TURN THE WAR IN OUR FAVOUR... WE COULD PRESENT IT TO THE SENATE; MOVE IT INTO MASS-PRODUCTION!



OR, ON THE OTHER HAND...

CLIK



(YOU... YOU DESTROYED IT!!!)

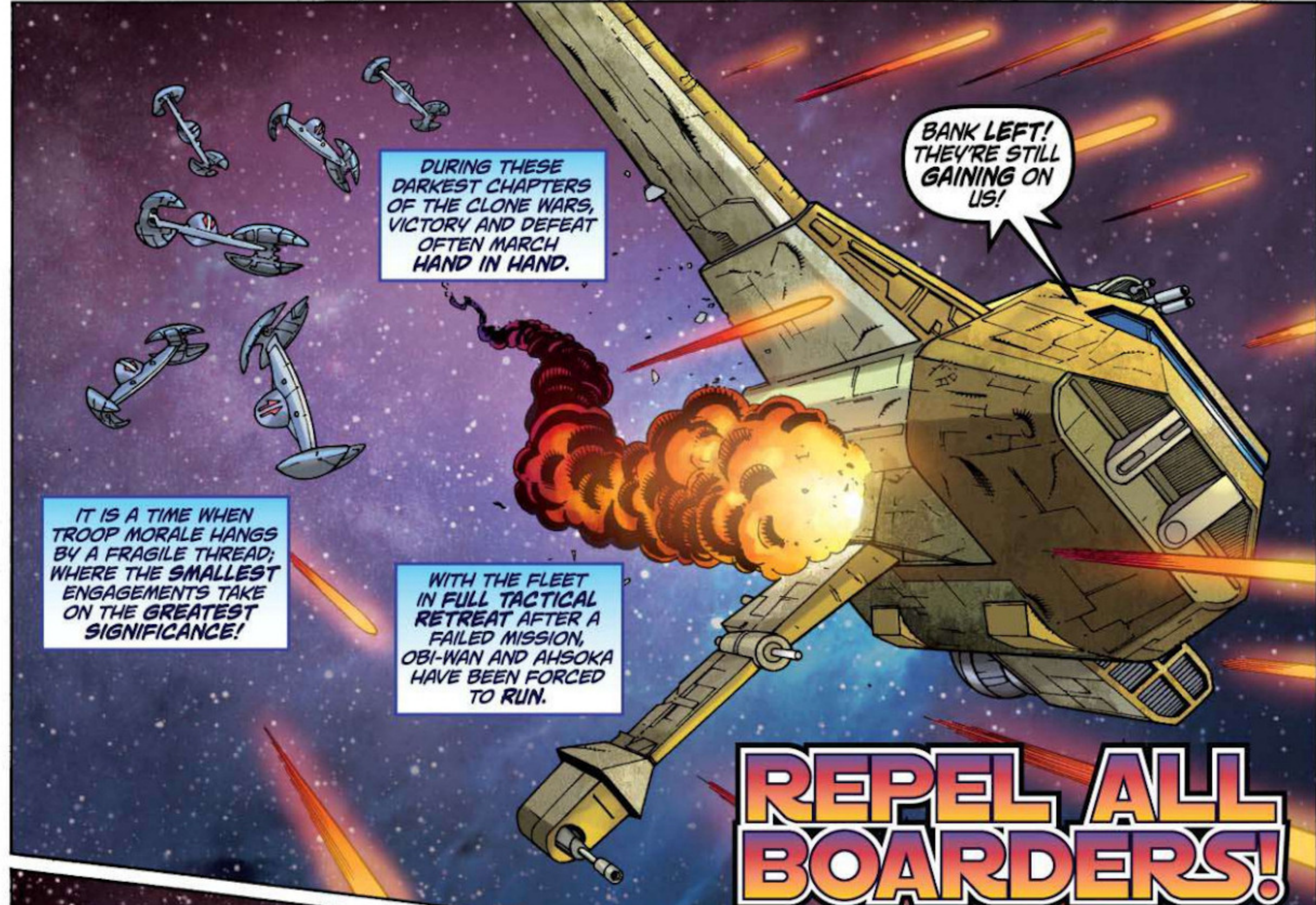
YES. I'M SORRY. BUT TRULY *MONSTROUS* WEAPONS ARE ONLY EVER WIELDED BY THE MONSTROUS AT HEART. THAT IS NOT THE WAY OF THE REPUBLIC.



PERHAPS, IN TIME, YOU WILL FIND LESS *DESTRUCTIVE* WONDERS TO SHARE WITH US.

I CAN'T SAY I *AGREE* WITH YOU, MASTER, BUT I APPRECIATE YOUR IDEALISM.

THE END!



DURING THESE DARKEST CHAPTERS OF THE CLONE WARS, VICTORY AND DEFEAT OFTEN MARCH HAND IN HAND.

BANK LEFT! THEY'RE STILL GAINING ON US!

IT IS A TIME WHEN TROOP MORALE HANGS BY A FRAGILE THREAD; WHERE THE SMALLEST ENGAGEMENTS TAKE ON THE GREATEST SIGNIFICANCE!

WITH THE FLEET IN FULL TACTICAL RETREAT AFTER A FAILED MISSION, OBI-WAN AND AHSOKA HAVE BEEN FORCED TO RUN.

REPEL ALL BOARDERS!

BUT THEY HAVE BEEN PURSUED BY A PACK OF VULTURE-CLASS STARFIGHTERS, THE DROIDS SMELLING BLOOD AMONG THE STARS...

THEIR HURRIED, DESPERATE ATTACK BRINGS ABOUT AN INEVITABLE RESULT...

BOOOOOOMPH

...BUT THE OUTCOME OF THE BATTLE IS FAR FROM DECIDED...



WHAT WAS THAT?

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE



COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

WE'VE LOST
THE **HYPERDRIVE**,
COMMANDER TANO!
AND ENGINES ONE
AND TWO HAVE
SHUT DOWN!

ONE MORE HIT,
GENERAL KENOBI,
AND WE'RE **DEAD**
IN SPACE!



TODAY
HASN'T
EXACTLY
GONE TO
PLAN, HAS
IT?

THAT'S THE
THING ABOUT A
PLAN, AHSOKA.
THE ENEMY HAS
ONE TOO... AND
OCCASIONALLY
THEIRS IS
BETTER THAN
OURS.



BETTER?
THAT PINCH
MOVEMENT THEY
PULLED ON THE
FLEET WAS **DEVA-**
STATING.

WE WERE
LUCKY TO SAVE
WHAT WE **COULD**,
MASTER... AND JUST
LOOK AT THE STATE
THEY'RE IN.

"THE REMNANTS OF
THE **38TH ARMoured**
BATTALION..."

"SIX ENGINEERS ON **LIFE-**
SUPPORT, FOUR MORE
WITH **LONG-TERM**
INJURIES... AS BEATEN
AS THEIR **BATTLETANK.**"

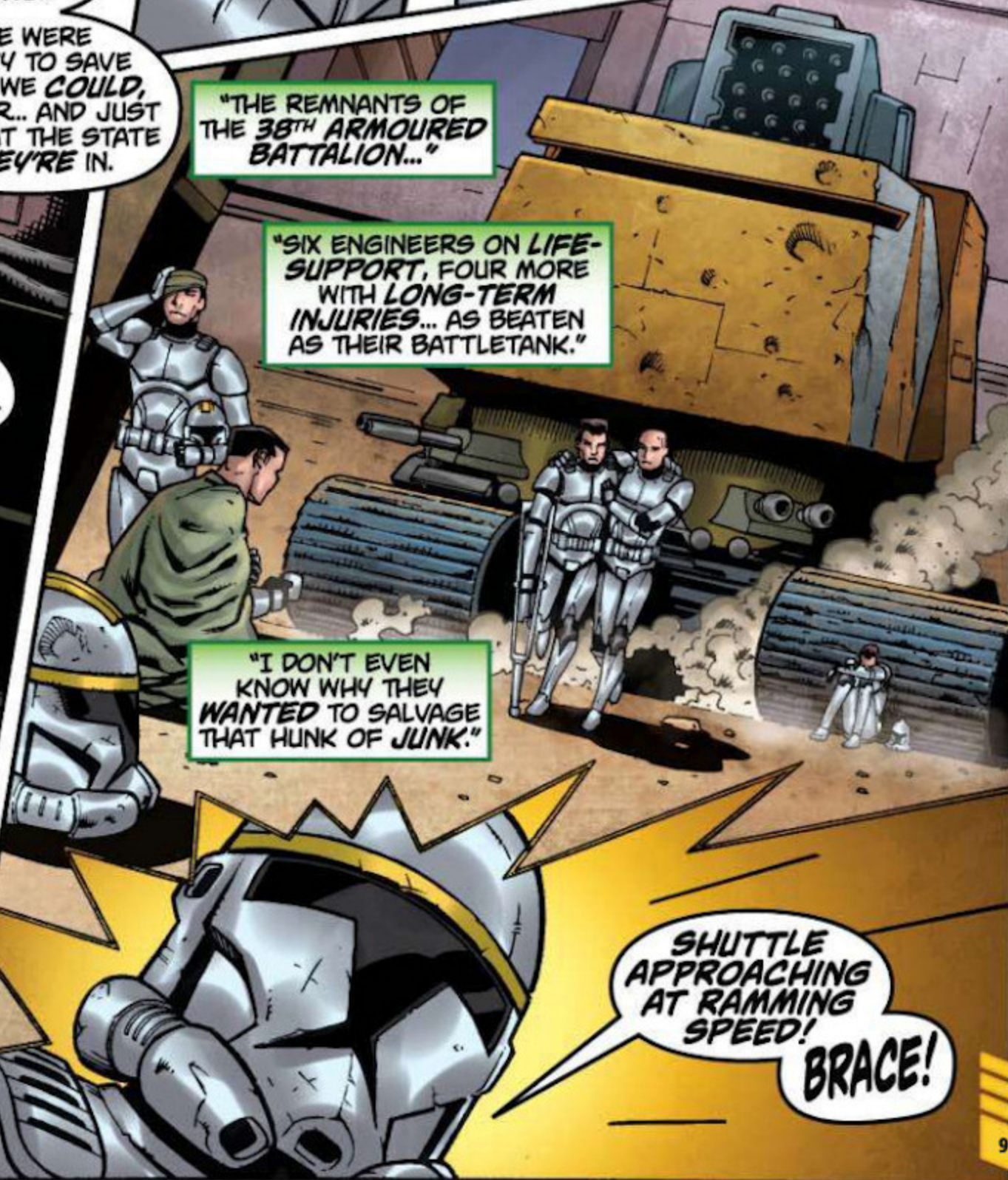


WHEN
WE GET
BOARDED--

--THESE
MEN WILL
PROVE THEIR
WORTH.

YOU DIDN'T
USED TO BE
SO EAGER TO
SEE **DEFEAT** IN
THE EYES OF
OTHERS.

MAYBE
I'VE SEEN
TOO MANY
BATTLE-
FIELDS.

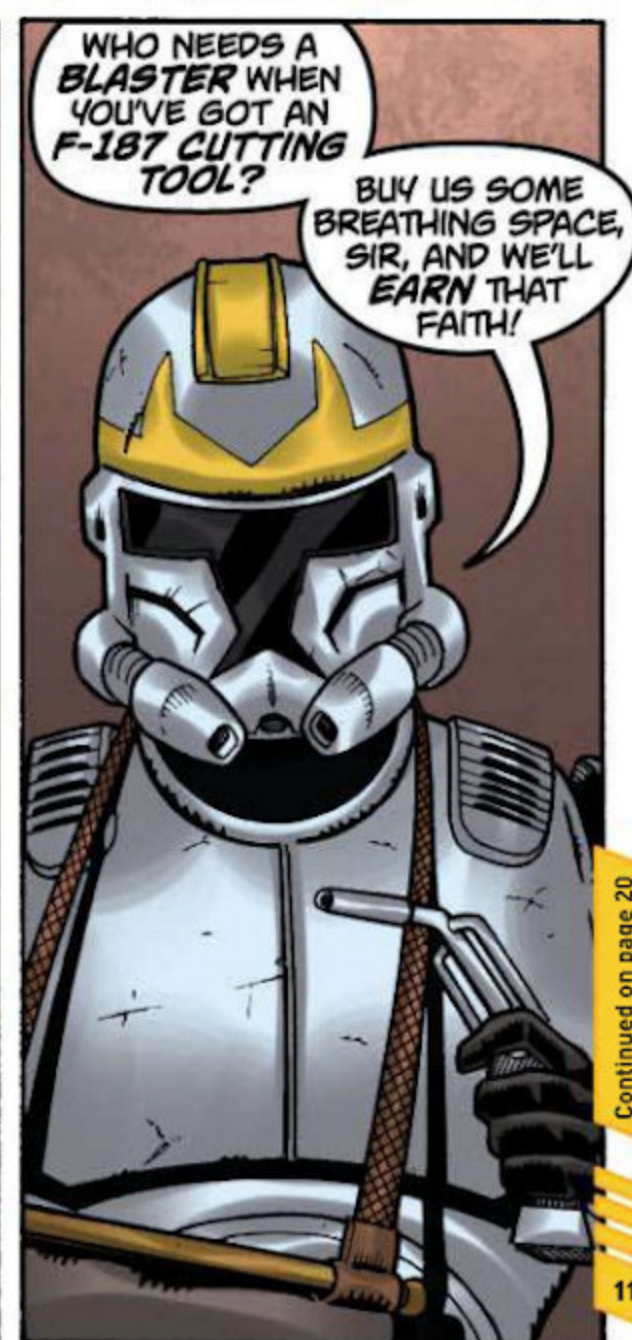


"I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHY THEY
WANTED TO SALVAGE
THAT HUNK OF **JUNK.**"

SHUTTLE
APPROACHING
AT **RAMMING**
SPEED!

BRACE!







CONFINED TO CLOSE QUARTERS, THE FIGHTING GROWS MORE INTENSE.

WHAT ARE WE **DOING**, MASTER?!

AT THIS **PRECISE** MOMENT? STAYING ALIVE!



FORGIVE MY **BLUNTNESS**, BUT WE'RE WASTING PRECIOUS TIME!



THE ONLY HOPE WE HAVE OF GETTING **OUT** OF HERE IS TO BREAK FREE OF THAT **SEPARATIST SHIP**!

THEY'RE BRINGING **MORE DROIDS** ON BOARD EVERY MINUTE!



WHY DON'T WE **DEPRESSURISE** THE HOLDING BAY AND LET THE VACUUM SUCK THAT TANK OUT AS A **BATTERING RAM**?

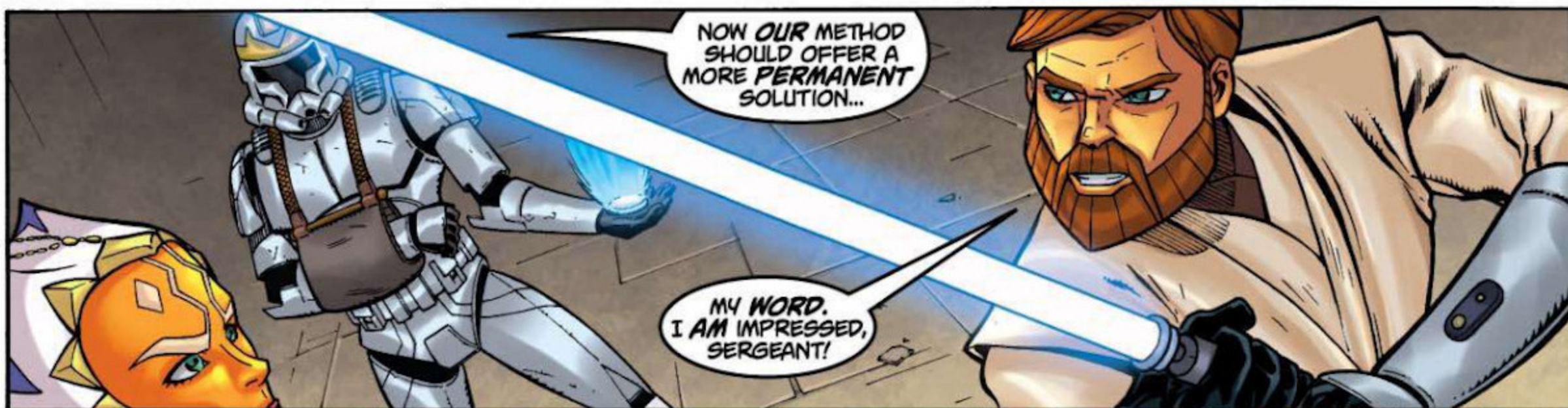
IT'S HEAVY ENOUGH TO CLEAR THE WRECKAGE!

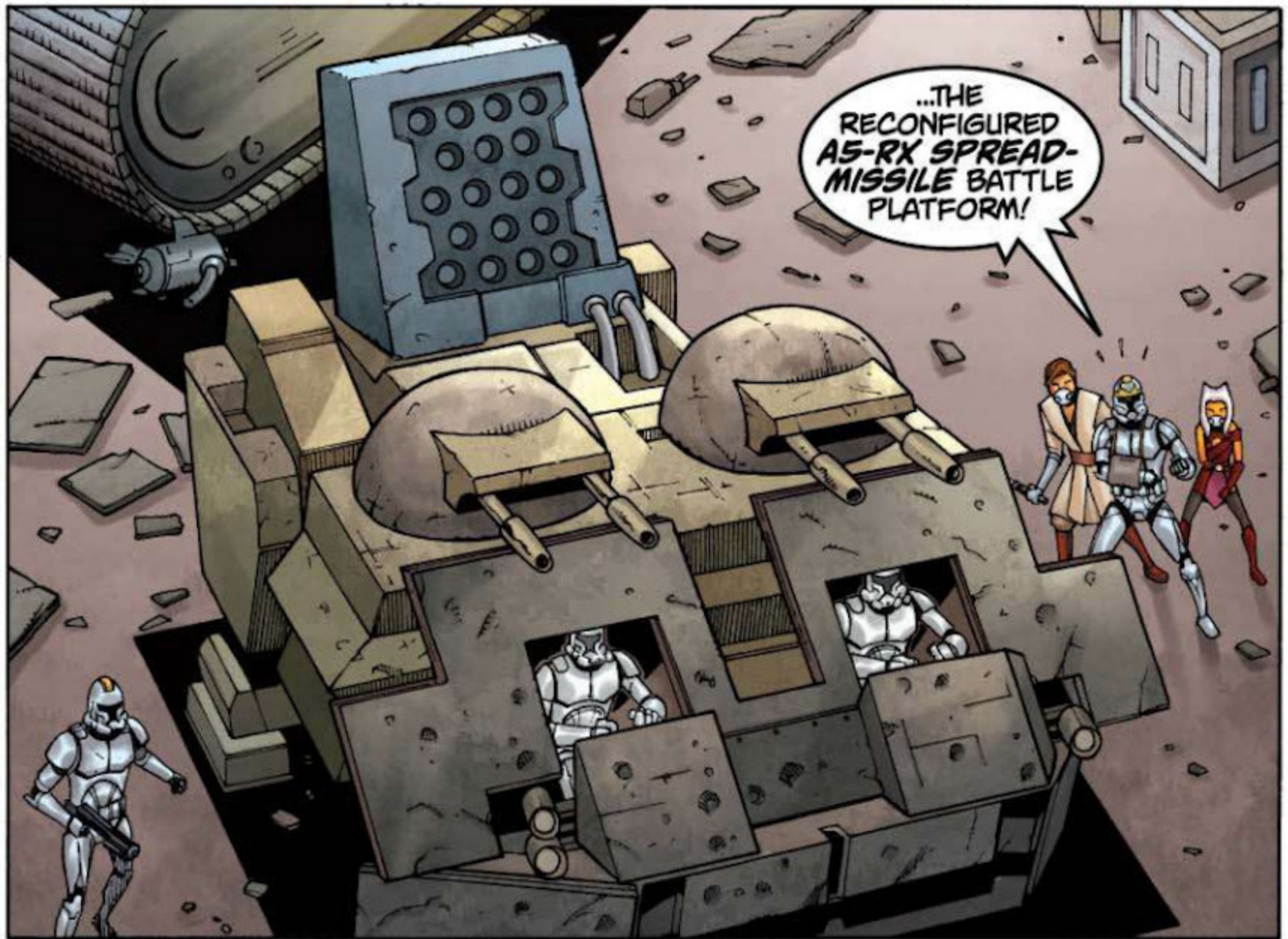
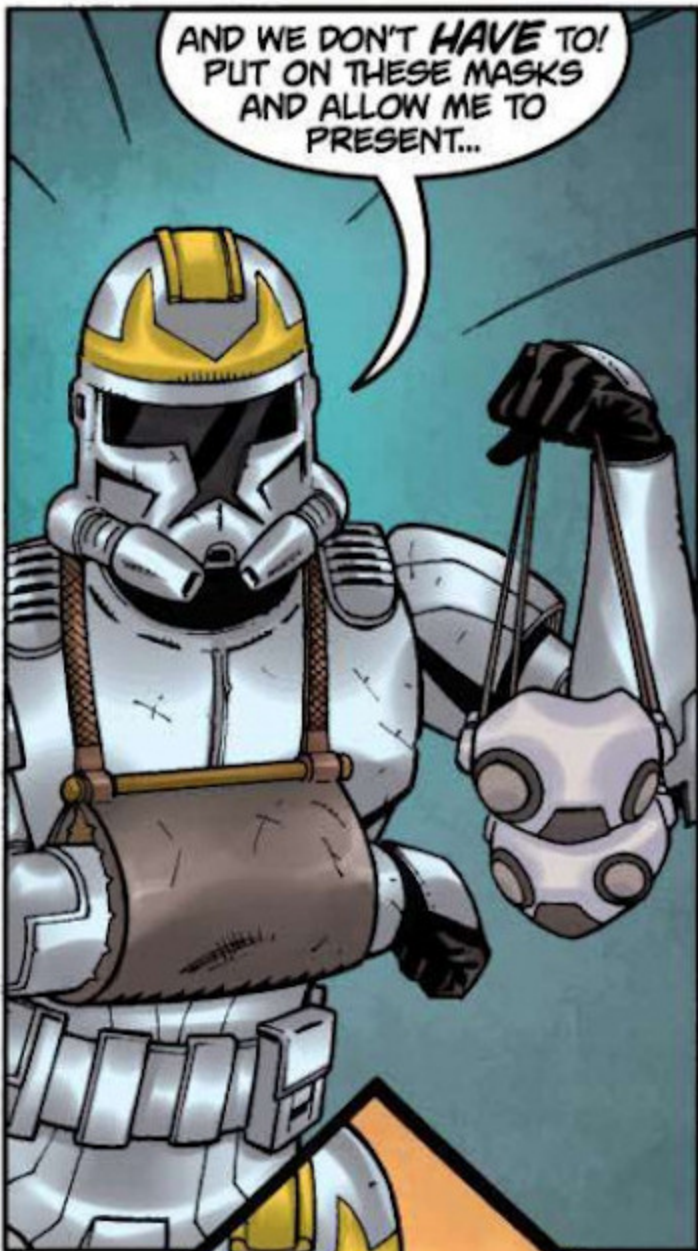


HMMMM... THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA. SERGEANT GAFFA -- WHAT DO YOU THINK?



ACHIEVEABLE, BUT **TACTICALLY UNSOUND**. WE'D BE LEAVING OURSELVES **WIDE OPEN** TO ATTACK FROM THOSE **VULTURES** OUTSIDE.







AND LET'S NOT FORGET ABOUT OUR *ESCORT*!

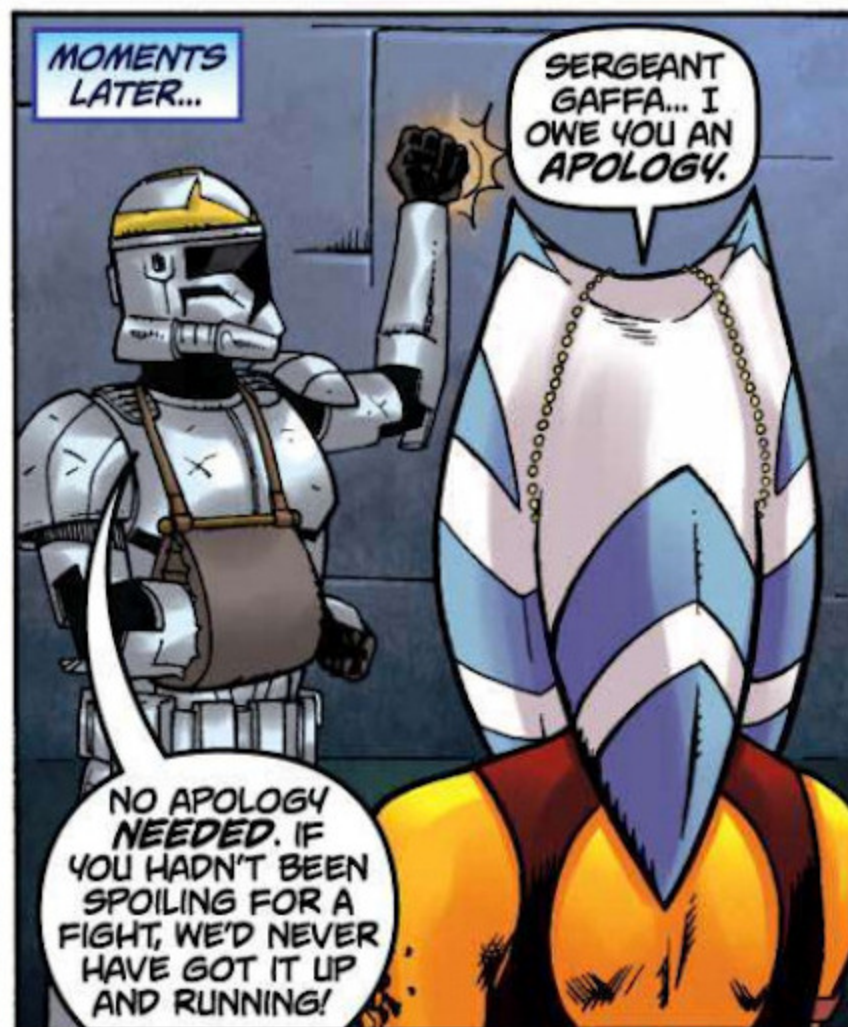
PHOOOM

OPEN FIRE!



GOOD SHOOTING! THAT WAS THE LAST OF THEM.

ACTIVATE THE BACK-UP GRAVITY GENERATOR AND CLOSE THE HANGAR DOOR, AND WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO REJOIN THE FLEET IN PEACE.



MOMENTS LATER...

NO APOLOGY NEEDED. IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SPOILING FOR A FIGHT, WE'D NEVER HAVE GOT IT UP AND RUNNING!

SERGEANT GAFFA... I OWE YOU AN APOLOGY.



PATIENCE TRULY IS A VIRTUE... ESPECIALLY IN THE ENGINEER BATTALION!

THE END

MALASTARE.

I HAVE
A *BAD* FEELING
ABOUT THIS.

DUG OUT

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
WILL SLINEY

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW
JAMES



CLANKERS
TOOK OUT OUR
THRUSTERS, GENERAL.
WE'RE NOT GETTING
OUT OF HERE ANY
TIME SOON.

AT LEAST
YOUR MEN MADE
IT OUT ALIVE. COUNT
YOURSELF LUCKY,
COMMANDER.

I'M PICKING UP
A CONCENTRATION
OF **METAL** UP AHEAD,
GENERAL. HAS TO
BE THE DROID
ENCAMPMENT.

GOOD
WORK,
SOLDIER.

AFTER THAT
LANDING, I CAN'T
WAIT TO BUST
SOME METAL
SKULLS!

YOUR
ENTHUSIASM DOES
YOU **CREDIT**, BUT BE
MINDFUL, LITTLE
SOKA.

REPUBLIC
INTELLIGENCE
HAS TRACKED
SEVERAL HEAVILY-
CLOAKED COMMANDO
DROID SHUTTLES
TO THIS AREA.

WHATEVER
THEY'RE UP TO,
THEY DON'T WANT
ANYONE **KNOWING**
ABOUT IT.

BUT WHY COME **HERE**,
MASTER PLO? MALASTARE IS
UNDERDEVELOPED AS IT IS,
AND AREAS LIKE THIS STILL
REMAIN **UNMAAPPED**.

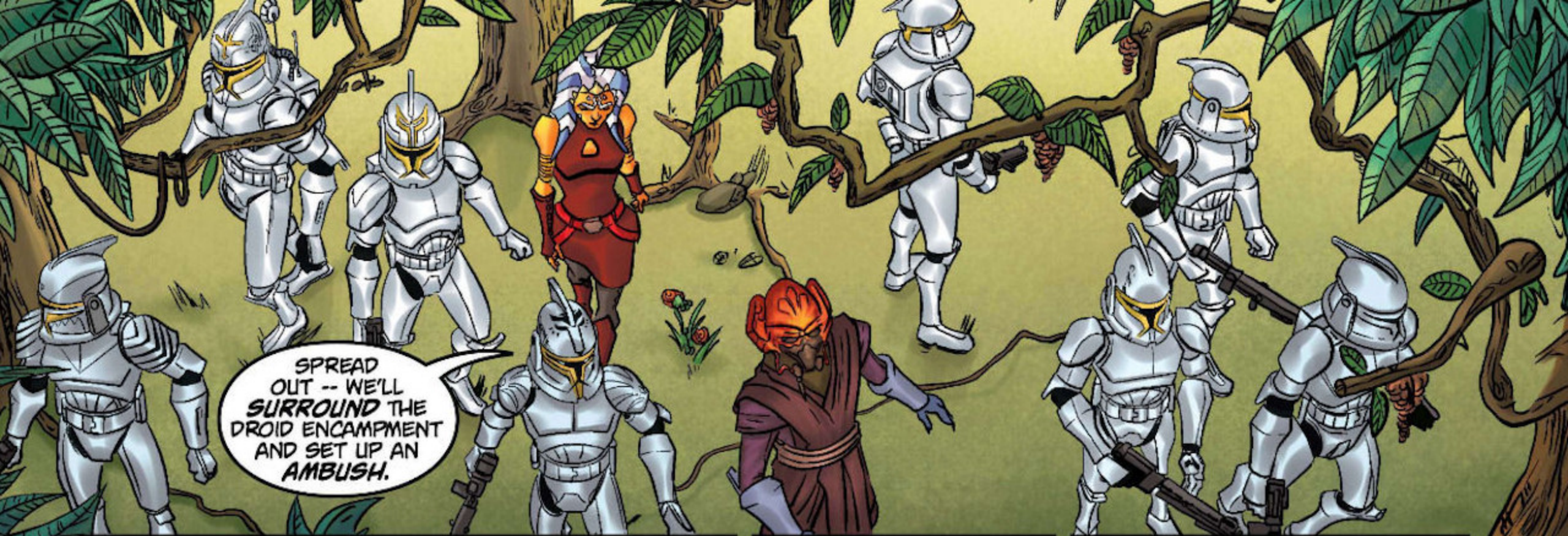
THE COUNCIL
SUSPECTS THAT THE
SEPARATISTS ARE HERE
SEARCHING FOR DEADLY
NATURAL PREDATORS...

"...SUCH AS THE
NOW-EXTINCT
ZILLO BEAST."

IF THEIR
TECHNICIANS
CAN GET A SAMPLE
OF **ZILLO DNA**, THEY
MIGHT BE ABLE TO
CLONE A **NEW WAR**
BEAST.

IMAGINE A
PACK OF THOSE
LOOSE ON
CORUSCANT!

ONE
WAS BAD
ENOUGH!



SPREAD OUT -- WE'LL SURROUND THE DROID ENCAMPMENT AND SET UP AN AMBUSH.



FOUR-FOUR? ARE YOU IN POSITION?

FOUR-FOUR? DO YOU READ ME?



MASTER PLO?

TROUBLE, SERGEANT?

DASH-1044 ISN'T RESPONDING, SIR. NOR IS NIN-- I MEAN, DASH-1129.



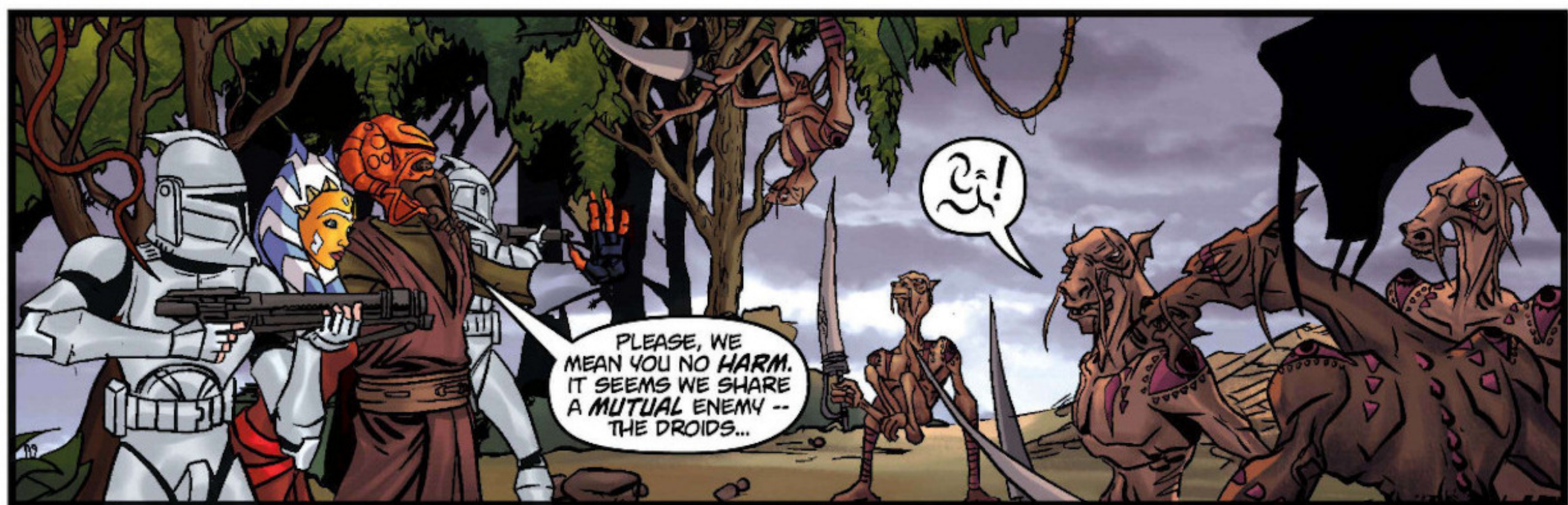
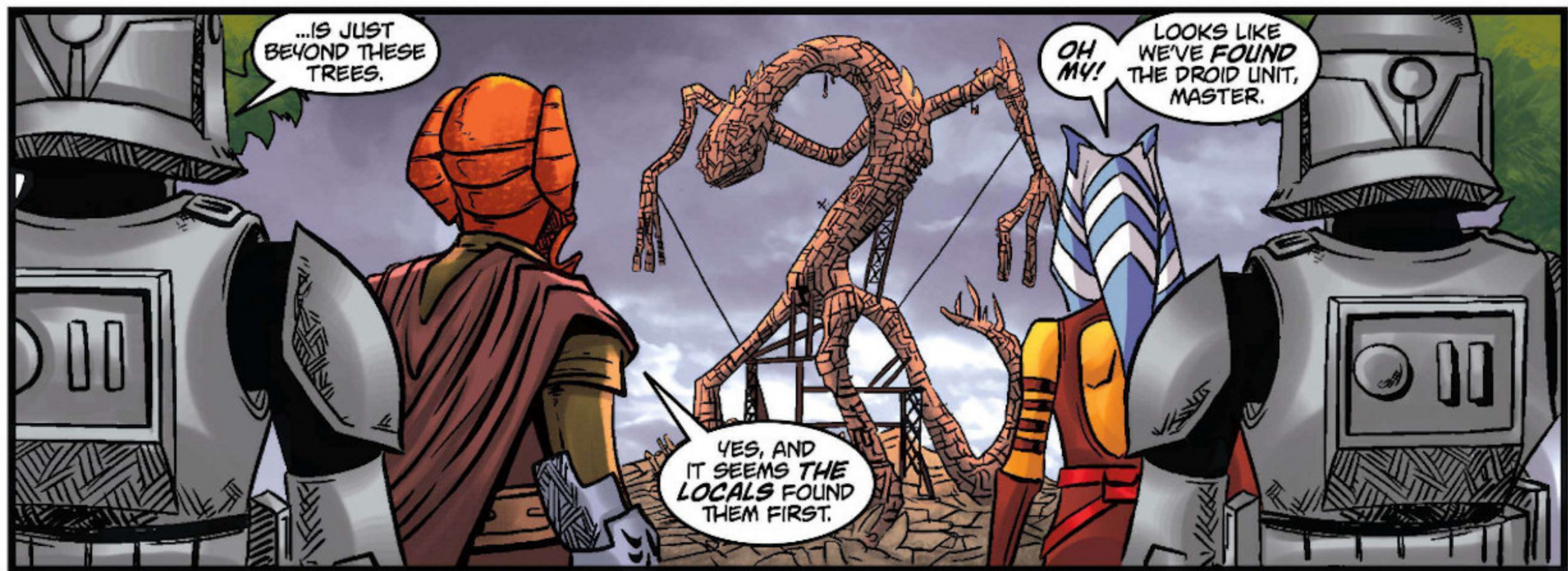
MASTER PLO!

OUR MISSING MEN, GENERAL.

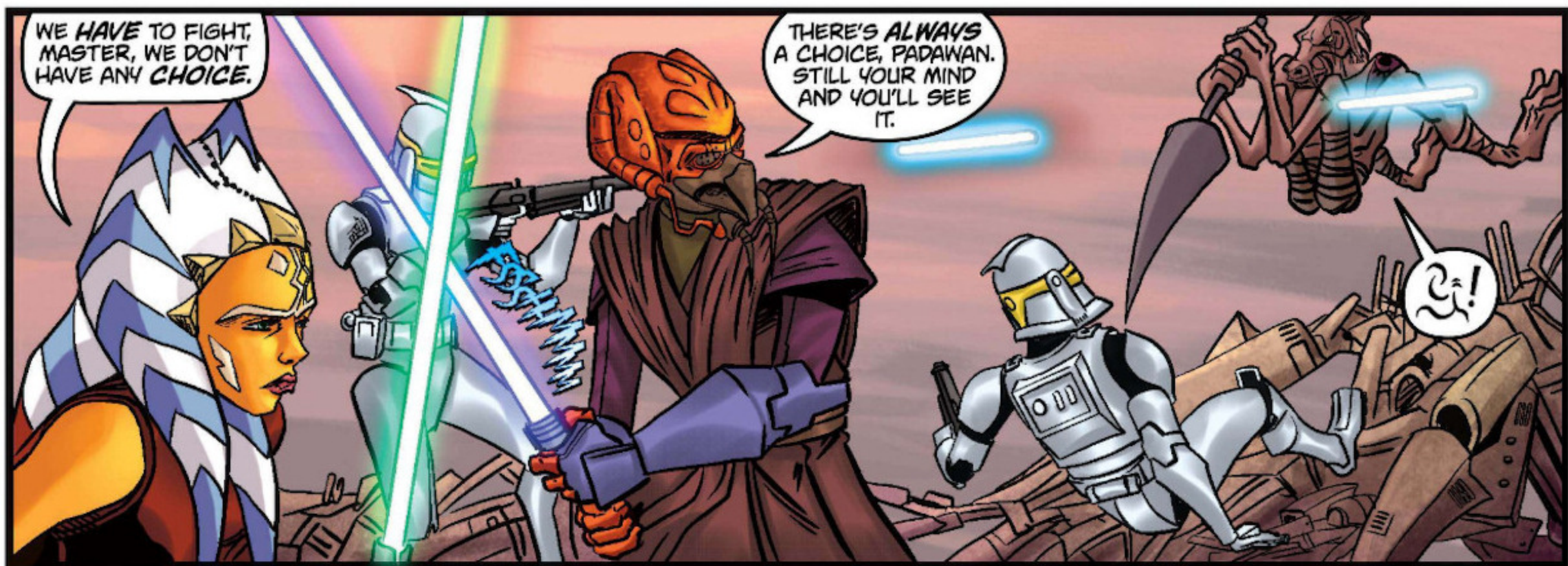


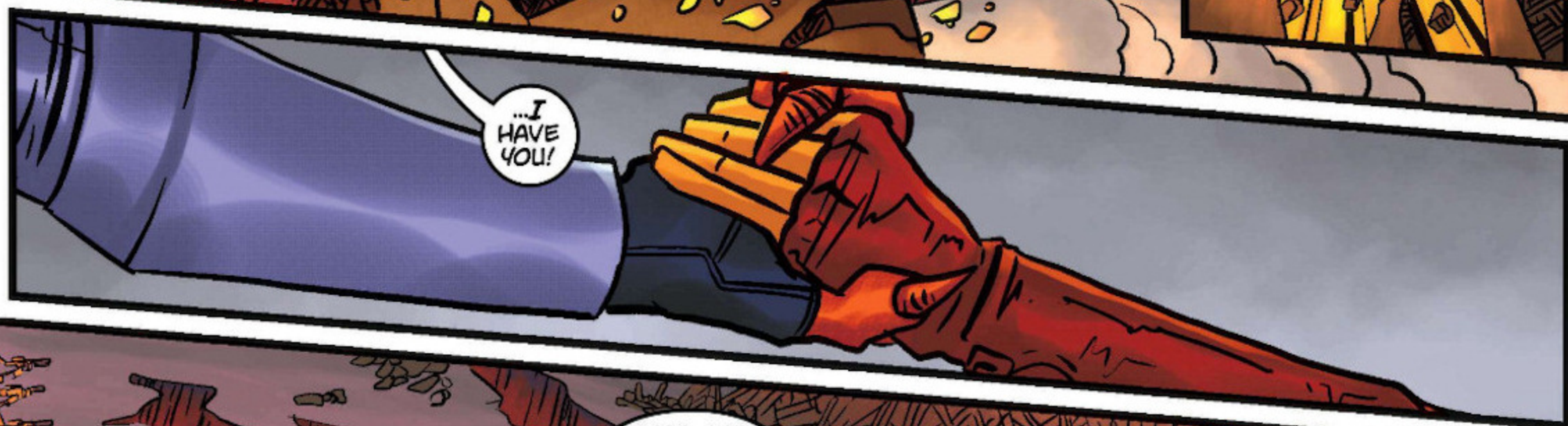
DROIDS DIDN'T DO THIS. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE OUT HERE. ON YOUR GUARD.











CONTINUED
NEXT ISSUE!





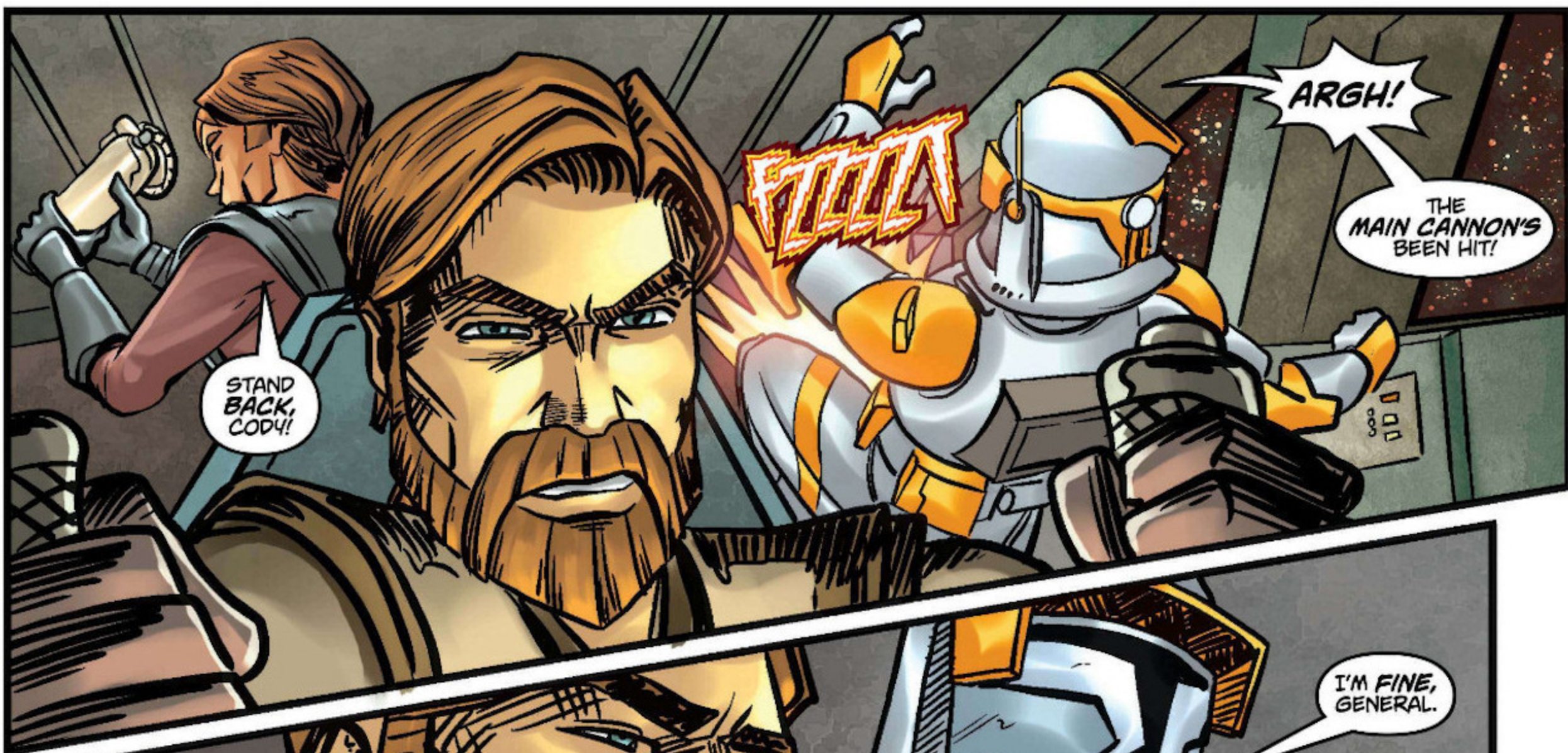
... I HAVE
YOU NOW!

KABOOM

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
WILL SLINEY

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW
JAMES

OUTGUNNED



STAND
BACK,
CODY!

ARGH!

THE
MAIN CANNON'S
BEEN HIT!

FLOOT



ARE
YOU OKAY,
COMMANDER?

I'M FINE,
GENERAL.

DAMN THAT
BOUNTY HUNTER! HE'S
BEEN ON OUR TAIL EVER
SINCE WE LEFT *SULON*.
WHY CAN'T WE EVER KEEP
THESE PEOPLE IN
PRISON?



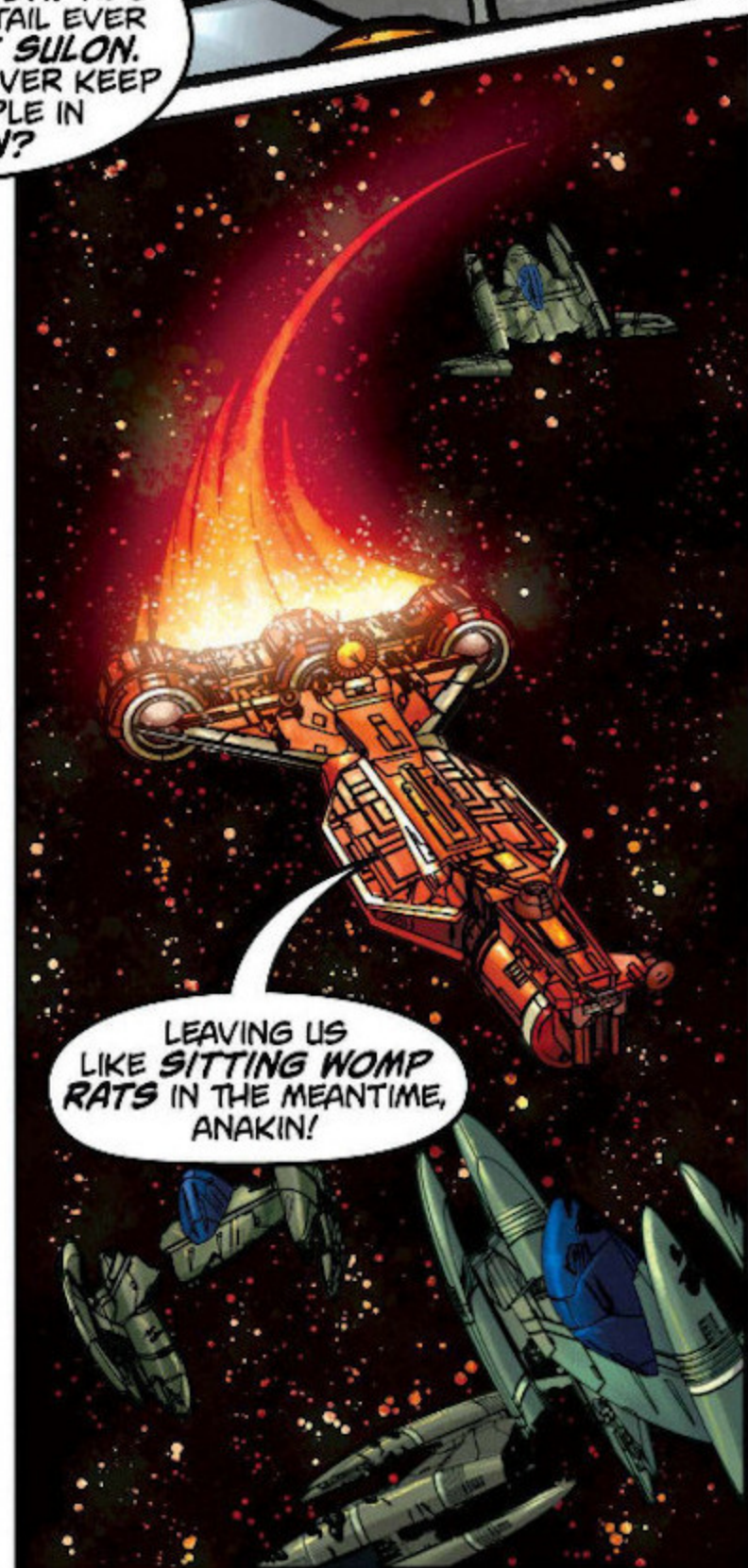
WELL, I DID
TELL YOU NOT TO EXIT
THE MOON'S ATMOS-
-PHERE WITH THE
SUN IN YOUR
EYES.

AND I TOLD
YOU NOT TO FIDDLE
WITH THE HYPERDRIVE!
IF IT WEREN'T FOR YOU,
WE'D BE OUT OF HERE
BY NOW!



WITH RESPECT,
I WAS ACTUALLY
REPROGRAMMING
THE NAVI-
COMPUTER...

...IT'S JUST
THAT THE UPDATE
TAKES A WHILE TO
GET IN *SYNC* WITH
THE HYPERDRIVE.



LEAVING US
LIKE SITTING WOMP
RATS IN THE MEANTIME,
ANAKIN!



WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE FORCE HAPPENED OUT HERE?

THIS WAS A REPAIR YARD BEFORE THE CLONE WARS ERUPTED, COMMANDER...



...NOW IT'S JUST SO MUCH DEAD SPACE.

WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE THE CONTROLS? I AM THE SUPERIOR PILOT...

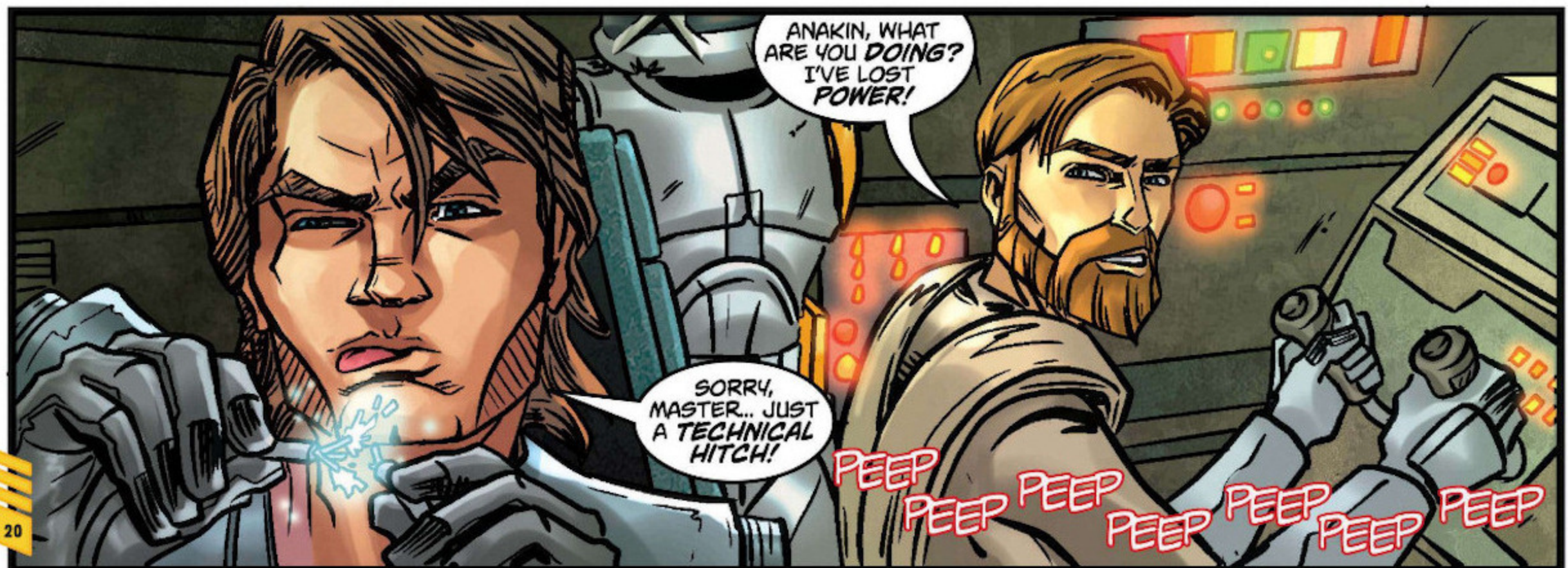


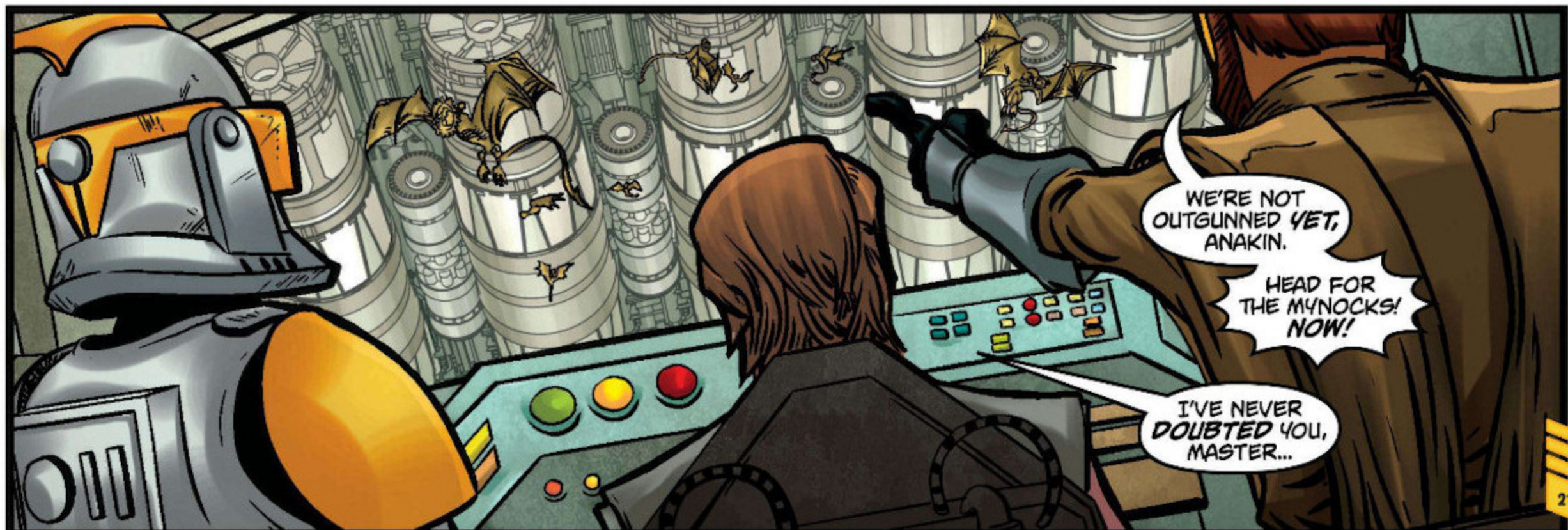
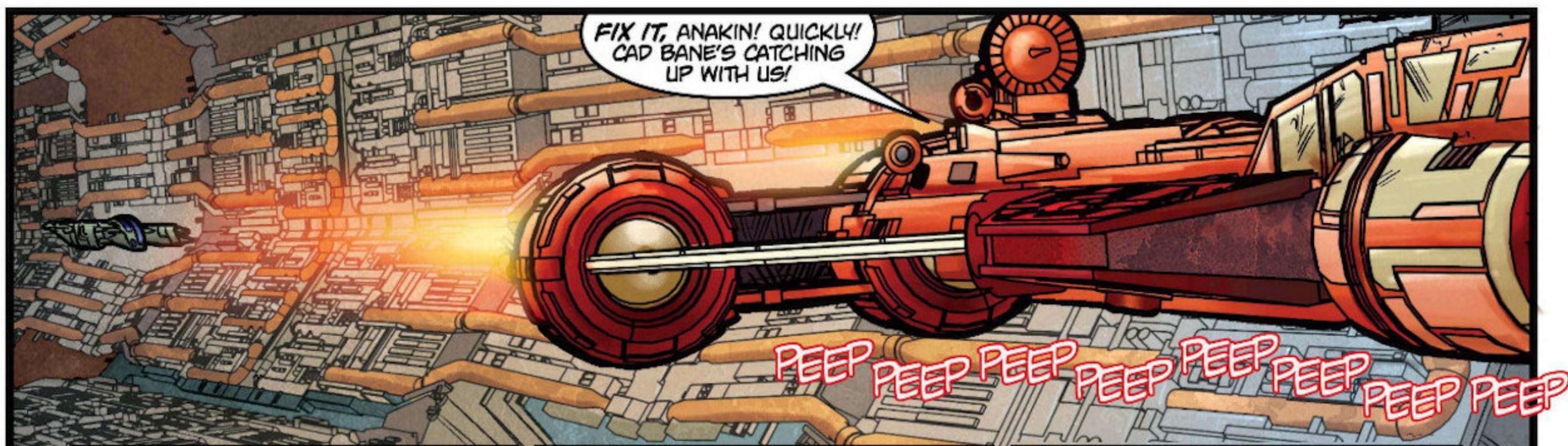
I THINK YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE FOR *ONE* DAY.

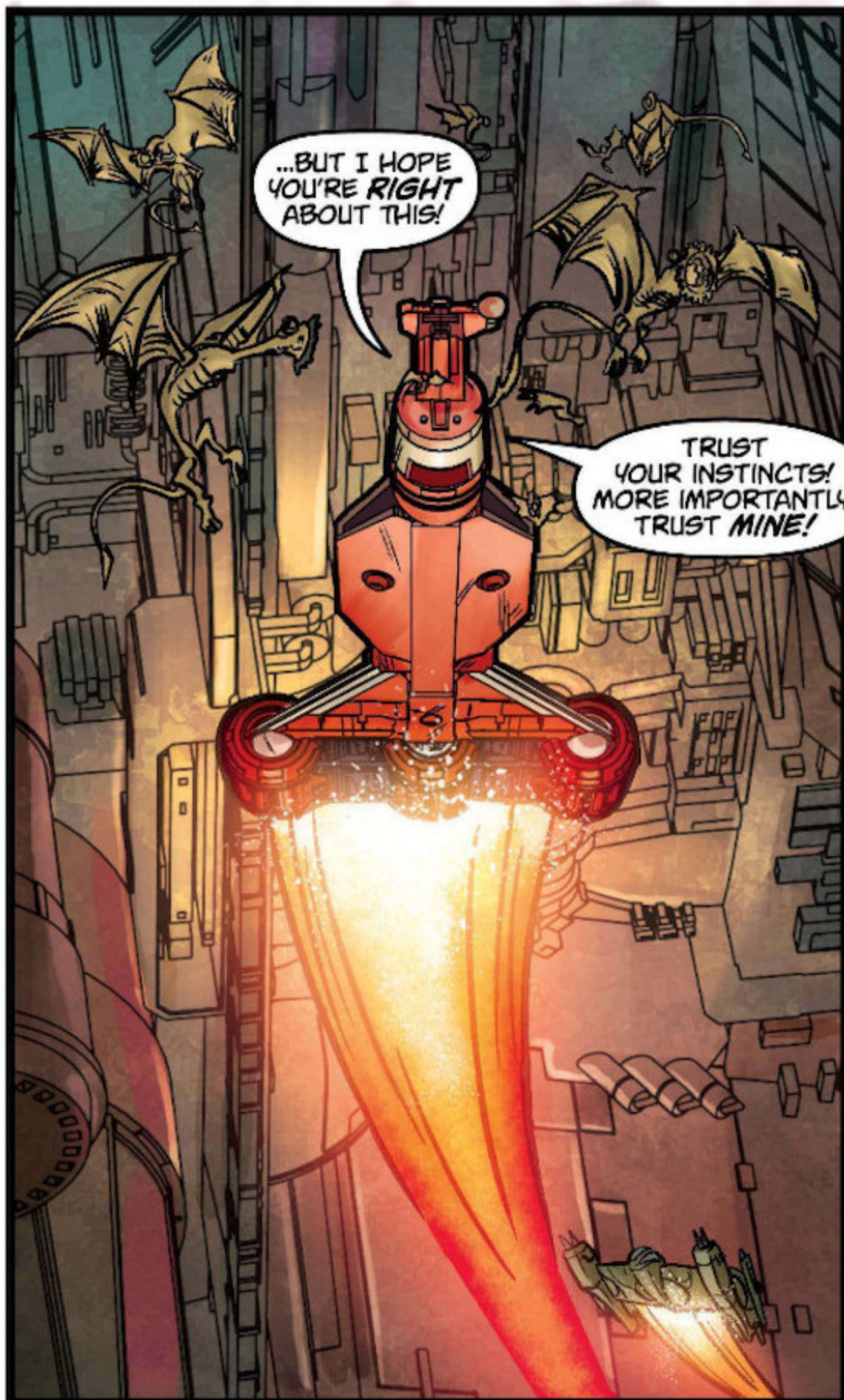
TAKE ANOTHER LOOK AT THE *HYPERDRIVE* AND SEE IF YOU CAN GET IT UP AND RUNNING.

YOU GOT IT.

MEANWHILE, I'LL TRY TO SHAKE OUR *PURSUER*!

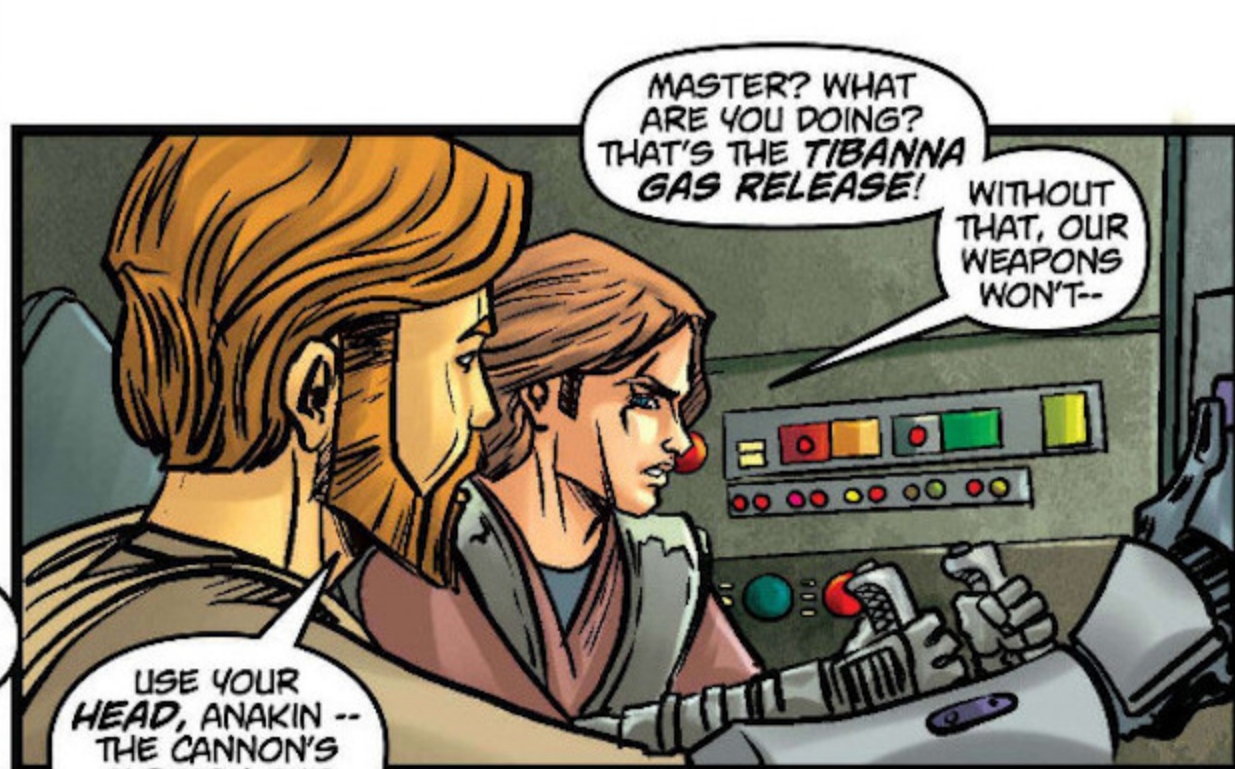






...BUT I HOPE YOU'RE *RIGHT* ABOUT THIS!

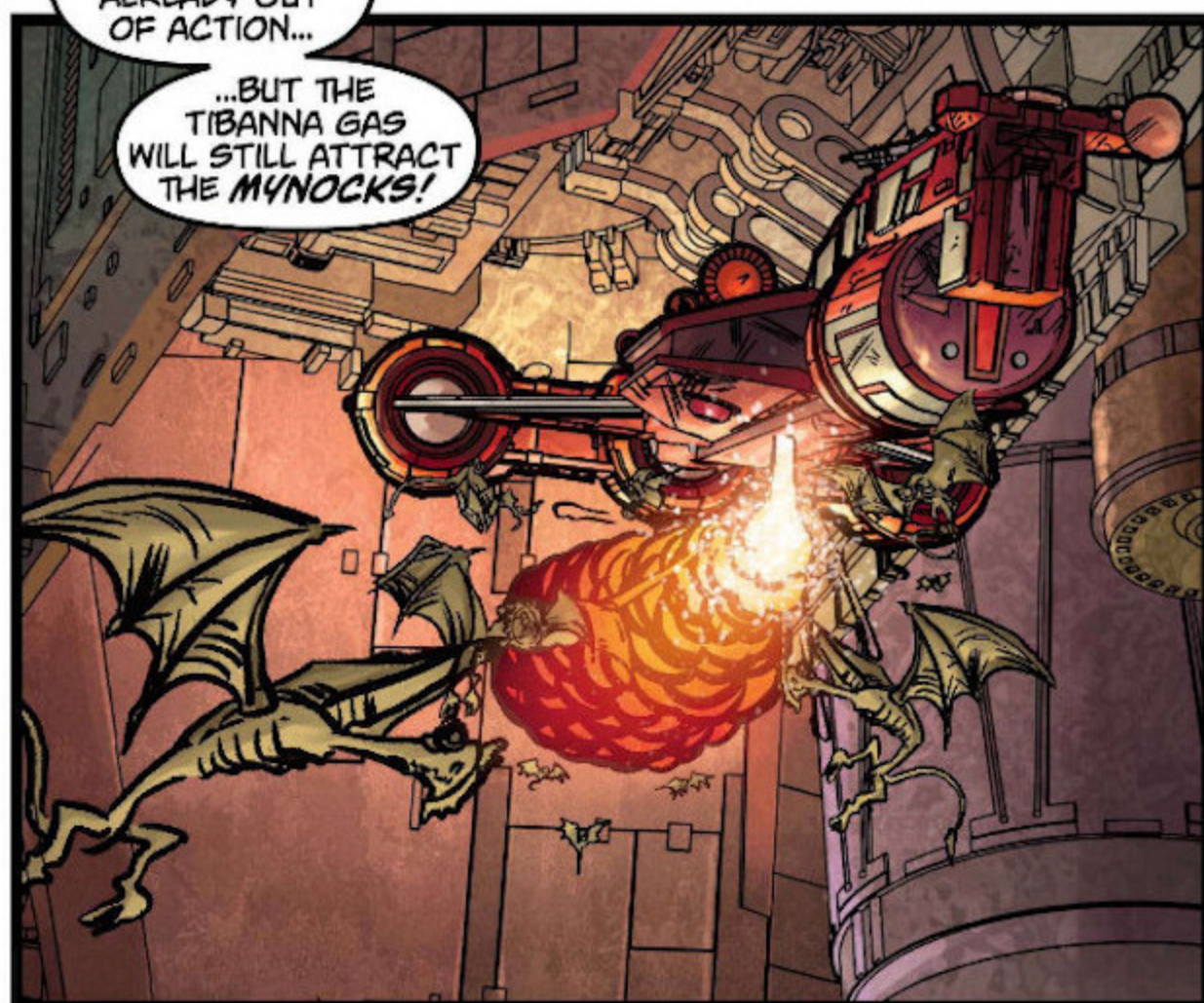
TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS! MORE IMPORTANTLY, TRUST *MINE*!



MASTER? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THAT'S THE *TIBANNA GAS* RELEASE!

WITHOUT THAT, OUR WEAPONS WON'T--

USE YOUR *HEAD*, ANAKIN -- THE CANNON'S ALREADY OUT OF ACTION...

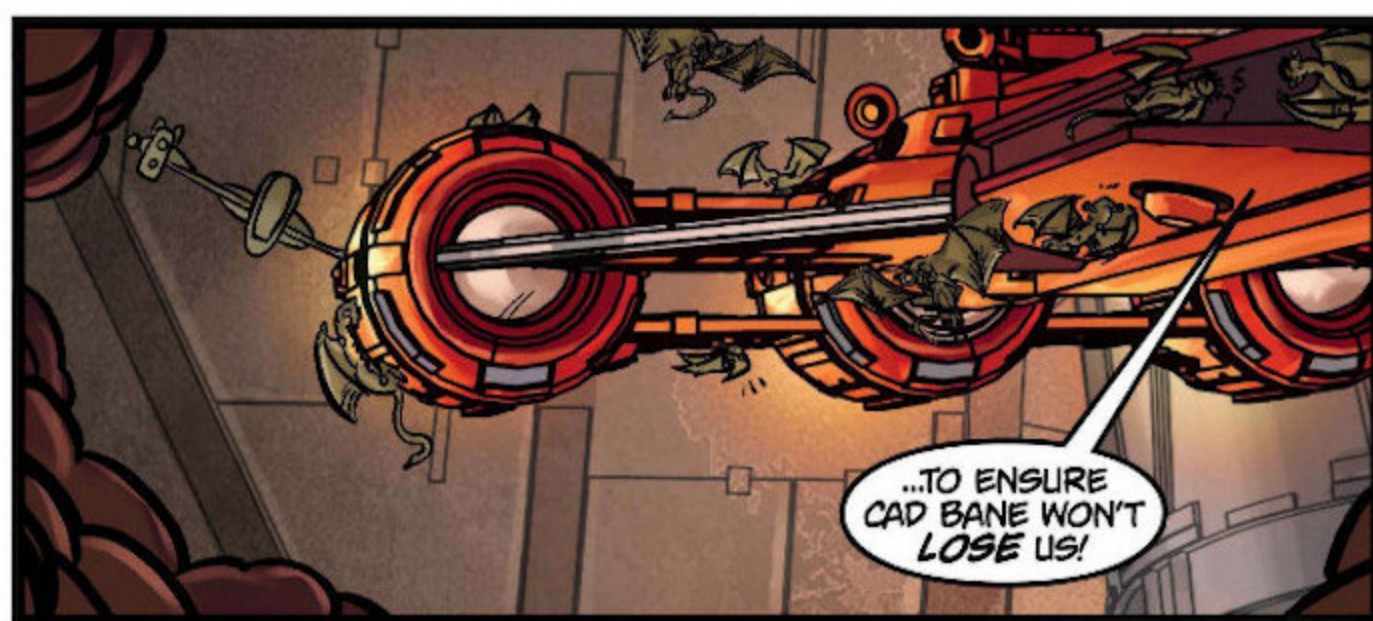


...BUT THE *TIBANNA GAS* WILL STILL ATTRACT THE *MYNOCKS*!

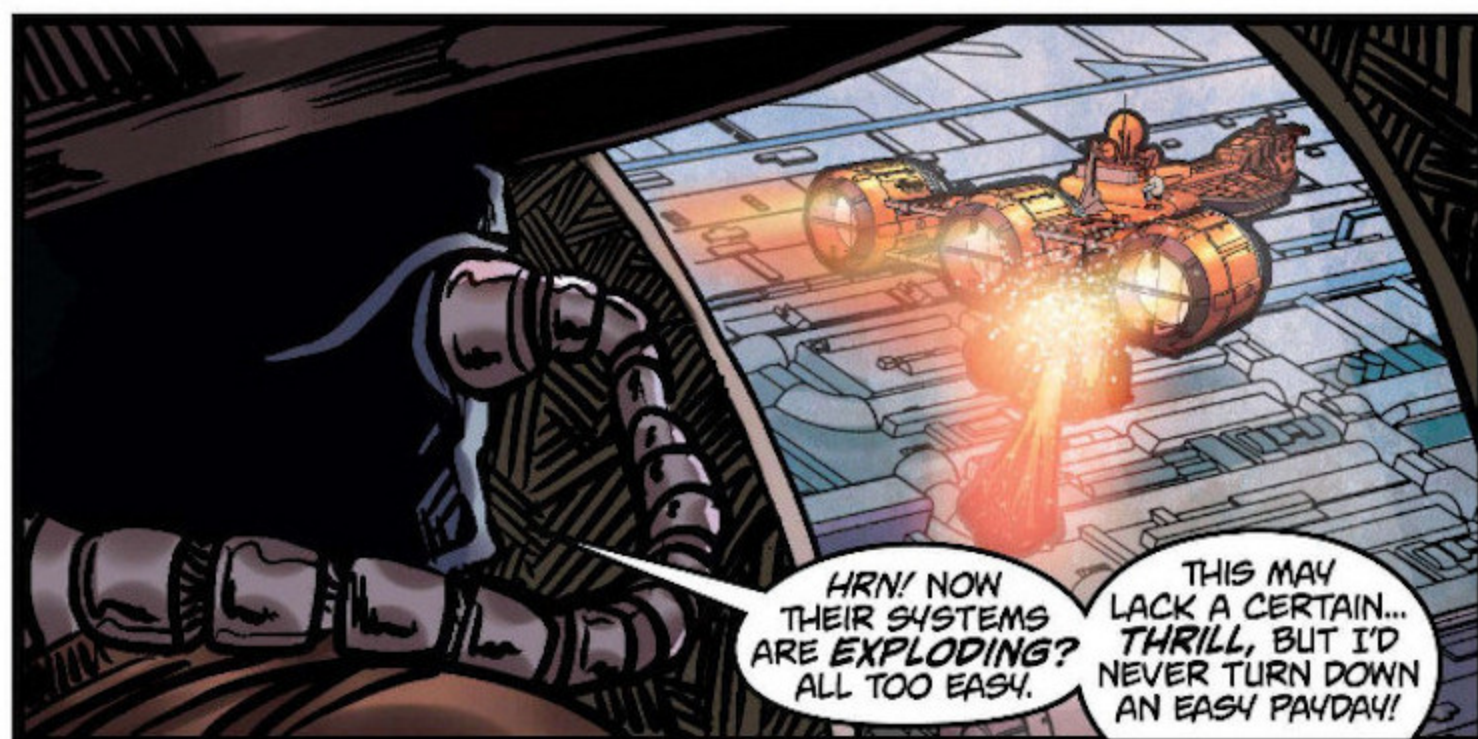


THOSE *MYNOCKS* WILL CAUSE A LOT OF DAMAGE TO THE HULL...

JUST KEEP GOING -- AND FIRE A *DISTRESS FLARE*...

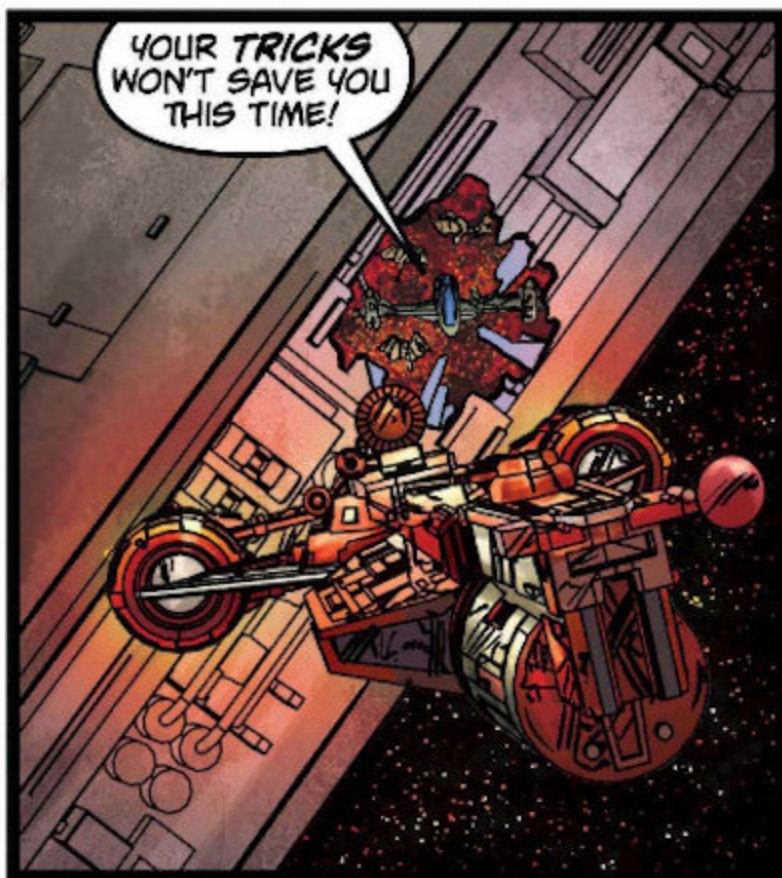


...TO ENSURE CAD BANE WON'T LOSE US!



HRN! NOW THEIR SYSTEMS ARE *EXPLODING*? ALL TOO EASY.

THIS MAY LACK A CERTAIN... *THRILL*, BUT I'D NEVER TURN DOWN AN EASY PAYDAY!



YOUR TRICKS WON'T SAVE YOU THIS TIME!

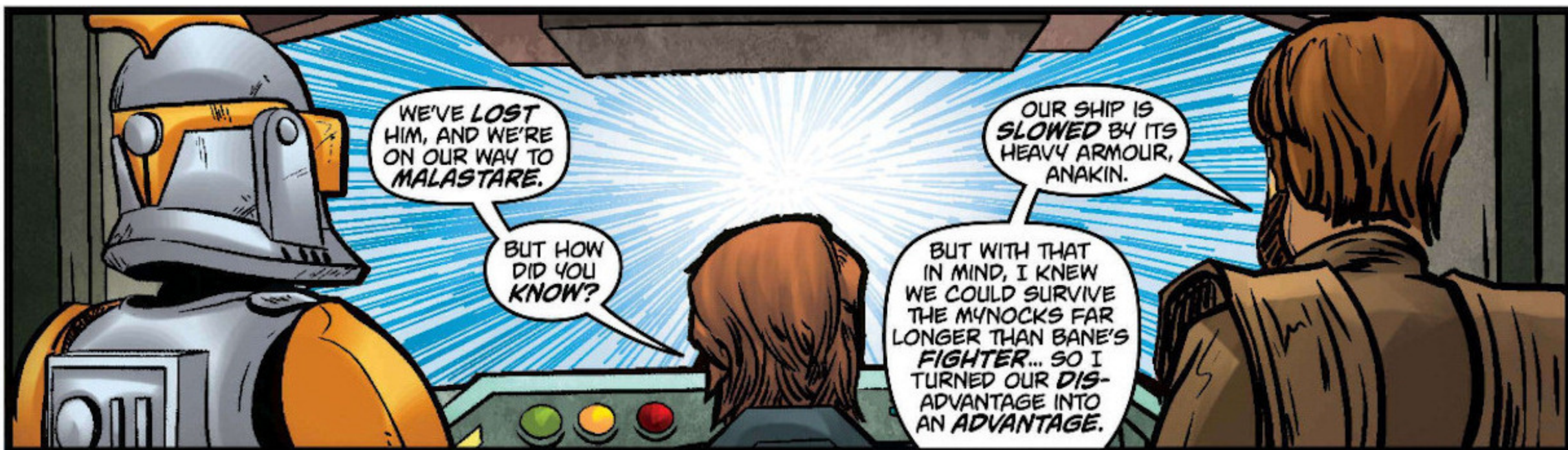


NOW, ANAKIN! PUNCH IT!

WHA--?! MYNOCKS!



AAHHHHKK!



WE'VE LOST HIM, AND WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO MALASTARE.

BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW?

OUR SHIP IS SLOWED BY ITS HEAVY ARMOUR, ANAKIN.

BUT WITH THAT IN MIND, I KNEW WE COULD SURVIVE THE MYNOCKS FAR LONGER THAN BANE'S FIGHTER... SO I TURNED OUR DIS-ADVANTAGE INTO AN ADVANTAGE.



SHORTLY...

LOOKS LIKE OUR RIDE HAS ARRIVED, MASTER PLO!

INDEED, AHSOKA, AND NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON.



MASTER PLO, THANK THE FORCE YOU'RE SAFE.

BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU WERE OUTGUNNED?



WHEN DID THAT EVER STOP A JEDI KNIGHT, OBI-WAN?

END!

THE FERAL QUEEN

AS THE WAR WITH THE SEPARATISTS ROLLS ON, THE REPUBLIC'S ABILITY TO RESPOND TO NEW CRISES DETERIORATES.

COMBAT ENGAGEMENTS ARE PRIORITISED AND TROOPS ASSIGNED ROLES ACCORDING TO HOW AND WHEN THEY CAN BE SPARED. UNFORTUNATELY, IT IS NOT A 'FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED' PROCESS...

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

DON'T WORRY, R7: IT'S JUST A **SCRATCH!** I'VE A NASTY FEELING THINGS ARE GOING TO GET A LOT WORSE...

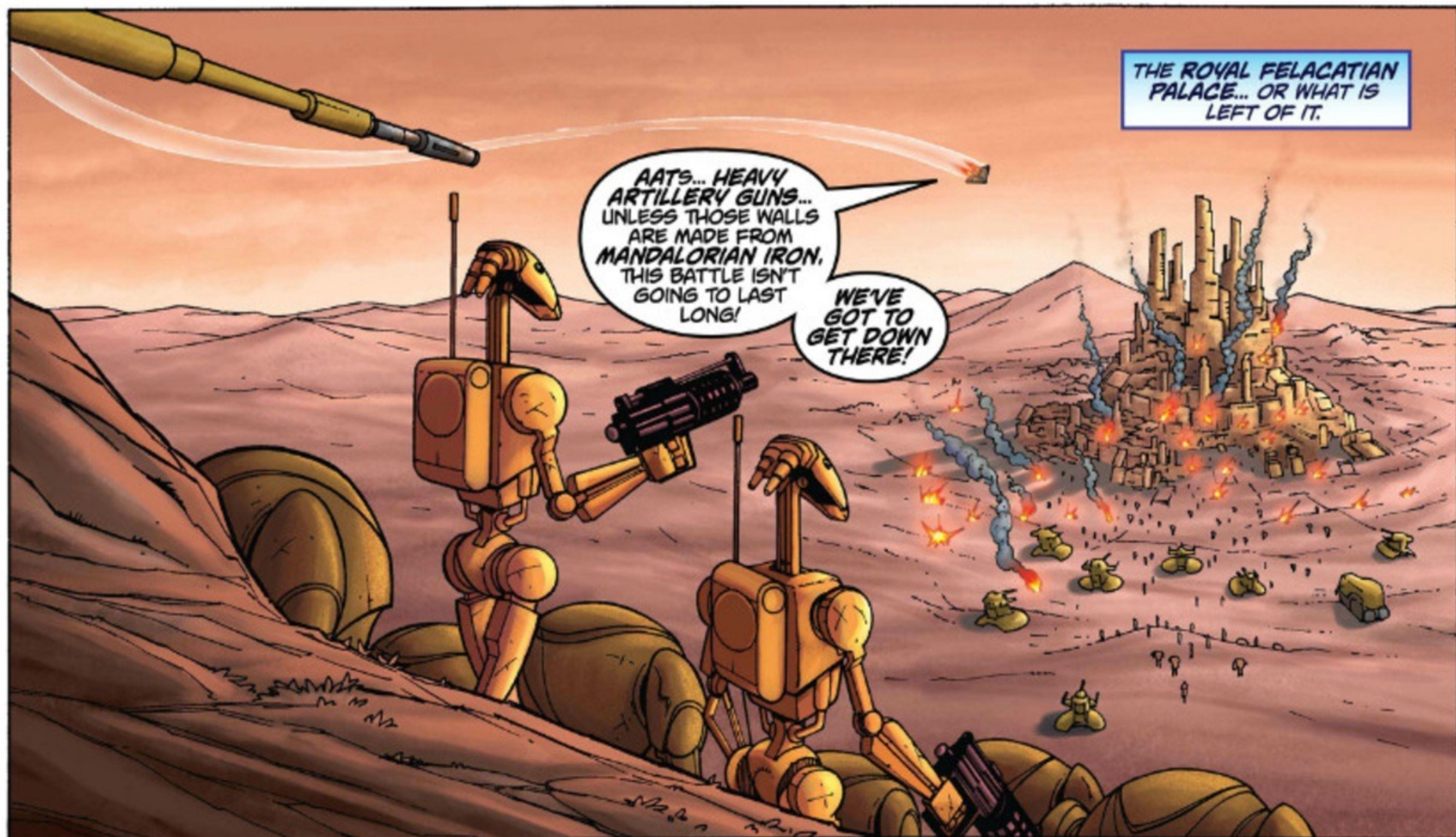
BWEEP-BO-BOOP!

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

SO THIS IS **FELACAT**, HUH?

LOOKS LIKE THESE POOR GUYS HAVE TAKEN A REAL BEATING...

OH, BOY... **CORRECTION!** THEY'RE STILL TAKING A REAL BEATING!



THE ROYAL FELACATIAN PALACE... OR WHAT IS LEFT OF IT.

AATS... HEAVY ARTILLERY GUNS... UNLESS THOSE WALLS ARE MADE FROM MANDALORIAN IRON, THIS BATTLE ISN'T GOING TO LAST LONG!

WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE!



OF COURSE I CAN SEE THE FIRE -- BUT WHERE ELSE IS THERE TO LAND?

BOOP-BEE-DEEP!



LET'S GO. OUR PRIORITY IS TO SECURE THE QUEEN... BEFORE THE PALACE FALLS!



JUST LOOK AT THIS PLACE... SOME OF THESE BLASTER SCARS ARE WEEKS OLD. HOW LONG HAS THIS SIEGE BEEN GOING ON?



SIX WEEKS, THREE DAYS AND SEVEN HOURS. BUT DON'T WORRY, ASSASSIN, YOU WON'T LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE IT END.

SECURE THE PRISONER!





...AND THEY SEND A SINGLE JEDI -- A PADAWAN AT THAT -- AND A TRASHCAN ON WHEELS.

BOOOOP!

QUIET, R7! THIS IS NO TIME TO BE RUDE!



THIS IS **FELACAT**, YOUNGLING! WE HAVE HELD BACK THE TIDE OF THESE INVADERS FOR ALMOST A STANDARD MONTH -- AND WE SHALL FEND THEM OFF, **UNASSISTED**, INDEFINITELY!



PERHAPS NOT!



THEY'VE BREACHED THE MAIN GATEWAY! OUR DEFENSIVE BARRIERS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED!

RETREAT! RETREAT! THE PALACE IS LOST!



MY PEOPLE WILL NOT PERISH IN VAIN. IT IS TIME FOR A QUEEN TO DO HER DUTY...

FINALLY, YOUR MAJESTY! MY SHIP IS PRIMED AND READY TO--



I DO NOT MEAN FLEE -- I MEAN FIGHT!

YOU MUST HAVE **ENNGE** BEEN TOLD THAT WE ARE A **GRRRR** POLY-MORPHIC SPECIES -- CAPABLE OF **SHAPE-SHIFTING** INTO A MORE AGGRESSIVE FORM!



... YES. BUT I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY POSSIBLE WHEN YOU WERE UNDER EXTREME STRESS. HOW COME THIS SIEGE HASN'T SENT YOU ALL INTO AN **ANIMALISTIC RAGE**?

THAT'S **COMPLICATED**... AND I DON'T OWE YOU AN EXPLANATION. STAND ASIDE, LITTLE JEDI. THE CLAWS ARE COMING OUT AND MINE ARE SHARPER THAN YOURS!



I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE OF THAT! YOU BETTER STAY HERE, R7 -- BUT MY ORDERS ARE TO PROTECT THE QUEEN!





SHE'S GOING TO GET HERSELF KILLED! SHE'S **CRAZY!**



LUCKY FOR HER, SO AM I!



I ADAPTED OUR CULTURE, ERASED THE MEMORY OF OUR GREATEST STRENGTH AND OUR PRIDE.

I PUT OUR FAITH IN SOMETHING I THOUGHT WAS MORE WORTHY... AND I WAS **WRONG!**



NO, YOU WEREN'T! BUT THE REPUBLIC DOESN'T ASK ANYONE TO **CHANGE** TO FIT IN! WE WELCOME **ALL** PEACE-SEEKING WORLDS AND SPECIES... THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT!

THE QUEEN... THIS GIRL... THEY FIGHT WITH SUCH **FURY!**



SO WHY, WHEN I ASKED FOR **HELP** -- I, A QUEEN, WHO CAN DESTROY A TANK WITH HER HANDS -- DID THEY SEND NOTHING BUT A HAPLESS **CHILD?**

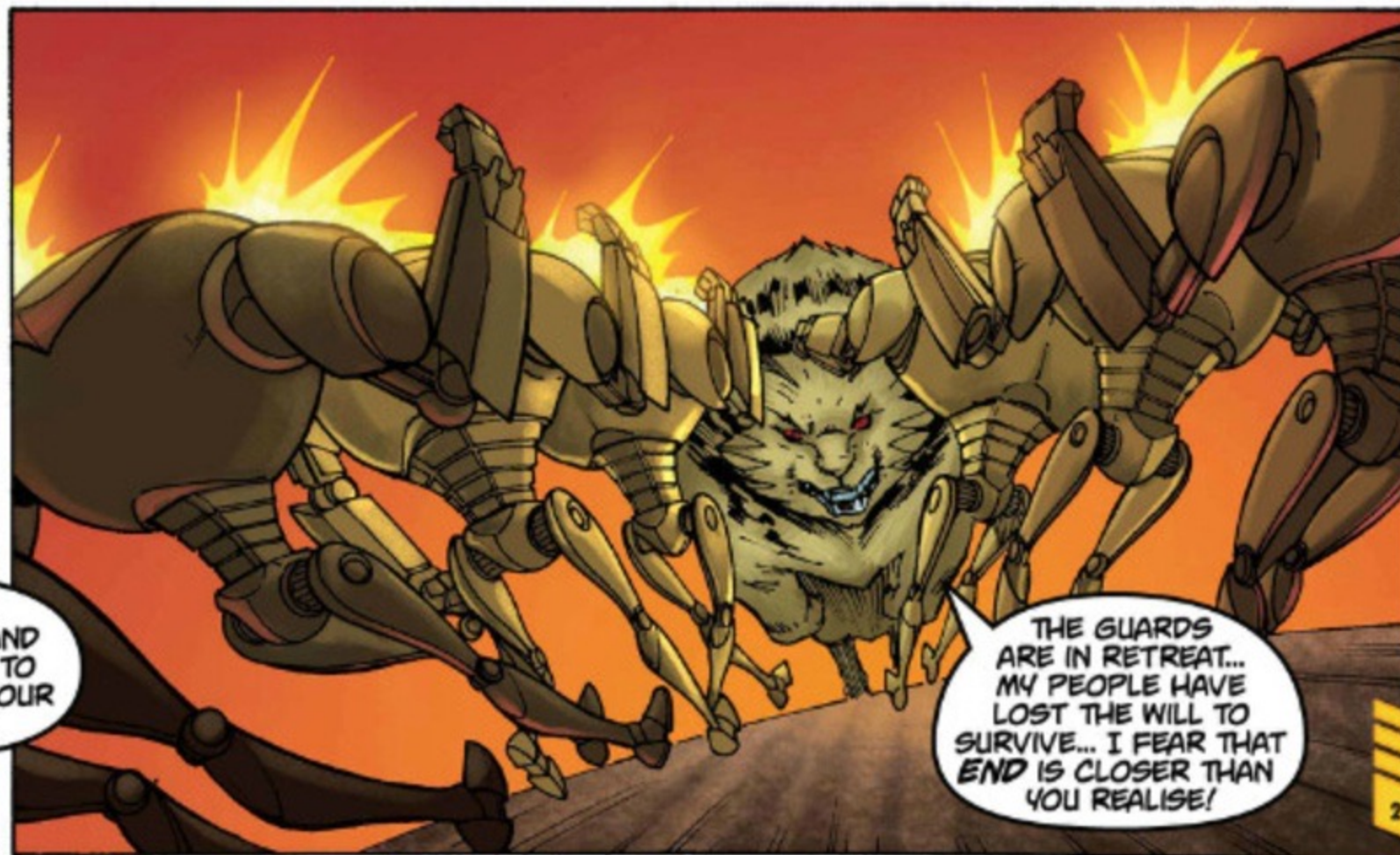
IT'S AN INSULT WORSE THAN **DEATH!**



I'M SORRY IT TOOK THIS LONG TO REACH YOU, BUT THESE ARE **DARK TIMES!**

FELACAT IS ONE OF A **THOUSAND** WARRING PLANETS!

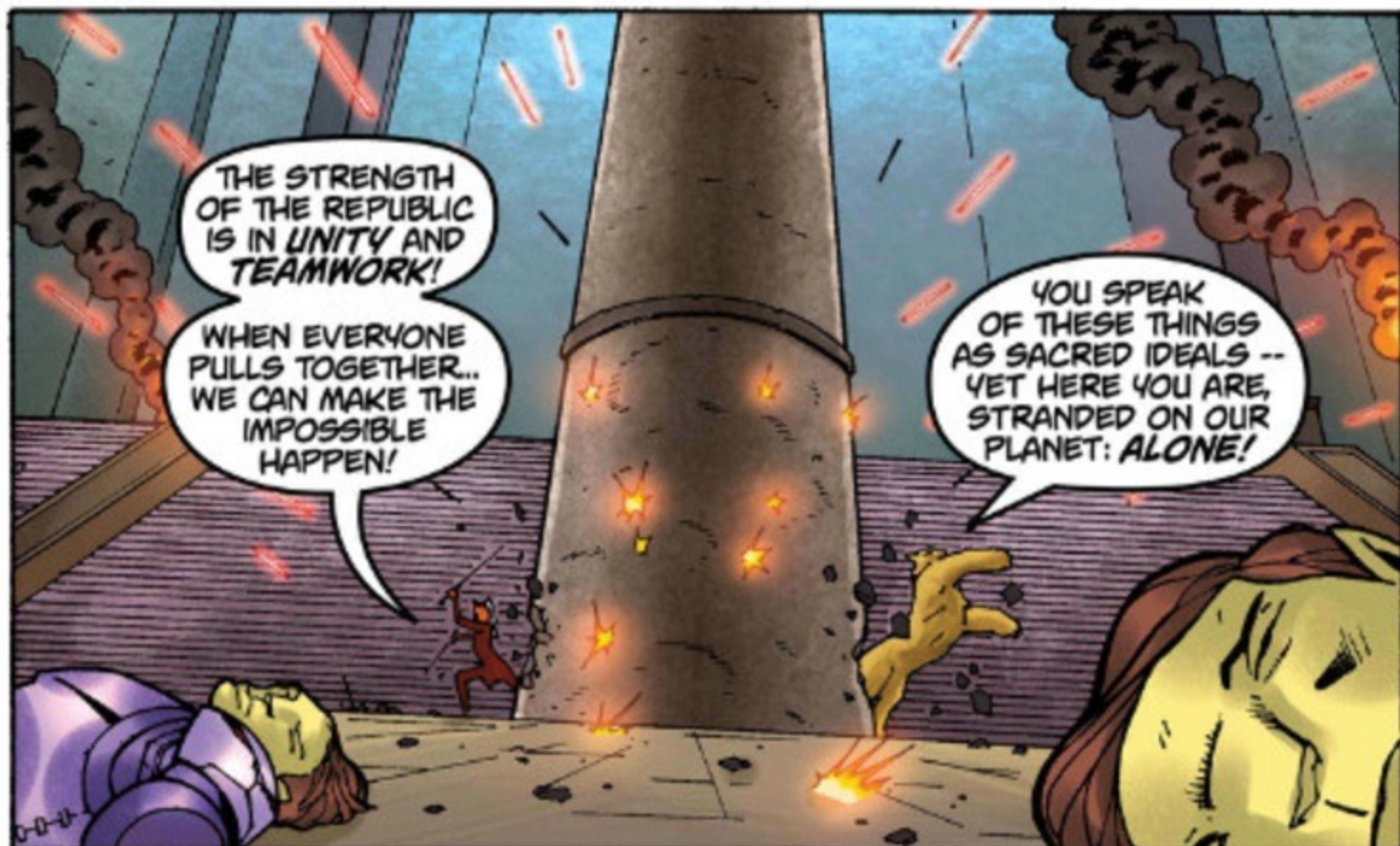
BUT I AM A **TRUE JEDI!**... AND I **WILL** FIGHT TO THE END FOR YOUR **FREEDOM!**



THE GUARDS ARE IN RETREAT... MY PEOPLE HAVE LOST THE WILL TO SURVIVE... I FEAR THAT **END** IS CLOSER THAN YOU REALISE!



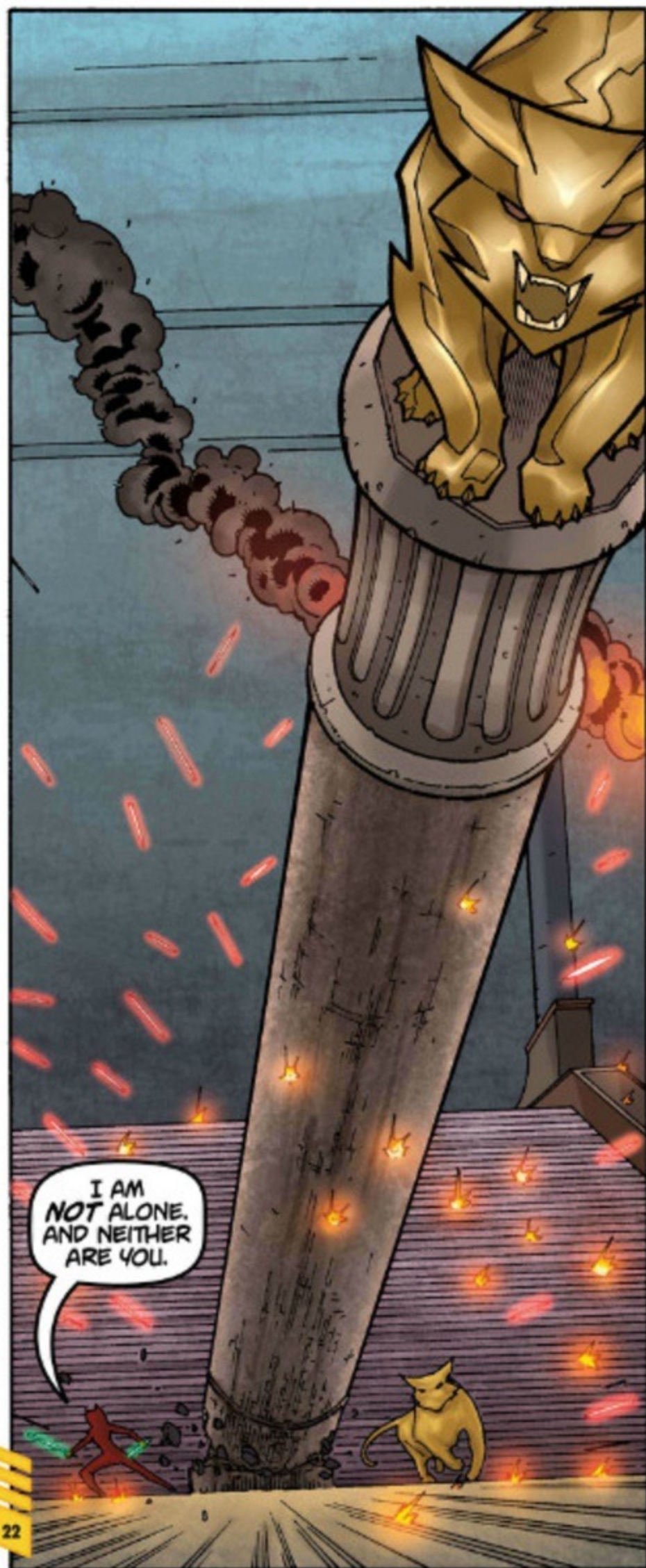
GUARDS!
HOLD FAST
-- LOOK...
LOOK!



THE STRENGTH
OF THE REPUBLIC
IS IN UNITY AND
TEAMWORK!

WHEN EVERYONE
PULLS TOGETHER...
WE CAN MAKE THE
IMPOSSIBLE
HAPPEN!

YOU SPEAK
OF THESE THINGS
AS SACRED IDEALS --
YET HERE YOU ARE,
STRANDED ON OUR
PLANET: **ALONE!**



I AM
NOT ALONE.
AND NEITHER
ARE YOU.



PERHAPS...
YOU ARE RIGHT.
IF I HAVE MISJUDGED
YOU, I AM SORRY. BUT
APOLOGIES WILL NOT
SAVE US...

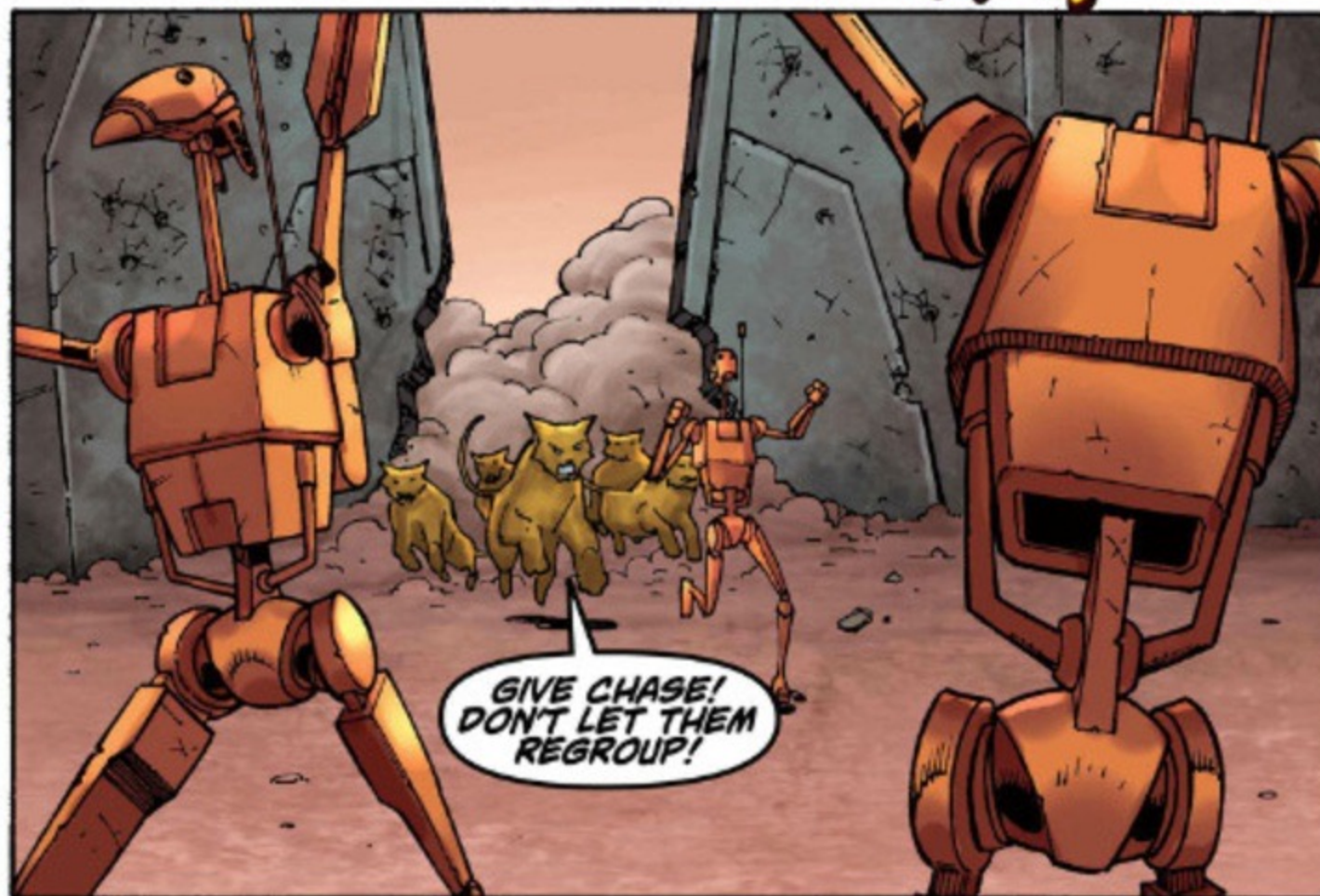
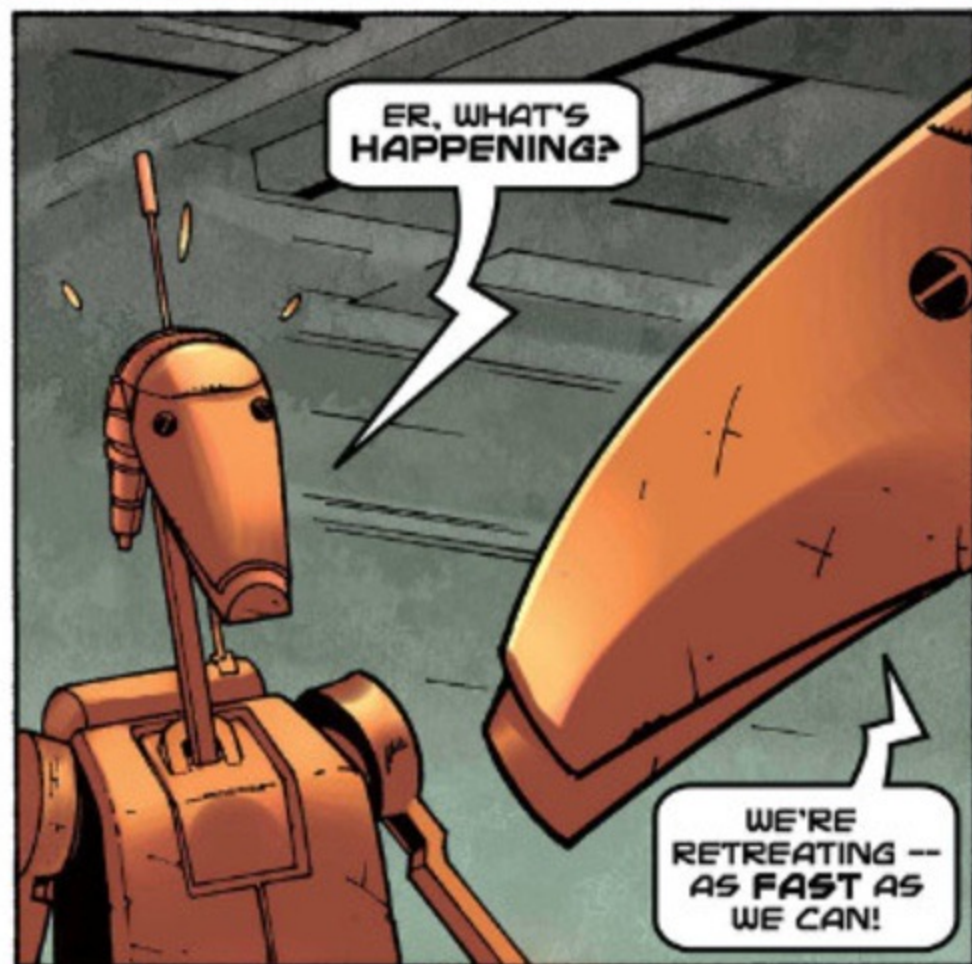
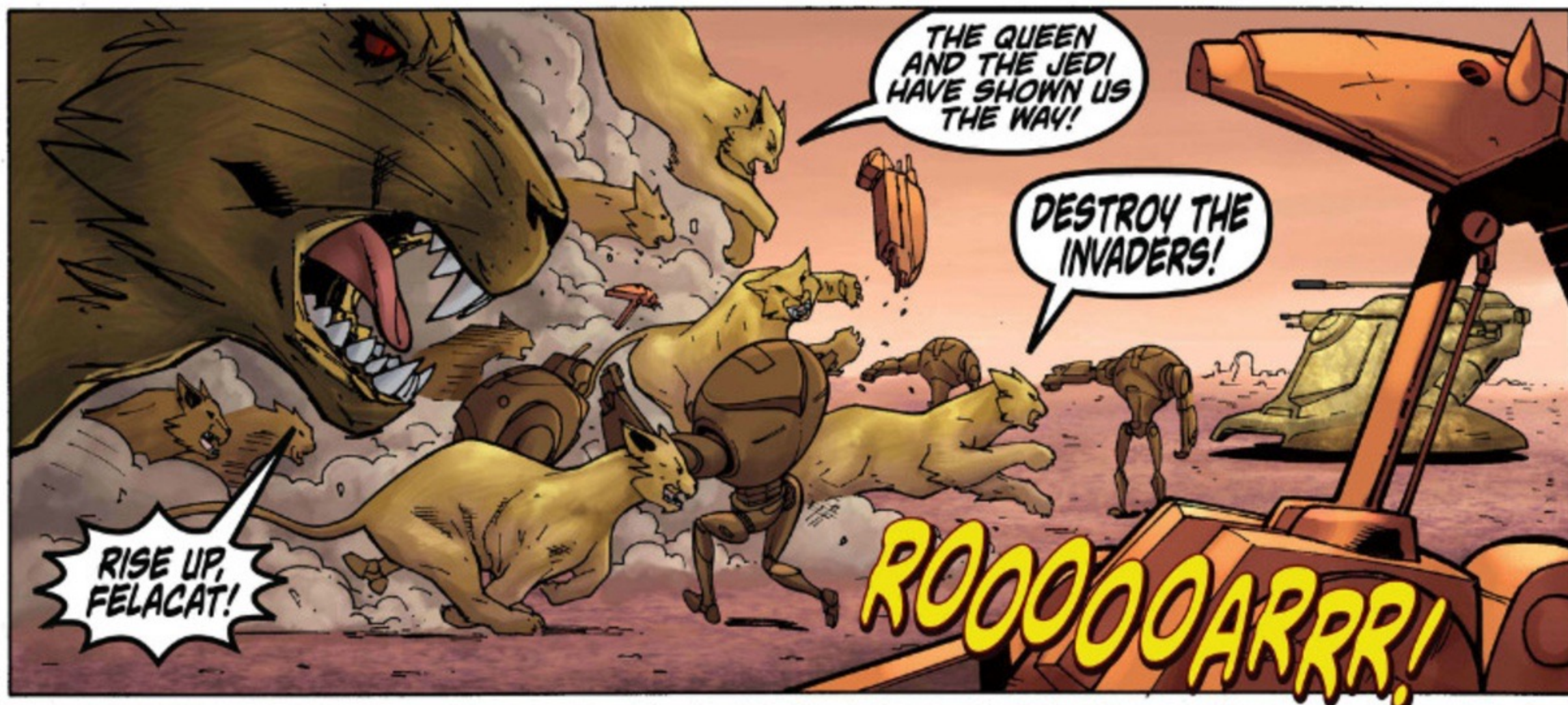


ROOOOARRR!

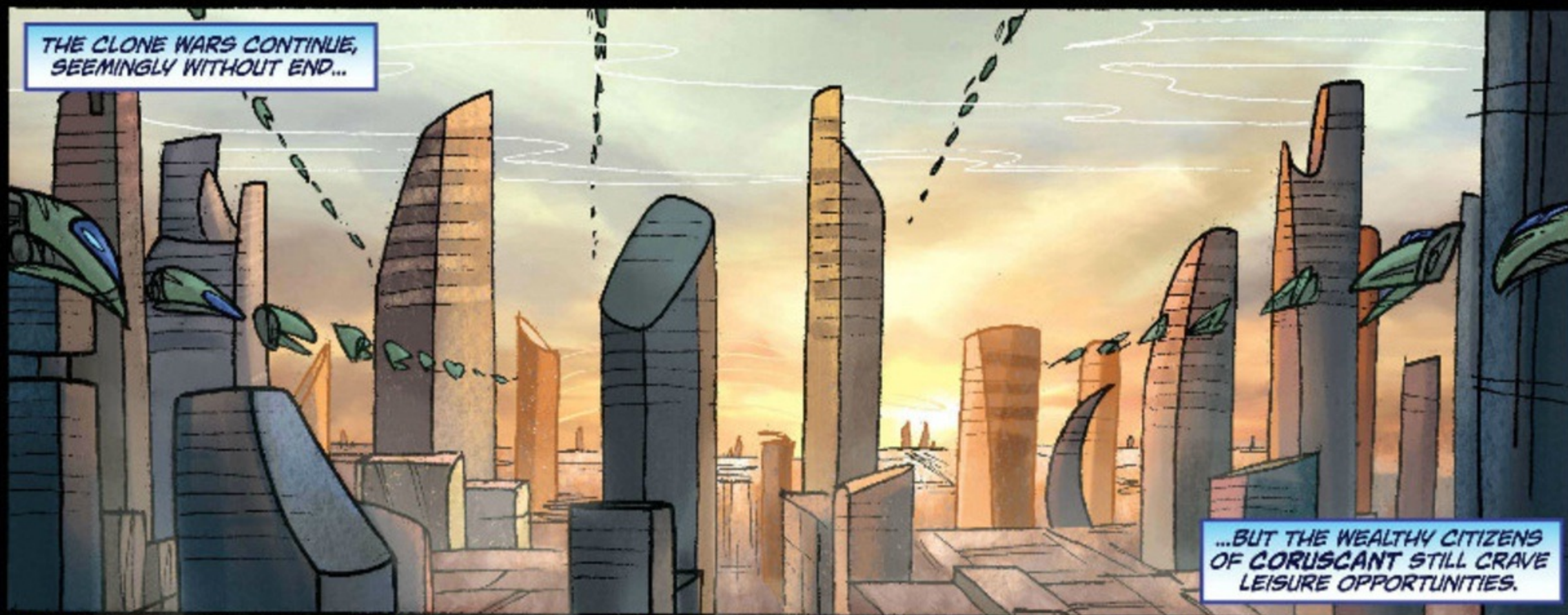
**STRIKE
WITH TOOTH
AND CLAW!**



TALK ABOUT
PERFECT
TIMING!



THE CLONE WARS CONTINUE,
SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END...



...BUT THE WEALTHY CITIZENS
OF CORUSCANT STILL CRAVE
LEISURE OPPORTUNITIES.

ONE SUCH OPPORTUNITY
COMES IN THE FORM OF LEISURE
SATELLITES, VAST SPACE STATIONS
THAT TRAVEL FROM PLANET
TO PLANET...



...BRINGING WITH THEM AS
MANY OPPORTUNITIES TO
RELAX AS THERE ARE
SPECIES IN THE GALAXY...



...BE IT GAMES OF CHANCE...



OH MAN,
I LET THE
BOOKIE
WIN!

...CUTTING-EDGE FASHION...



THESE
DESIGNS WOULD
LOOK LOVELY IN
THE SENATE,
THREEPIO.

FORMAL
WITHOUT
BEING
STUFFY.

OH, I
QUITE
AGREE,
MISTRESS.

...OR EVEN THE THRILL OF HIGH SPEED!



COME ON,
AHSOKA, THE
RACE IS ABOUT
TO BEGIN!

ALWAYS
WITH THE
PODRACING,
MASTER...
I STILL DON'T
QUITE GET THE
APPEAL...



LEISURE

AND THEY'RE OFF!
EIGHT INCREDIBLE
RACERS RISKING LIFE
AND LIMB FOR A CHANCE
TO WIN THE SPIRAL
DOUBLE CUP!

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW
JAMES



I WON THE BOONTA EVE CLASSIC WHEN I WAS YOUNGER THAN YOU!

REALLY?

QUI-GON SAID YOU HAD THE REACTIONS OF A JEDI, EVEN THEN.

I WAS RECKLESS AND IMPULSIVE AT THE TIME...

NOT TRAITS ONE ASSOCIATES WITH A JEDI. AND SOMETIMES I WONDER HOW MUCH HAS CHANGED!

ARE THE PILOTS ALWAYS SO SMALL?

YES, TO CUT DOWN ON THE WEIGHT THE POD HAS TO CARRY. THESE CRAFT GO OVER FIVE HUNDRED MILES PER HOUR, AHSOKA.

PODRACING IS NOT FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED.

CHEE-HEE!

I'LL BET MASTER YODA WOULD MAKE A GREAT PILOT! I'D PAY TOP CREDITS TO SEE THAT!

IF HEAR YOU, HE DOES, LAUGH SO MUCH, YOU WILL NOT...

MASTER... NOTICE ANYTHING STRANGE ABOUT THOSE PIT-DROIDS?

YOU'RE RIGHT
— THEY'RE NOT
SERVICING PODRACERS.
THEY'RE BUILDING
SOMETHING.

...I'M
GOING TO
TAKE A CLOSER
LOOK.



NO,
ANAKIN, GO
AROUND!

SIGH
WHAT WAS
I JUST
SAVING?

I HAVE
A BAD FEELING
ABOUT THIS...

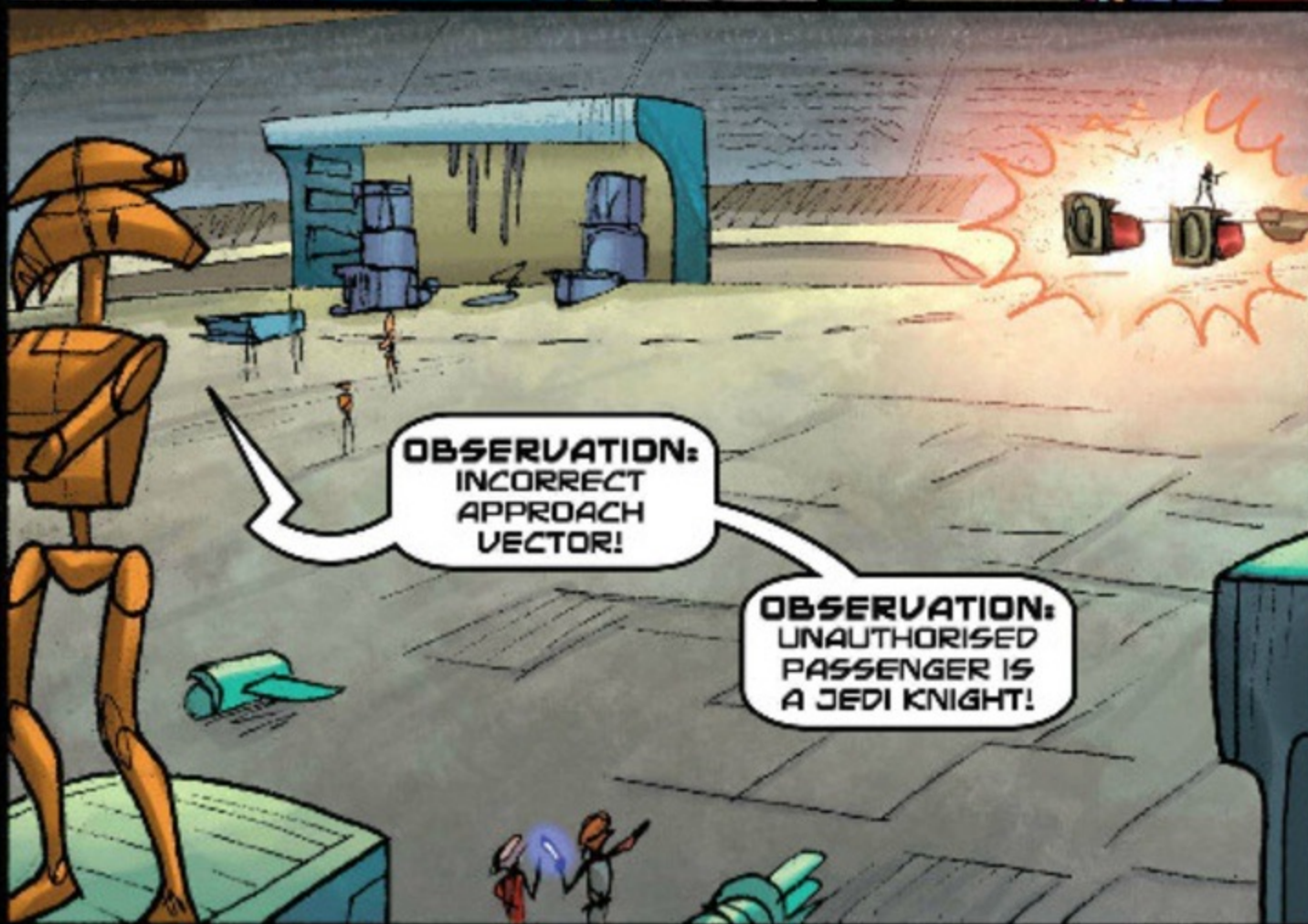
HOLD ON,
SKYGUY --
YOU'LL GET
YOURSELF
KILLED.

"I RECOGNISE THAT
CONFIGURATION, SNIPS
-- THEY'RE BUILDING A
LASER CANNON!"

"BUT THIS SATELLITE IS
IN ORBIT OVER THE GALACTIC
SENATE! IF THEY HIT THAT, IT
WOULD BE A CATASTROPHIC
BLOW TO THE REPUBLIC!"

COME ON,
THEN, THERE'S NO
TIME TO LOSE!

WHAT DO
YOU THINK
YOU'RE
DOING?







THAT LASER BEAM'S POWER IS EXCEPTIONAL. I CAN'T HOLD IT BACK!



WHAT DID I TELL YOU ABOUT RUNNING OFF LIKE THAT? THERE WAS A MUCH EASIER ROUTE TO...

MASTER -- THIS IS REALLY NOT A GOOD TIME!



SO I SEE. MAYBE WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS LATER.

THIS IS TURNING OUT TO BE A LOUSY DAY OFF!



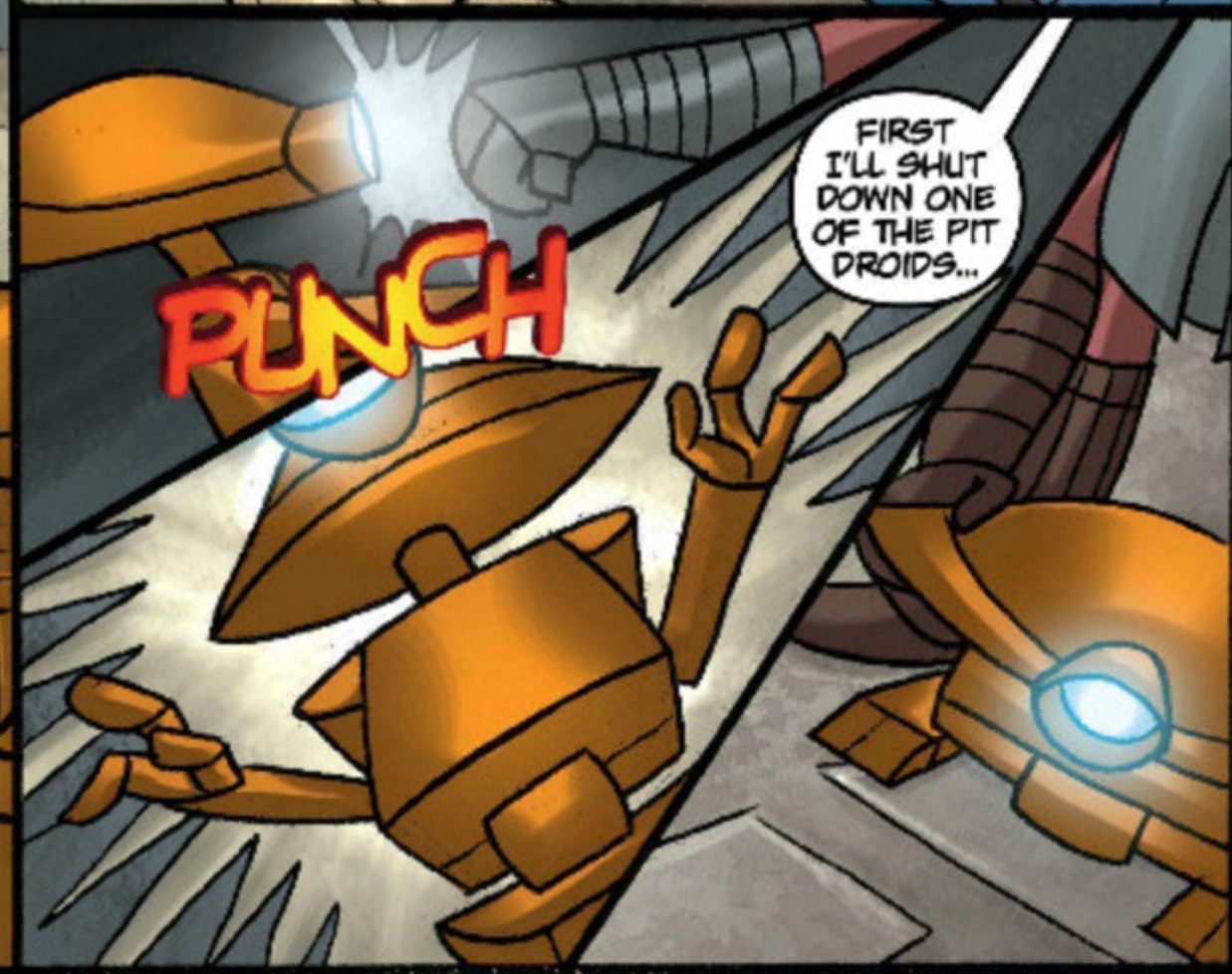
WE HAVE THE JEDI TRAPPED. COMPLETE THE PRIMARY MISSION.

TURN THE BEAM ON THE SENATE!

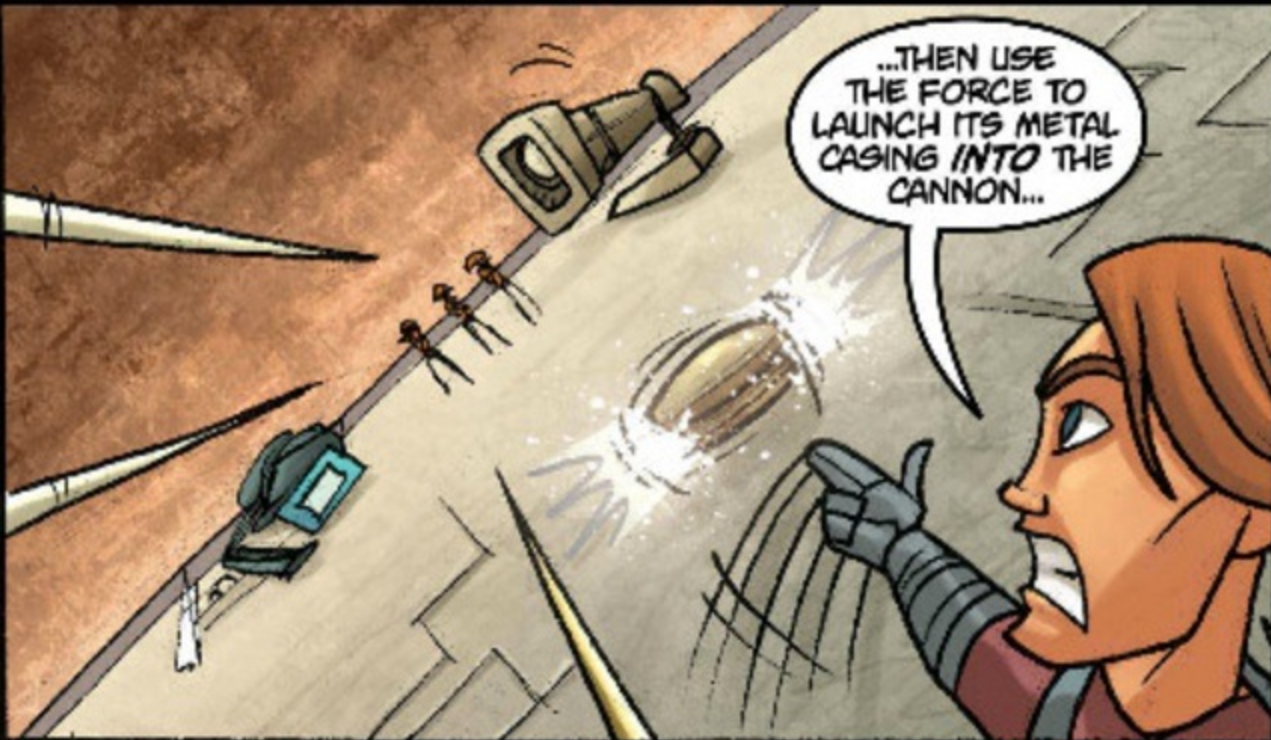


I'LL KEEP THE TROOPS BUSH, ANAKIN -- BUT YOU NEED TO FIND A WAY TO SHUT OFF THAT LASER!

ONLY GOING TO GET ONE CHANCE AT THIS!



FIRST I'LL SHUT DOWN ONE OF THE PIT DROIDS...



...THEN USE THE FORCE TO LAUNCH ITS METAL CASING INTO THE CANNON...



"...BLOCKING IT UP TIGHTER THAN A HUTT IN A LAND-SPEEDER!"

THE CANNON IS OVER-HEATING!

IT'S GOING TO--



"--BLOW!"

AND THERE IT IS, FOLKS - A NEW WINNER FOR THE SPIRAL DOUBLE!



GOOD JOB, ANAKIN. AND NICELY TIMED, TOO -- THE CROWD THINK THE EXPLOSION WAS JUST ANOTHER FIREWORK.

STILL, IT DOESN'T BODE WELL THAT SEPARATIST FORCES WERE ABLE TO SNEAK SO CLOSE TO THE SENATE. WE'LL NEED TO LOOK INTO SECURITY.



THAT'S ENOUGH EXCITEMENT FOR ME, OBI-WAN.

I NEED A DAY OFF.

ANAKIN, THIS WAS YOUR DAY OFF -- REMEMBER?

SIGH

END!

HIGH ABOVE THE
TOWERING SPIRES
OF CORUSCANT...

...A VAST
LEISURE SATELLITE
HAS ARRIVED, BRINGING
WITH IT AS MANY
OPPORTUNITIES
TO RELAX AS THERE
ARE STARS IN
THE GALAXY.



FOR, DESPITE THE ONGOING
CLONE WARS, EVEN HEROES
OF THE REPUBLIC NEED A
LITTLE TIME TO RECHARGE
THEIR BATTERIES.

ONE SUCH HERO
IS PADMÉ AMIDALA,
SENATOR FOR NABOO...

FASHION



WHILE THIS
GHASTLY WAR
CONTINUES, A DARK
CLOUD HOVERS OVER
THE PEOPLE OF
THE GALACTIC
REPUBLIC.

STILL, WE
MUST REMEMBER
THAT WE'RE NOT IN
MOURNING YET,
THREEPIO.

AND
THERE'S
CERTAINLY NO
NEED TO **DRESS**
AS IF WE
ARE!

OH, I
QUITE AGREE,
MISTRESS.

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW
JAMES

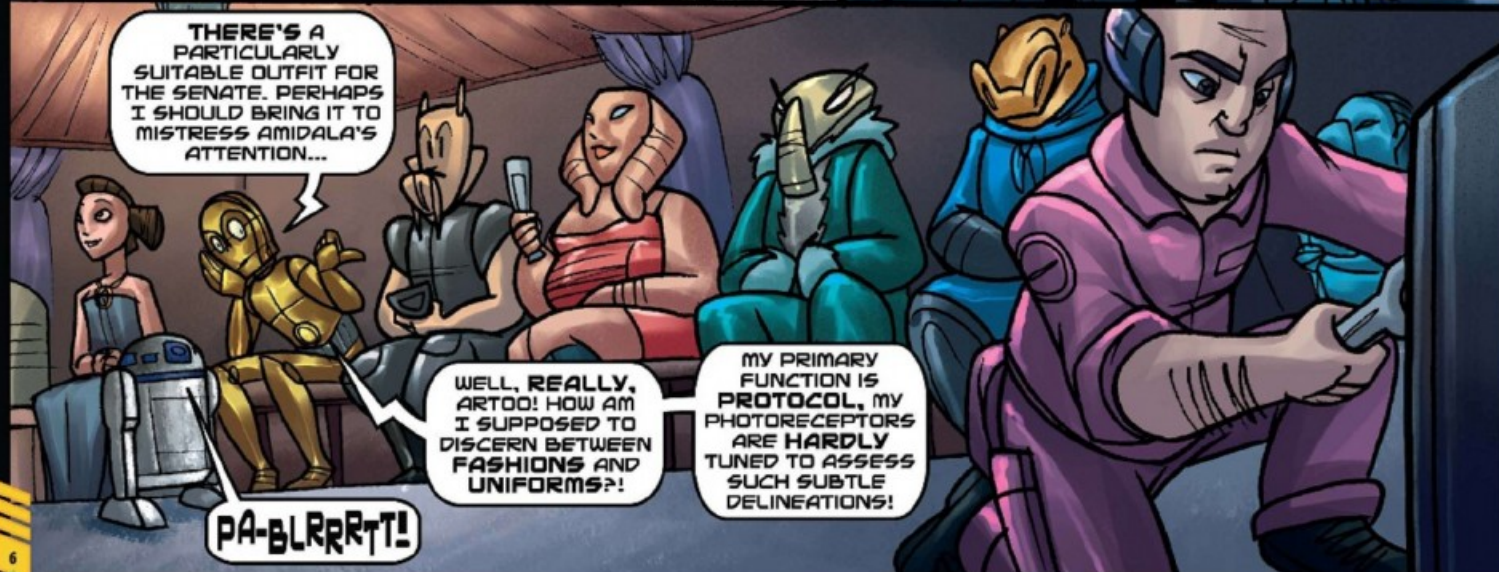
WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

THERE'S A
PARTICULARLY
SUITABLE OUTFIT FOR
THE SENATE. PERHAPS
I SHOULD BRING IT TO
MISTRESS AMIDALA'S
ATTENTION...

WELL, REALLY,
ARTOO! HOW AM
I SUPPOSED TO
DISCERN BETWEEN
FASHIONS AND
UNIFORMS?!

MY PRIMARY
FUNCTION IS
PROTOCOL, MY
PHOTORECEPTORS
ARE HARDLY
TUNED TO ASSESS
SUCH SUBTLE
DELINEATIONS!

PA-BLRRRT!





THREEPIO -- DOES THAT FIGURE IN THE CAPE LOOK FAMILIAR?

I'M AFRAID I DIDN'T REALLY NOTICE, MISTRESS.

THAT WAS ASAJJ VENTRESS... I'M SURE OF IT!



OH, HOW MARVELLOUS. IT'S NICE TO KNOW THAT THE SEPARATIST ALLIANCE IS WILLING TO DECLARE A TRUCE FOR LONG ENOUGH TO DISCUSS MATTERS OF FASHION.

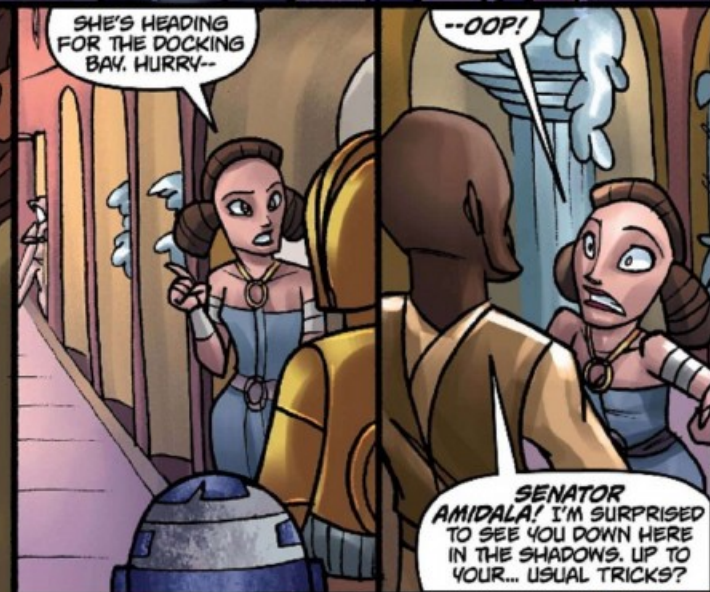


WAKE UP, THREEPIO, SHE'S NOT HERE FOR THE CLOTHES! A KNOWN SEPARATIST TERRORIST SHOULD NOT BE ABLE TO GET THIS CLOSE TO THE GALACTIC CENTRE.

I FAIL TO SEE HOW FASHION COULD POSE A THREAT TO THE REPUBLIC!

WHICH IS WHY WE'RE GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT SHE'S DOING HERE.

FA-FWEEP!



SHE'S HEADING FOR THE DOCKING BAY. HURRY--

--OOP!

SENATOR AMIDALA! I'M SURPRISED TO SEE YOU DOWN HERE IN THE SHADOWS. UP TO YOUR... USUAL TRICKS?

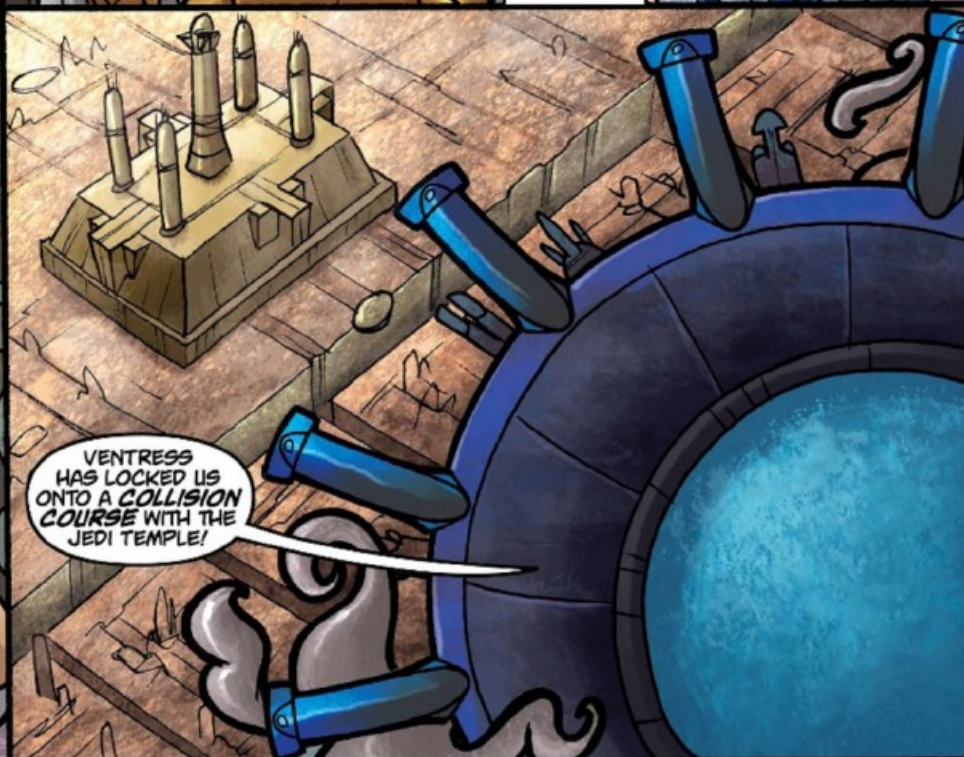


GENERAL WINDU, I'M SO PLEASED TO SEE YOU! THERE'S A SITH TERRORIST ON THE SATELLITE--!

VENTRESS.

I KNOW. I'VE BEEN TRACKING HER EVER SINCE I FELT HER PRESENCE TWO DAYS AGO.

BUT SHE'S CHANGED HER METHODS -- USING THE CROWDS AS A PROXY SHIELD TO STAVE OFF CONFRONTATION. I CAN'T GET CLOSE ENOUGH.





IF THE SATELLITE STRIKES THE TEMPLE--

WE HAVE TO GET TO THE CONTROL ROOM AND CHANGE COURSE, RIGHT NOW!



MASTER WINDU, LOOK!



SHE'S ALMOST AT THE DOCKING BAY!

WE'LL HANDLE THE NAVICOMPUTER



--WHILE YOU DEAL WITH HER!

ASAJU VENTRESS...

...YOUR CAMPAIGN OF TERROR IS OVER!

FOOLISH JEDI! MY PLANS ARE MANIFOLD!

Continued on page 22

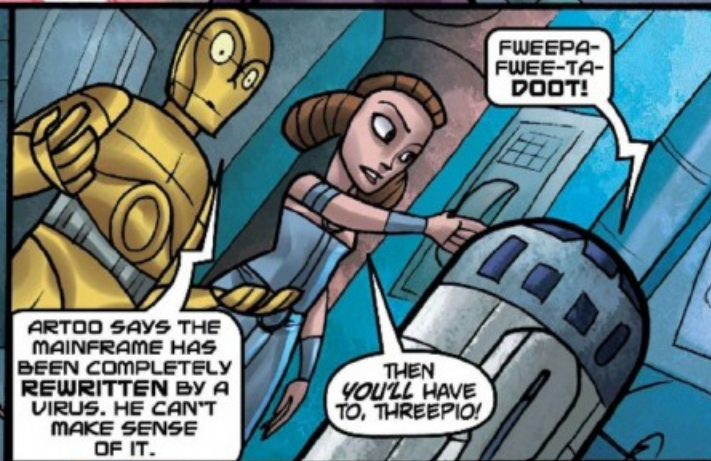


I'VE LEARNED TO CHANNEL MY RAGE INTO A MORE *USEFUL* KIND OF HATRED. CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?

MEANWHILE, IN THE LEISURE SATELLITE'S CONTROL ROOM...

GRACIOUS! WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MONITORING DROIDS?

THE SAME THING THAT HAPPENED TO THE SECURITY GUARDS -- VENTRESS DECOMMISSIONED THEM!



FWEIPA-FWEE-TA-DOOT!

ARTOO SAYS THE MAINFRAME HAS BEEN COMPLETELY REWRITTEN BY A VIRUS. HE CAN'T MAKE SENSE OF IT.

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO, THREEPIO!



ME, MISTRESS?

YOU'RE A TRANSLATOR DROID -- WORK OUT WHAT THE NAVICOMPUTER'S SAYING AND EXPLAIN IT TO ARTOO, WHILE I RAISE THE JEDI TEMPLE...

...THEY MAY STILL HAVE TIME TO EVACUATE BEFORE THE SATELLITE HITS.

...MY DROID'S TRYING TO STOP THE FATAL DESCENT, MASTER YODA, BUT THE COMPUTER'S NOT MAKING IT EASY!



MOST DISTRESSING, THIS NEWS IS, SENATOR! TIME TO ESCAPE, THE JEDI MAY HAVE, BUT HUGE COLLATERAL DAMAGE, THIS WILL CAUSE!



NO, A DIFFERENT SOLUTION, I PROPOSE.

ARE YOU
STILL THERE,
MASTER
VODA?

HOLD
TIGHT,
I WOULD
ADVISE...

...BUMPY,
YOUR RIDE
IS ABOUT TO
BECOME!

FOO-
FWEEP!

THAT'S
EASY FOR
YOU TO SAY,
ARTOO--

-- YOU CAN
MAGNETISE
YOURSELF!

HNG!

WHOA!

THE
DECK -- IT'S
SHIFTING!

WHA--?!





...JUST YOU!



GONE --
I WON'T CATCH
HER NOW, BUT AT
LEAST THE SATELLITE
IS SAFE.

WE'RE ANYTHING BUT
SAFE, MISTRESS!
I'VE LOCATED THE
THERMAL BOMB,
BUT -- CURSE MY
METAL FINGERS --
I CANNOT REACH IT.



IT WON'T
ACTIVATE UNLESS
ARTOO SUCCEEDS.
WILL IT? LET ME
TRY, THREEPIO!

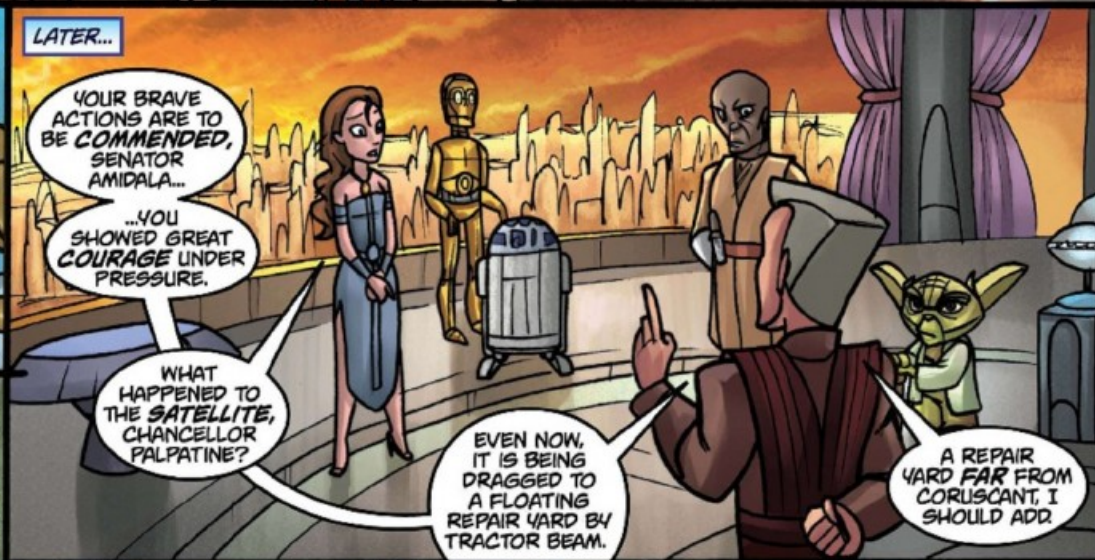


...MY ARM'S
MORE *SLENDER*
THAN YOURS!

GOT
IT!



HOW WONDERFUL!
WONDERFUL!
WE'RE SAVED!



LATER...

YOUR BRAVE
ACTIONS ARE TO
BE **COMMENDED**,
SENATOR
AMIDALA...

...YOU
SHOWED GREAT
COURAGE UNDER
PRESSURE.

WHAT
HAPPENED TO
THE **SATELLITE**,
CHANCELLOR
PALPATINE?

EVEN NOW,
IT IS BEING
DRAGGED TO
A FLOATING
REPAIR YARD BY
TRACTOR BEAM.

A REPAIR
YARD FAR FROM
CORUSCANT, I
SHOULD ADD.



THAT ALL
SURVIVED, THE
IMPORTANT THING
IS. SMALL **MERCIES**,
FOR WHICH WE MUST
REMAIN **GRATEFUL**,
IN THIS TIME
OF WAR.

THANK
GOODNESS!
BUT I CAN'T
BELIEVE THAT
VENTRESS
SLIPPED
THROUGH OUR
FINGERS.

END!

ROARING OUT OF
HYPERSPACE, TWO
JEDI STARFIGHTERS
APPROACH A
FARAWAY PLANET...



RUNAWAY STARFIGHTER

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR

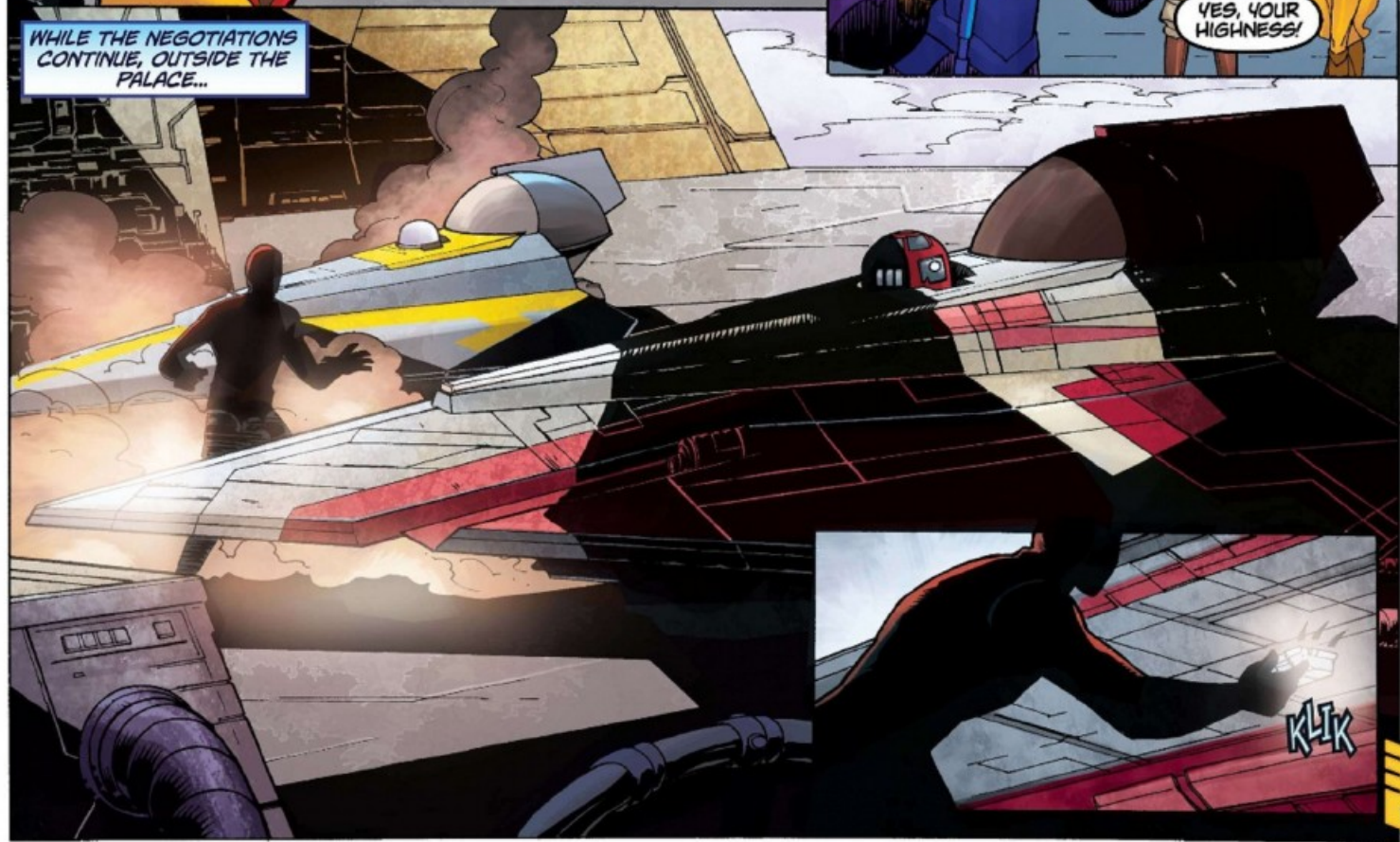
COLOURS
DIGIKORE

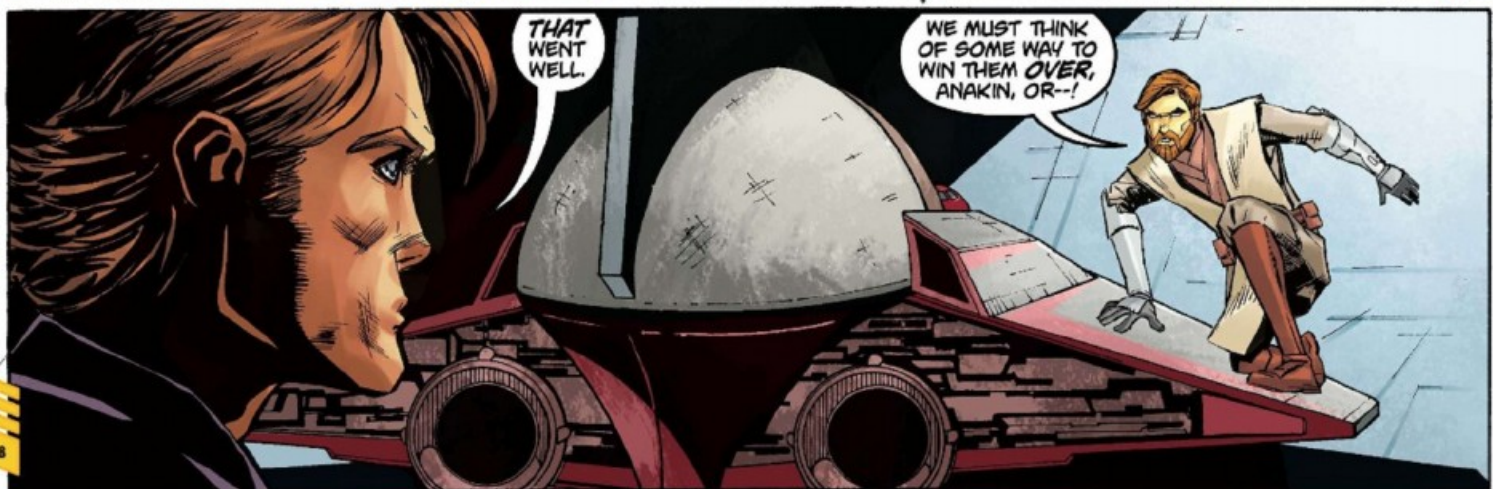
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

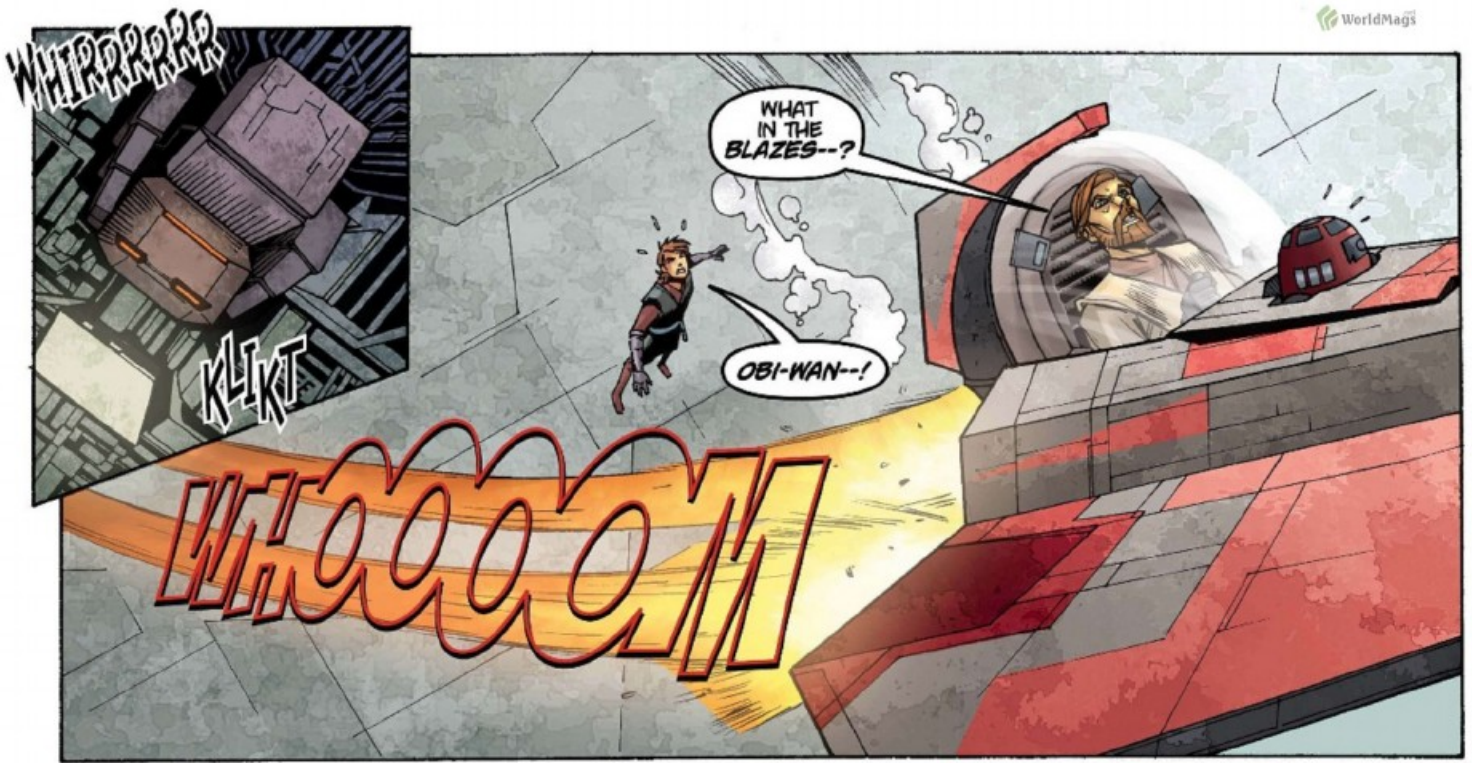
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



WHILE THE NEGOTIATIONS CONTINUE, OUTSIDE THE PALACE...













NO!
MASTER--?

DON'T
WORRY,
ANAKIN...



AND SOON,
BACK IN
THE THRONE
ROOM...

MASTER
KENOBI! I SEE
YOUR FELLOW
KNIGHT WAS AS
GOOD AS HIS
WORD!

A JEDI'S
WORD IS HIS
LIFE, YOUR
HIGHNESS...



UREET!

R4 AND
I ARE FINE --
THOUGH I HAVE
TO ADMIT, THIS IS
MY WORST FLYING
EXPERIENCE
YET!



...AND I CAN
ALSO PROVE
WHO WAS BEHIND
THE ATTEMPT TO
DESTROY YOUR
MOON.



WITH THAT PIECE
OF CHARRED
SCRAP?

THIS
'CHARRED SCRAP'
IS A PIECE OF
THE DROID THAT
SABOTAGED MY
STARFIGHTER.

BUT THE
FORCE TELLS ME
WHO PLANTED
THE DROID, AND--



NO! YOU
WILL NOT USE
YOUR JEDI MAGIC
ON ME! I WAS
ONLY DOING WHAT
THE DUCHESS
COMMANDED!

THEN I
SUPPOSE THE
GAME IS
OVER!



DON'T
MOVE, OBI-WAN,
OR THE PRINCE
IS DEAD!

DUCHESS I AM
DISAPPOINTED...

FOR TWO
REASONS: YOU CLAIM
THE SEPARATISTS ARE
SIMPLY DISSENTERS,
BUT YOUR METHODS
ARE THOSE OF
TERRORISTS.



AND THE SECOND REASON?

YOU WERE FOOLED BY MY BLUFF! I HAVE NO SUCH POWER.



AND HERE I WAS GOING TO APOLOGISE FOR BEING LATE!



DON'T WORRY, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ABOUT YOU.

SHUNNNGGIE

WHAMMM



YOU SAVED ME FROM MAKING A VERY GREAT MISTAKE, MASTER KENOBI!

THEMIS SHALL JOIN THE REPUBLIC, AND ALL SEPARATISTS PRESENT SHALL BE EXPELLED

THANK YOU, PRINCE LUMON...



...IF I MAY PRESUME, A WORD OF ADVICE: BLUSTERING BECAUSE YOU ARE AFRAID OF BEING THOUGHT WEAK... IS IN ITSELF A WEAKNESS.

I... I UNDERSTAND, MASTER JEDI.

THANK YOU. IF I CAN EVER DO ANYTHING TO REPAY YOU...



WELL, YOUR HIGHNESS... I HUMBLY REQUEST TRANSPORT BACK TO CORUSCANT...

...AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT SEEMS TO HAVE BEFALLEN MY STARFIGHTER!

END!

YOUNGLINGS

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF WAR, THE TRAINING OF THE NEXT GENERATION OF JEDI CANNOT BE OVERLOOKED...

ALL RIGHT, YOUNGLINGS, STAY TOGETHER NOW! IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE WE'VE REACHED OUR CAMPSITE.

WE'RE NOT TIRED, MASTER SKYWALKER -- WE'RE JEDI!

EXCEPT FOR AMMON -- HE'S TIRED!

AM ~~IS~~ ~~PUFF~~ ~~AM NOT~~, CRYLE! IT'S JUST... A LONG WAY, THAT'S ALL!

OOOFF--!!

THAT'S THE POISONOUS VIPER PLANT! IF YOU'D STEPPED ON IT, YOU'D KNOW IT -- BUT NOT FOR LONG!

WHOA THERE! WATCH THE PATH YOU'VE CHOSEN, YOUNG JEDI!

HUH--?

TH-THANK YOU, MASTER SKYWALKER...



RRRRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGG

OH,
NO!

STAY
BACK,
MONSTER,
OR--

RRROWWWRRRRRR

HELLLLLLLP!

CRYLE,
DON'T
RUN...

...YOU'LL
ATTRACT
IT!

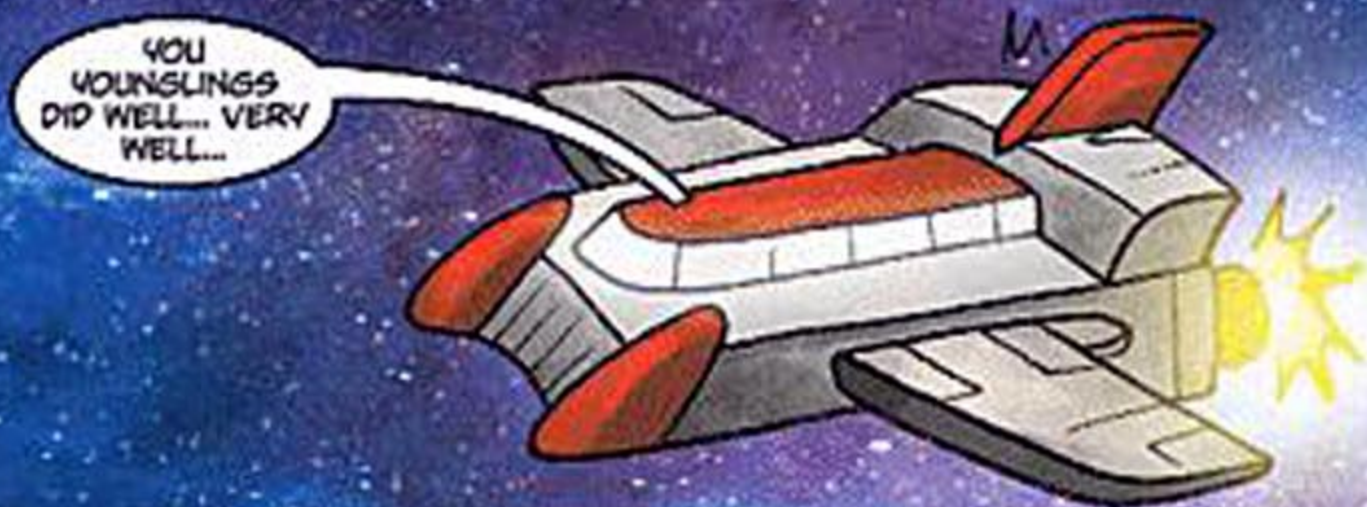
THIS IS
OUR CHANCE!
RUN!

GET IT
AWAY!

WE CAN'T LEAVE
HIM! WE --

-- LOOK!





FOR THREE LONG DAYS AND NIGHTS, THE SKIES OF BOGOA HAVE BEEN ILLUMINATED BY A TECHNICOLOUR LIGHTSHOW.

BLASTER BEAMS, IONISED THERMAL ENERGY AND CLOUDS OF BARADIUM FORMED A RAINBOW THAT BOUNCED OFF THE SPIRES OF CORAL COVERING THE PLANET'S SURFACE.

ONLY THE GOOD CLANKER

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
WILL SLINEY

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

SORRY, CODY, IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'VE DRAWN THE SHORT STRAW...

ROUNDUP DUTY, AGAIN? I'M BEGINNING TO SUSPECT THERE AREN'T MANY PERKS TO BEING COMMANDER...

FAR BELOW, A COMPANY FROM THE 212TH ATTACK BATTALION, UNDER THE LEADERSHIP OF OBI-WAN KENOBI AND COMMANDER CODY, HAVE FINALLY BROKEN THE DROID STRANGLEHOLD.

BUT DESPITE HELPING TO DEFEAT THE INVADING FORCE, ONE CLONE IS ABOUT TO DISCOVER THAT A TROOPER'S WORK IS NEVER DONE...

COME, COME -- THINK OF ALL THE TIME YOU GET TO SPEND WITH ME.

YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, SIR. NOW, WISH ME LUCK!

MOST DROIDS COULDN'T BULLSEYE A DOOR IF THEY WERE ATTACHED TO THE HANDLE... BUT THOSE SHOTS THAT DO HIT NEVER SEEM TO WOUND...

ROUNDUP DUTY IS THE SEARCH FOR SURVIVING CLONES AMONG THE FALLEN. IT'S AN UNENVIABLE TASK.

?!

...I'VE GOT YOU...

HATE TO SPOIL YOUR DAY, RUSTY, BUT I'VE GOT YOU!

DROP THE BLADE!





A B1 UNIT REFUSING BATTLE PROTOCOLS? WHAT WOULD THE SEPPIES WANT WITH A NON-VIOLENT DROID?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I DON'T LIKE IT. HELP GUNNER TO HIS FEET AND CALL FOR A SECURITY SQUAD.



COPPERTOP, I THINK YOU'D BETTER COME WITH US. WE'VE LOTS TO TALK ABOUT.

ROGER, ROGER.



THEY'RE LEAVING.



YOU WANT ME TO CLEAN THIS UP?

NO, THEY MAY YET ABANDON DOOKU'S PET. LET'S SEE HOW THINGS PLAY OUT...



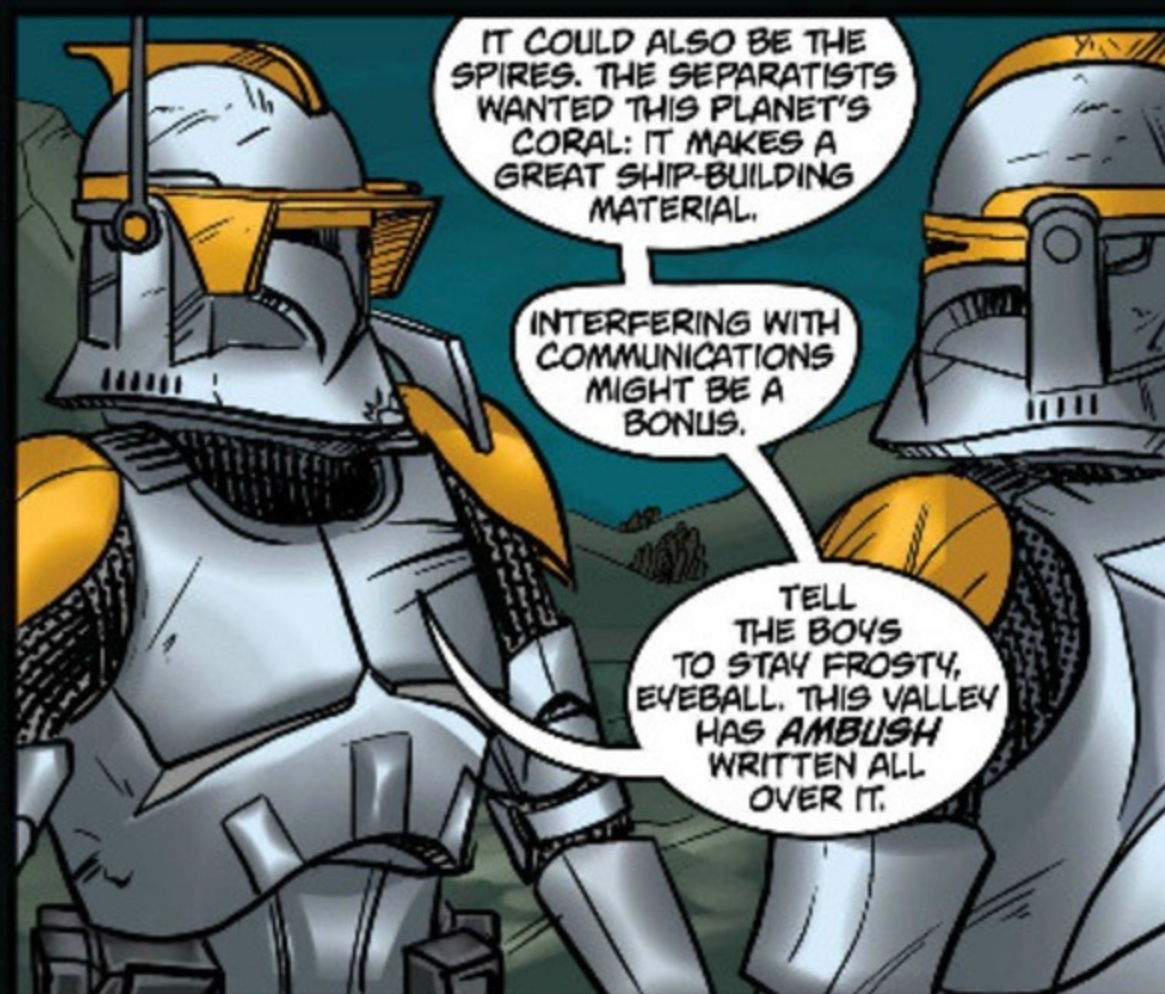
SO, COPPERTOP, IF YOU'VE TURNED YOUR BACK ON LIFE AS A RUTHLESS KILLING MACHINE, WHAT ARE YOUR PRIMARY PROTOCOLS?

ONE: LIVE FREE. TWO: PROTECT THE WEAK. THREE: RESCUE STRAYS.

EVERYTHING A LOYAL BATTLE DROID DOESN'T STAND FOR. REMARKABLE.



COMMANDER, I'M PICKING UP A LOT OF UNUSUAL STATIC. COULD BE A SIGNAL JAMMER.



IT COULD ALSO BE THE SPIRES. THE SEPARATISTS WANTED THIS PLANET'S CORAL: IT MAKES A GREAT SHIP-BUILDING MATERIAL.

INTERFERING WITH COMMUNICATIONS MIGHT BE A BONUS.

TELL THE BOYS TO STAY FROSTY, EYEBALL. THIS VALLEY HAS **AMBUSH** WRITTEN ALL OVER IT.

THESE 'COMMANDS', YOUR NEW OBJECTIVES... WHEN DID THEY START? WHAT TRIGGERED THE CHANGE?



"IT WAS DURING THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE. I WAS PART OF A DROID FORCE SENT TO ATTACK YOUR REARGUARD. AS USUAL, THE FIGHT WAS NOT GOING VERY WELL FOR US."



"I HEARD A VOICE WHISPER, 'ORDER 99' OVER MY COMM, AND MY PRIMARY SYSTEMS SHUT DOWN."



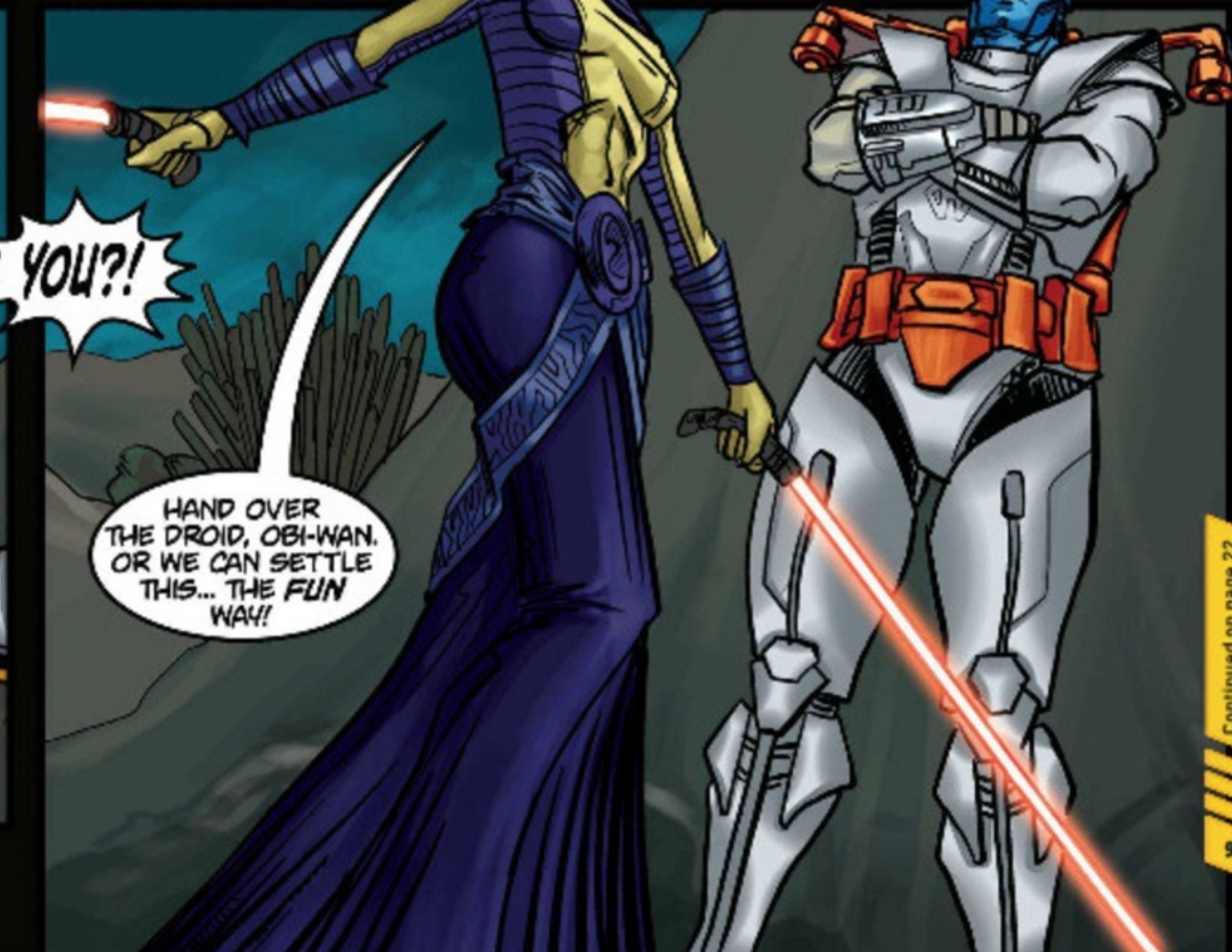
"UPON REBOOTING, I FOUND MYSELF ALONE ON THE BATTLEFIELD."

"INSTEAD OF REJOINING MY UNIT, I DECIDED TO STAY AND HELP THE FALLEN -- SEPARATIST OR REPUBLIC."



"WHICH IS WHERE YOUR FRIEND FOUND -- AND VERY NEARLY MELTED -- ME."

I'D NEVER ADMIT TO AGREEING WITH A CLONE, BUT I'M EXTREMELY TEMPTED TO MELT YOU MYSELF!



YOU?!

HAND OVER THE DROID, OBI-WAN. OR WE CAN SETTLE THIS... THE FUN WAY!

YOU'RE IN THE THE WRONG
PLACE AT THE WRONG
TIME, VENTRESS -- THIS
WAR IS *LOST*.

BOGOA IS
UNDER THE
PROTECTION
OF THE
REPUBLIC--

THERE'S NO SUCH THING
AS A LOST WAR, YOU
DRIVELLING PEST!

EVERY JEDI
PUPPET THAT DIES
IN BATTLE IS A
WIN FOR ME!

AND
IF YOU DON'T
SURRENDER THAT
BATTLE DROID
IMMEDIATELY...

CYRELTOV HERE WILL
ADD TO OUR DAY'S
TALLY!

GENERAL!
THAT'S THE
CHISS BOUNTY
HUNTER
WHO--

I'M WELL
AWARE OF HIS
REPUTATION...

YOU *FLATTER* ME. BUT
KNOW THIS: UNLIKE
MY COMPANION
HERE, I *DON'T*
NEGOTIATE.

I *DESTROY*
AND THEN I
TAKE!

BRAKKKKA

BRAKKKKA



ARRRRGH!

TROOPERS -- MAKE YOURSELVES HARD TO TARGET!

THOSE GAUNTLETS WILL TURN US INTO BANTHA FODDER IF WE STAY TOGETHER!

ZAMM

ZAMM

ZAMM



THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, COPPERTOP! STAY LOW!

BUT, BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO GET HURT BECAUSE OF ME!



GRRR... I HATE BOUNTY HUNTERS! THIS THERMAL DETONATOR SHOULD SLOW YOU DOWN!



PATHETIC! I DON'T WEAR A JETPACK FOR THE LOOK OF IT, CLONE --

-- AND UNLIKE YOU, I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY!

ZWOOSH

BOOOOOOM



YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?



WHAT THE--?!

CREEEEEEEAK



TRICKY LITTLE--

ZHANG

WELL, VENTRESS
IT APPEARS YOU'VE
LOST BOTH THE BATTLE
AND THE ADVANTAGE!
WITHOUT CYRELOV YOU
CANNOT HOPE TO
SUCCEED!

KENOBI...
EVER SHORT-
SIGHTED WHEN IT
COMES TO THE
FORTUNES OF WAR!

FOR ALL
YOUR AFFINITY
WITH THE FORCE,
THE FUTURE
REMAINS
CLOUDED!

ZHUN

YOU
MEAN--
CODY,
WATCH
OUT!



SHINING
TIME TO LEARN
THE POWER
OF A TRUE
WARRIOR!

THE
CORAL... HE
C-C-CAUGHT
THE CORAL
SPIRE!

RETREAT
BEFORE HE
CAN--



HAHAHA! AND
THEN THERE
WAS ONE!

ONE
WILL BE
ENOUGH.

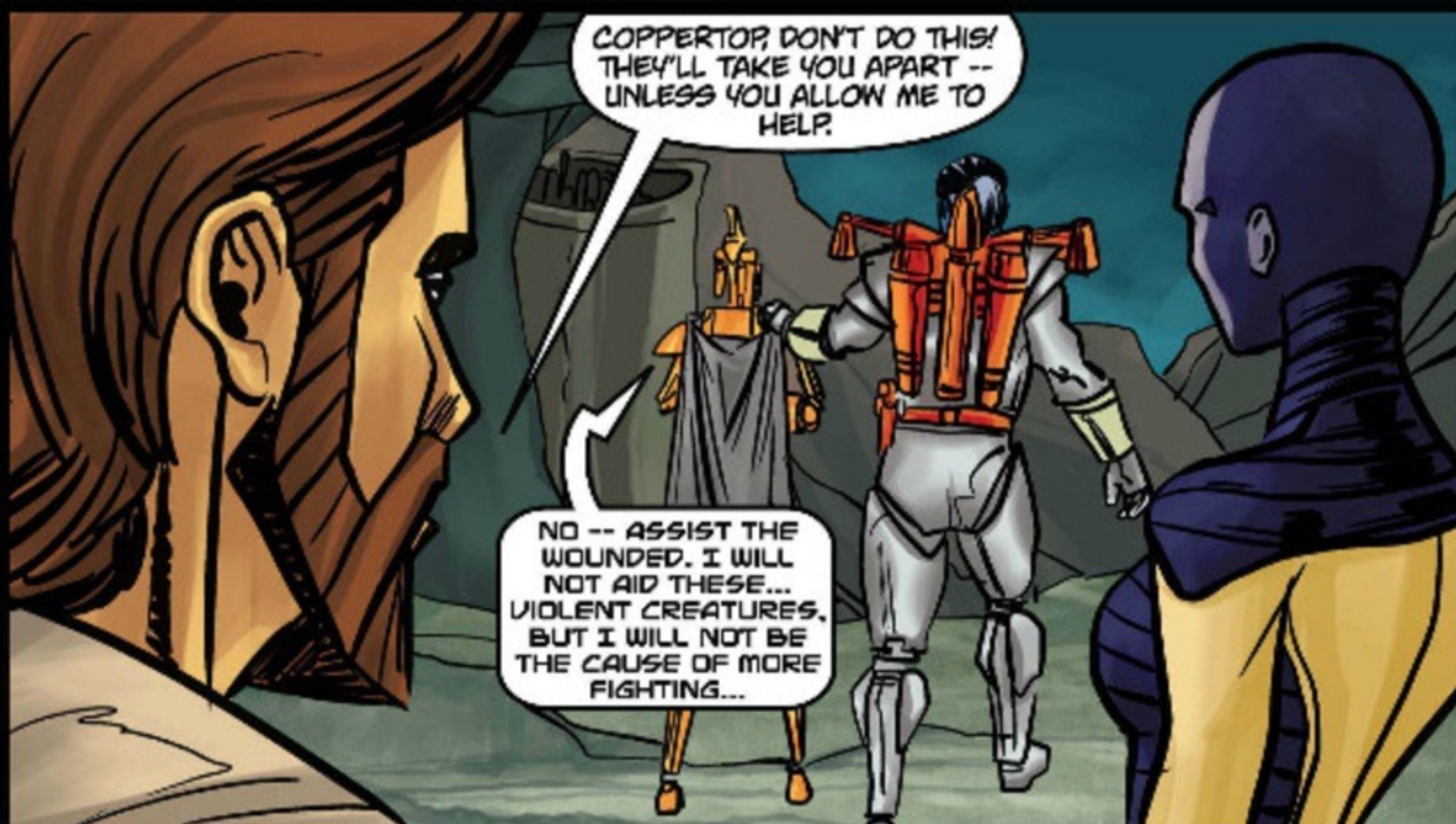
YES, ENOUGH!
NO... NO MORE.
I SURRENDER
MY FREEDOM.

JUST...
STOP THE
FIGHTING...
PLEASE...



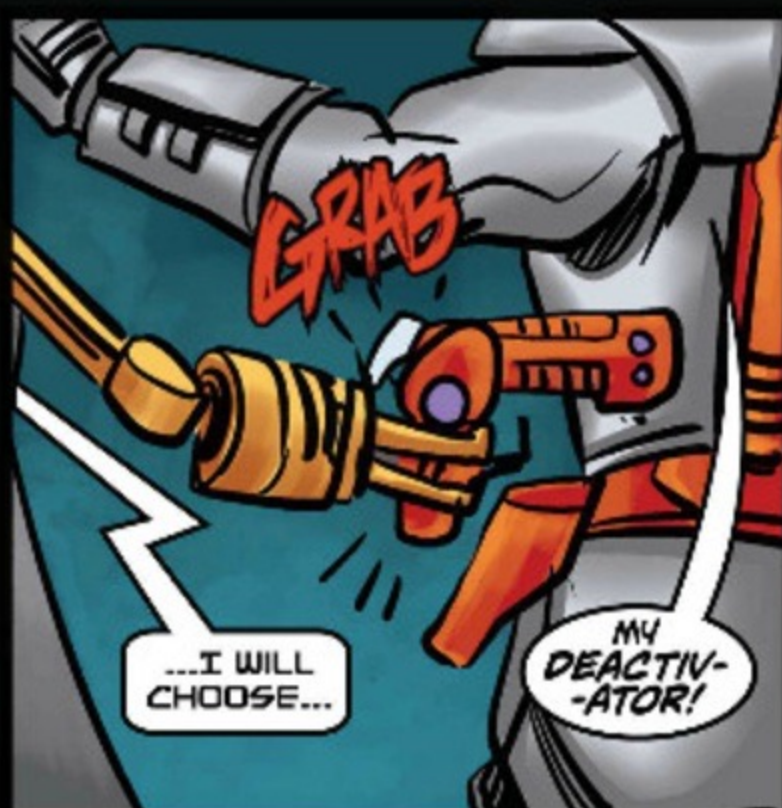
SMART DROID.
DOOKU WISHES TO
DISMANTLE YOU
PERSONALLY!

CYRELTOV --
BRING THIS
UNIT TO MY
SHIP.



COPPERTOP, DON'T DO THIS!
THEY'LL TAKE YOU APART --
UNLESS YOU ALLOW ME TO
HELP.

NO -- ASSIST THE
WOUNDED. I WILL
NOT AID THESE...
VIOLENT CREATURES.
BUT I WILL NOT BE
THE CAUSE OF MORE
FIGHTING...



...I WILL
CHOOSE...

MY
DEACTIV-
ATOR!



...MY
OWN
PATH.



NO!
BLAST IT...
DOOKU IS NOT
GOING TO BE
HAPPY WITH
ME!



A SHORT
WHILE
LATER...

NNNNNG! G-GENERAL,
YOU'RE ALIVE! WHERE'S
COPPERTOP? IS HE--?

HE'S...
FREE. HE
FOLLOWED HIS
NEW PROTOCOLS
TO THE VERY
END

AND
V-VENTRESS?

GONE. SHE MAY HAVE
LOST HER PRIZE... BUT
I HAVE THE FEELING
WHAT HAPPENED HERE
TODAY WILL RETURN
TO HAUNT
US ALL...



COUNT DOOKU'S
FORTRESS ON
SERENNO...

I HAVE FAILED YOU, MASTER.
MY HOPELESS PROTÉGÉ WAS
UNABLE TO CAPTURE THE
BATTLE DROID AS
REQUESTED BUT YOUR
EXPERIMENT WAS
A COMPLETE
SUCCESS.

'ORDER 99'
MODIFIED THE
DROID'S BEHAVIOUR
AS EXPECTED, BUT I
STILL DON'T UNDER-
STAND WHY--

WHAT IS A
DROID, DOOKU,
BUT A CLONE BY
A DIFFERENT
NAME?

**BUILT, NOT
GROWN... BUT BOTH
MERELY PROGRAMMED
TOOLS.**



SUCH TOOLS
CAN BE TWISTED
TO BETTER SUIT
MY PURPOSE.

YOU HAVE
YOUR ORDERS...
AND SO WILL
THEY.

END!

THE JUNGLE PLANET OF ZEENADA. OUTNUMBERED AND OUTGUNNED BY A SEPARATIST INVASION FORCE, GENERAL ANAKIN SKYWALKER HAS ORDERED PADAWAN AHSOKA TANO AND A SQUAD OF CLONE TROOPERS TO CIRCLE BEHIND THE ENEMY FORCES AND DISTRACT THE DROID ARMY WITH A REAR ASSAULT, BUT...

WE
STUMBLED
INTO A DROID
PATROL...

WE
NEED TO
FALL
BACK.

A JEDI
DOESN'T RUN
FROM HER
PROBLEMS,
CAPTAIN REX.

NIGHT MOVES!

SHE
CONFRONTS
THEM--

--HEAD
ON!

OR OFF,
DEPENDING
ON THE
OCCASION.

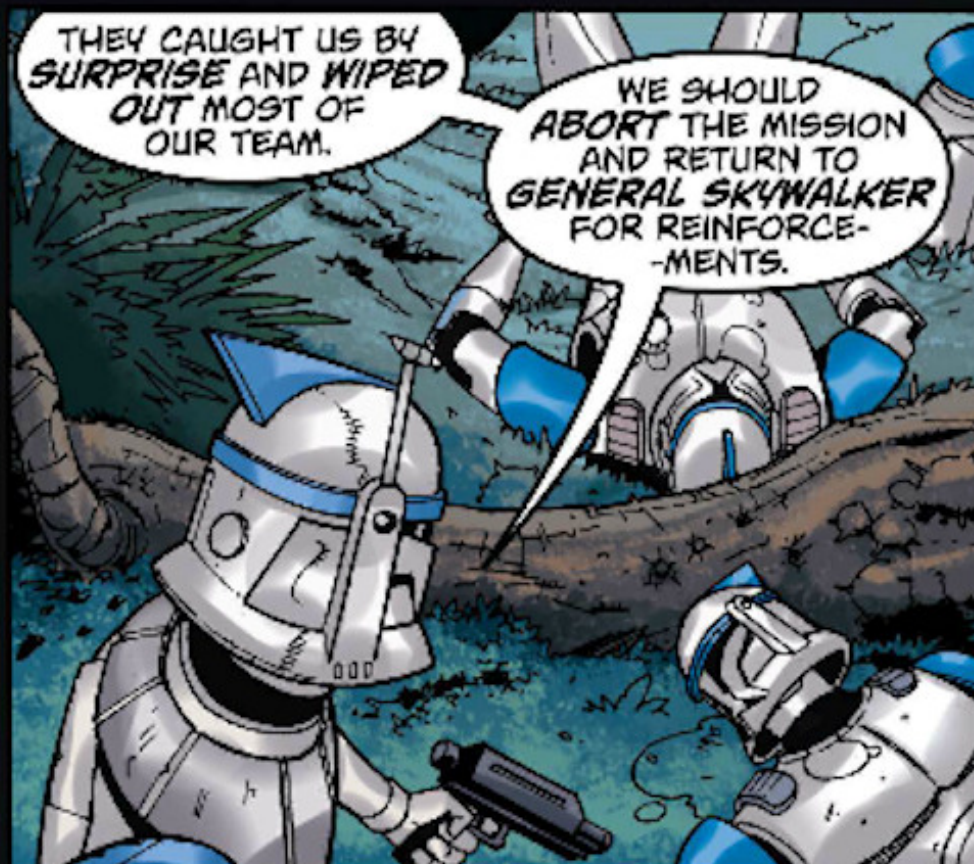
WRITER
TOM DEFALCO
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES



WELL DONE, SIR! THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM.

BUT THE TINNIES TOOK A HEAVY TOLL.



THEY CAUGHT US BY SURPRISE AND WIPED OUT MOST OF OUR TEAM.

WE SHOULD ABORT THE MISSION AND RETURN TO GENERAL SKYWALKER FOR REINFORCEMENTS.



I... I'M SORRY ABOUT YOUR MEN, REX... BUT WE HAVE OUR ORDERS.

ANAKIN IS COUNTING ON US TO DISTRACT THE ENEMY. THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO TURN BACK.



BUT, SIR — WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, THERE ARE ONLY FOUR OF US.

NOT ENOUGH FOR A SUCCESSFUL ATTACK.

HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN THAT ONE JEDI KNIGHT IS WORTH A THOUSAND BATTLE DROIDS?



HEY, GUNNER — DID SOMEONE AWARD HER A FIELD PROMOTION WHILE MY BACK WAS TURNED?

SHE WAS ONLY A PADAWAN WHEN WE LEFT CAMP.

GUESS SHE'S ONLY GOOD FOR A FEW DOZEN DROIDS, SARGE.



FOLLOW ME!

WE JUST NEED TO HAVE FAITH IN THE FORCE.

IT WILL POINT THE WAY TO VICTORY.



SARGE! GUNNER! YOU HEARD THE JEDI! — MOVE OUT!

SIR! YES, SIR!

MEANWHILE...

LOOKS LIKE
THE CLANKERS
OUTNUMBER US
A HUNDRED
TO ONE.

I HOPE
YOUR PLAN
WORKS, GENERAL
SKYWALKER.

SO DO I! WE
ONLY NEED AHSOKA
AND HER TEAM TO DIVERT
THE SEPARATISTS'
ATTENTION--

--AND MAKE
THEM THINK THAT
OUR MAIN FORCE
IS BEHIND
THEM.

THEN WE'LL
ADD TO THEIR
CONFUSION BY
HITTING THEM
FROM THE
FRONT--

--AND
THEY'LL BE
CRUSHED LIKE
AN INSECT CAUGHT
BETWEEN A CHILD'S
PALM AND A
DURACRETE
WALL!

LISTEN!
THE JUNGLE IS
QUIET -- TOO
QUIET!

THERE
MAY BE A
DANGEROUS
PREDATOR IN
THE AREA
AND--

RRRRRRRGHHH!

THERE ARE
TIMES I REALLY
HATE BEING
RIGHT.

YEAH--

--WE'D
HATE TO
LOSE OUR
ONLY 'JEDI
KNIGHT'.

HOLD STILL,
SIR! WE'VE GOT
YOU COVERED!

DON'T FIRE
UNLESS IT'S
ABSOLUTELY
NECESSARY!

ALL LIFE
IS SACRED TO
THE FORCE.

I'M
SURE I CAN
DISTRACT
IT.

RRRRRGGGHH!

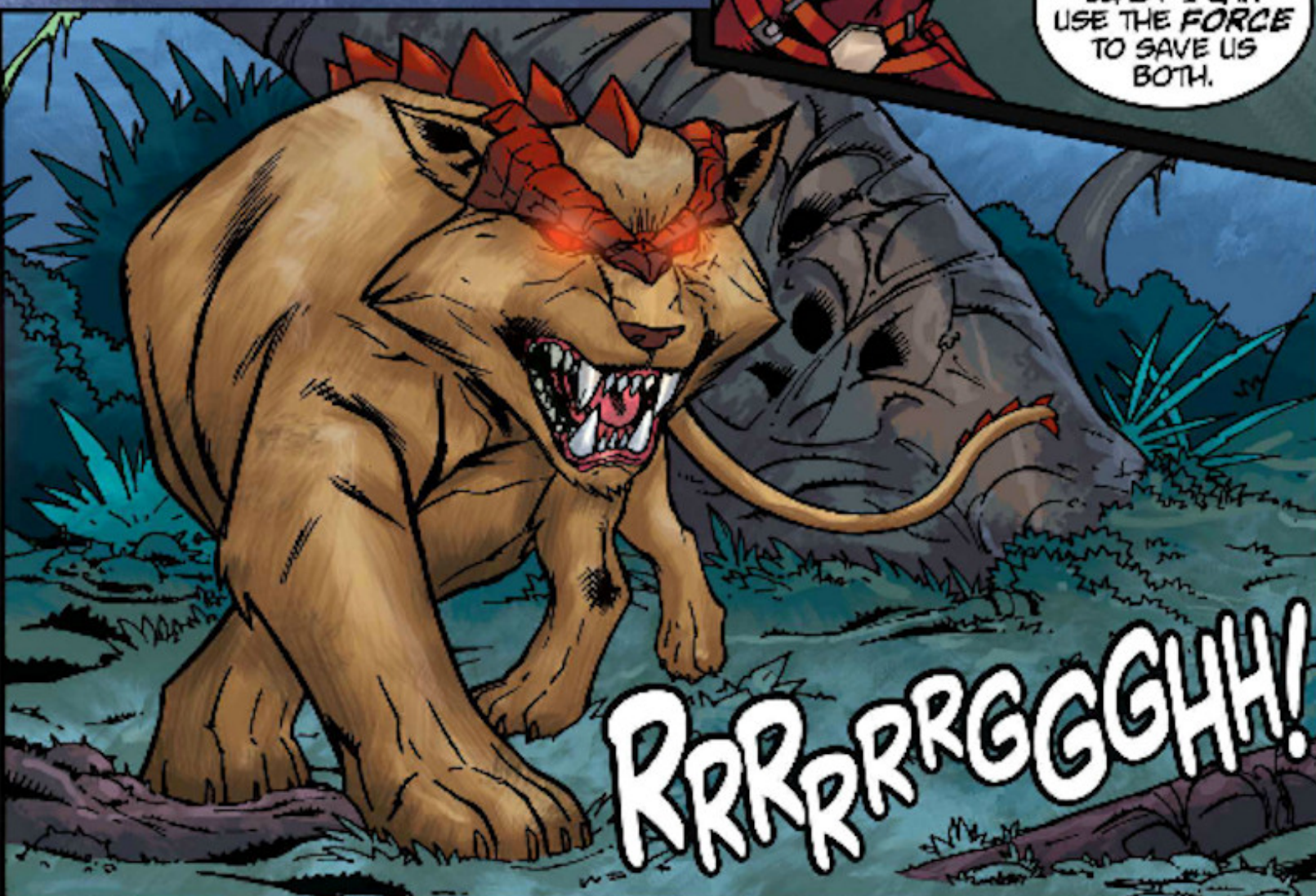


OF ALL THE TIMES TO BE WRONG.



OH WELL! AT LEAST I CAN USE THE FORCE TO SAVE US BOTH.

RRRRRGGGHH?!?



RRRRRGGGHH!

SEEMS OUR KNIGHT COULD USE AN ASSIST.



AND A LOT MORE FORCE-PUSH TRAINING.

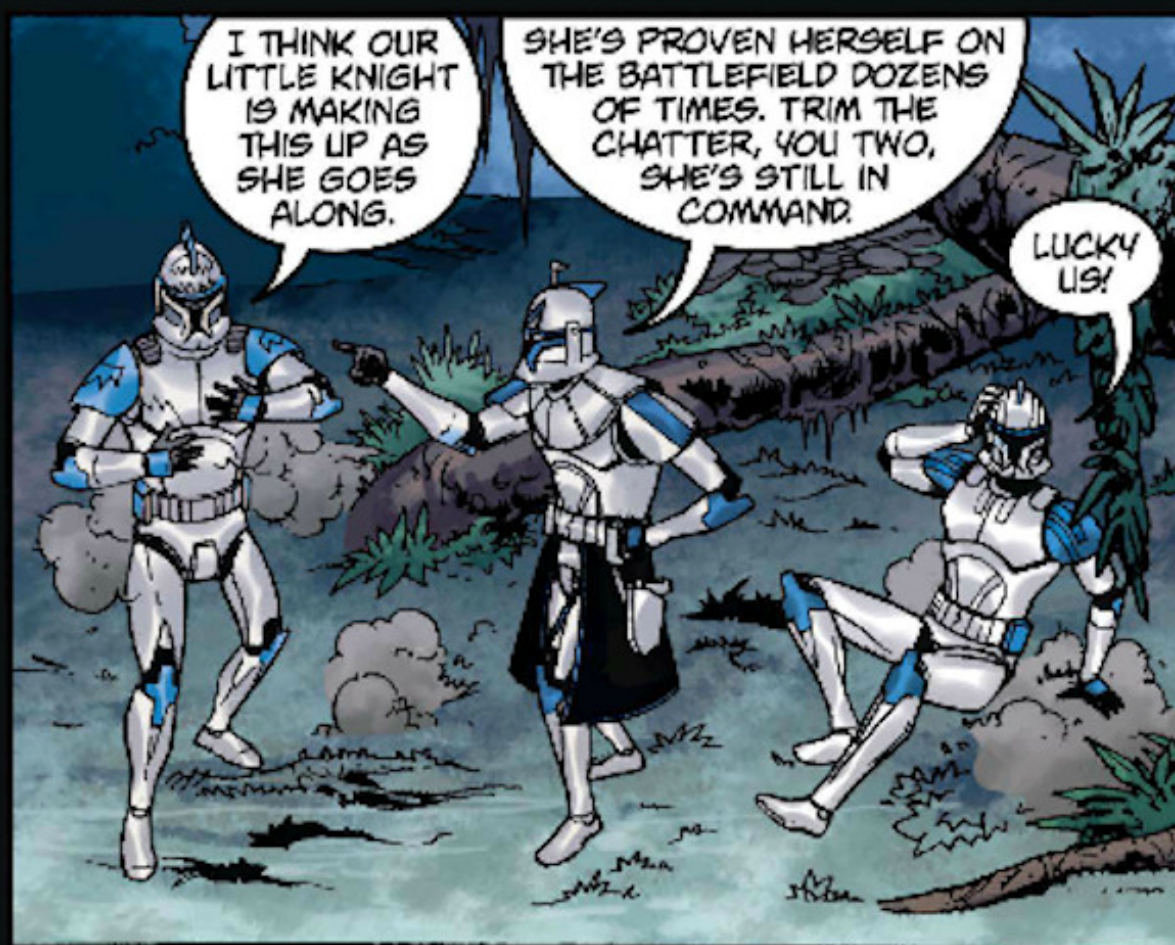
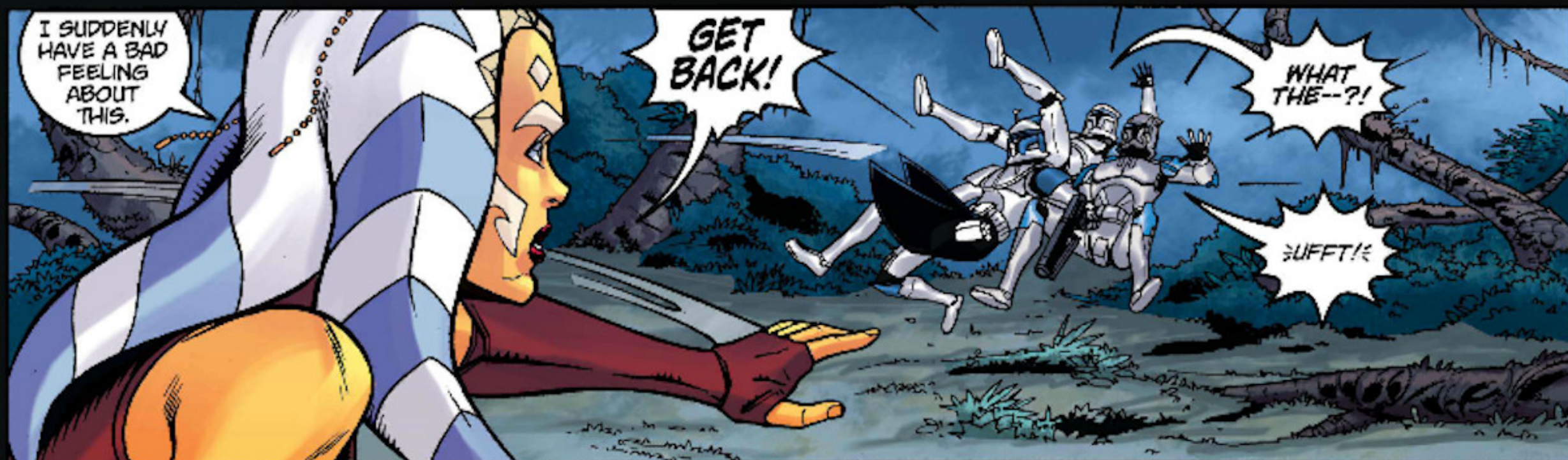
UHHH...



WHY IS THE GROUND SUDDENLY SHAKING?

RRRRRRRRGGGGGGHH!





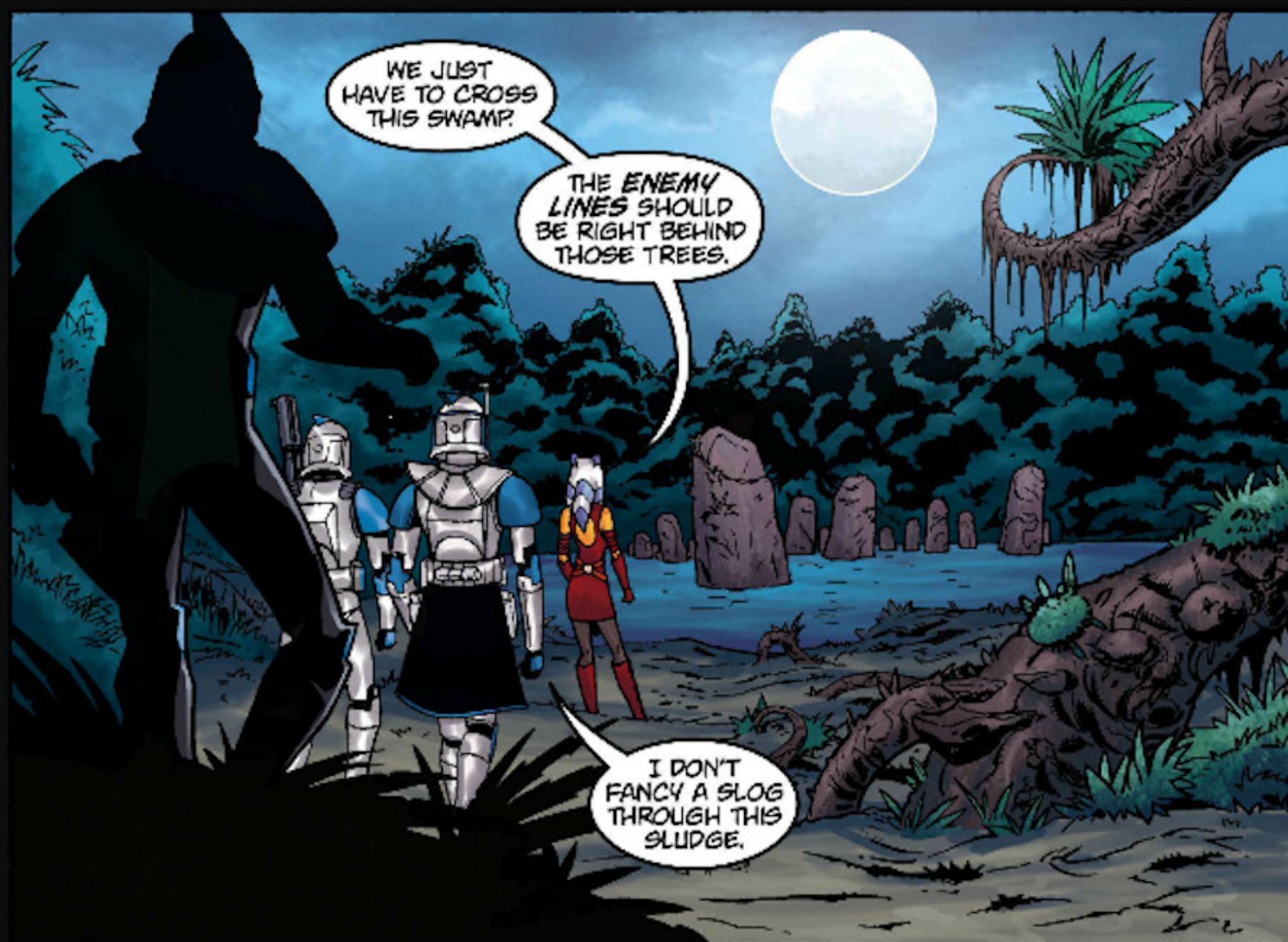
MEANWHILE...



STILL NO
SIGN OF YOUR
PADAWAN,
GENERAL.

WHERE
ARE YOU,
SNIPS?

WHAT'S
KEEPING
YOU?



WE JUST
HAVE TO CROSS
THIS SWAMP.

THE *ENEMY*
LINES SHOULD
BE RIGHT BEHIND
THOSE TREES.

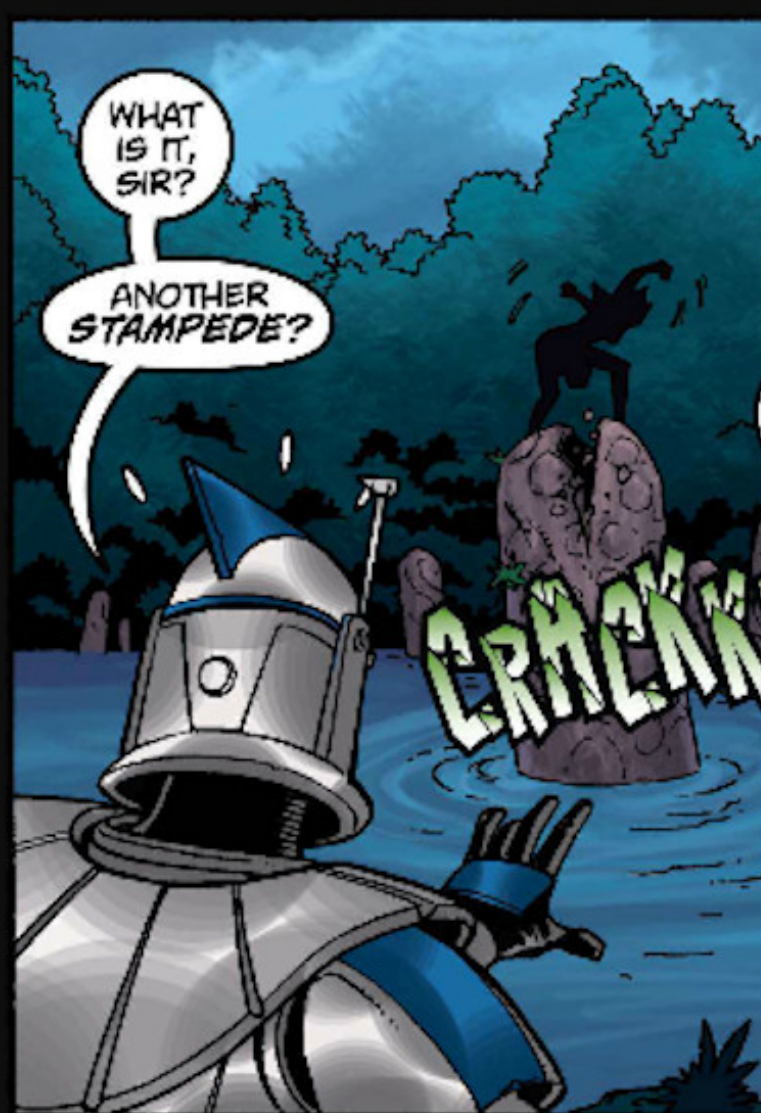
I DON'T
FANCY A SLOG
THROUGH THIS
SLUDGE.

NO PROBLEM!
WE CAN LEAP
FROM ROCK
TO ROCK.



OH,
NO!

NOT
AGAIN!



WHAT
IS IT,
SIR?

ANOTHER
STAMPEDE?



NO
SUCH
LUCK!

GAGGAK!

THESE
AREN'T
ROCKS.
THEY'RE
EGGS--

--AND
HERE
COMES
MAMA!

GAGGAK!

REX!
GET YOUR
MEN TO
SAFETY!

I'VE
GOT AN
IDEA.

GAGGAK!

THE FOUR
OF US MAY NOT
HAVE BEEN ENOUGH
TO LAUNCH A
SUCCESSFUL
ASSAULT--

GAGGAK!

--BUT I
BELIEVE IN
BIG MAMA!



GGGAAK!

HI, BOYS!
MIND IF MY
FRIEND AND
I JOIN THE
PARTY?

GENERAL,
YOU--

--YOU
REALLY HAVE
TO SEE **THIS**
FOR YOUR-
SELF!



I'VE GOT
TO HAND IT
TO AHSOKA.
SHE NEVER
CEASES TO
AMAZE
ME.

**LAUNCH THE
ATTACK!**

WHAT DO
YOU THINK OF
OUR LITTLE
PADAWAN
NOW?

PADAWAN--?!?

I DON'T
SEE ANY
PADAWAN.

TO US,
SHE'S A
JEDI KNIGHT
ALREADY,
SIR

END!

ON THE PLANET CORUSCANT,
BOUNTY HUNTER AURRA SING
IS AS PATIENT AS A SPICE
SPIDER... AND AS DEADLY.

JEDI MASQUERADE

PATIENCE,
AURRA... WAIT
FOR THE RIGHT
MOMENT...

...THERE HE
IS... AMBASSADOR
YONG DOLOR... ONE
SQUEEZE ON THE
TRIGGER, AND--

IT'S
OVER, SING!
THIS TIME, YOU'RE
THE TARGET!

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

WHO--?!

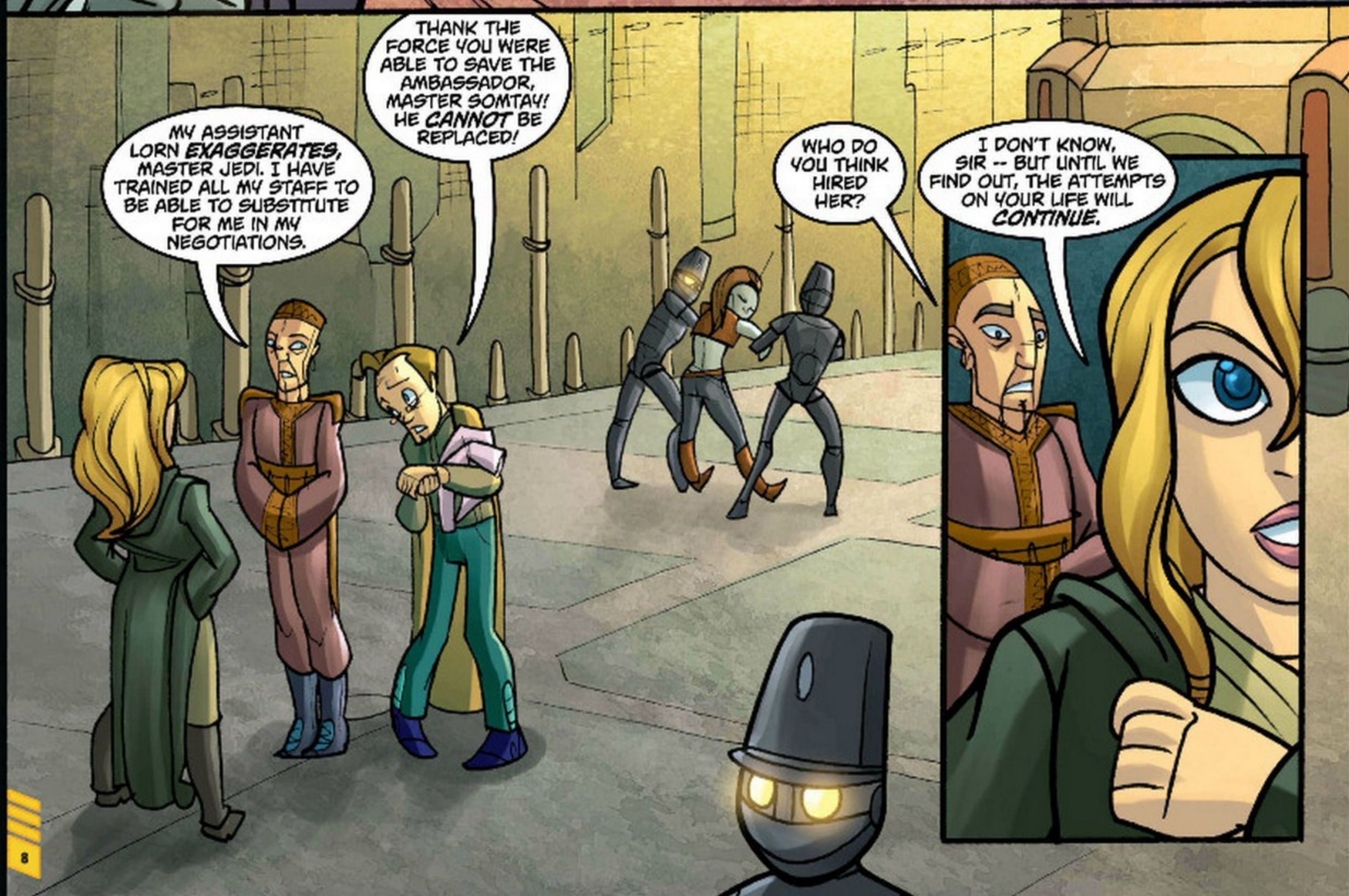
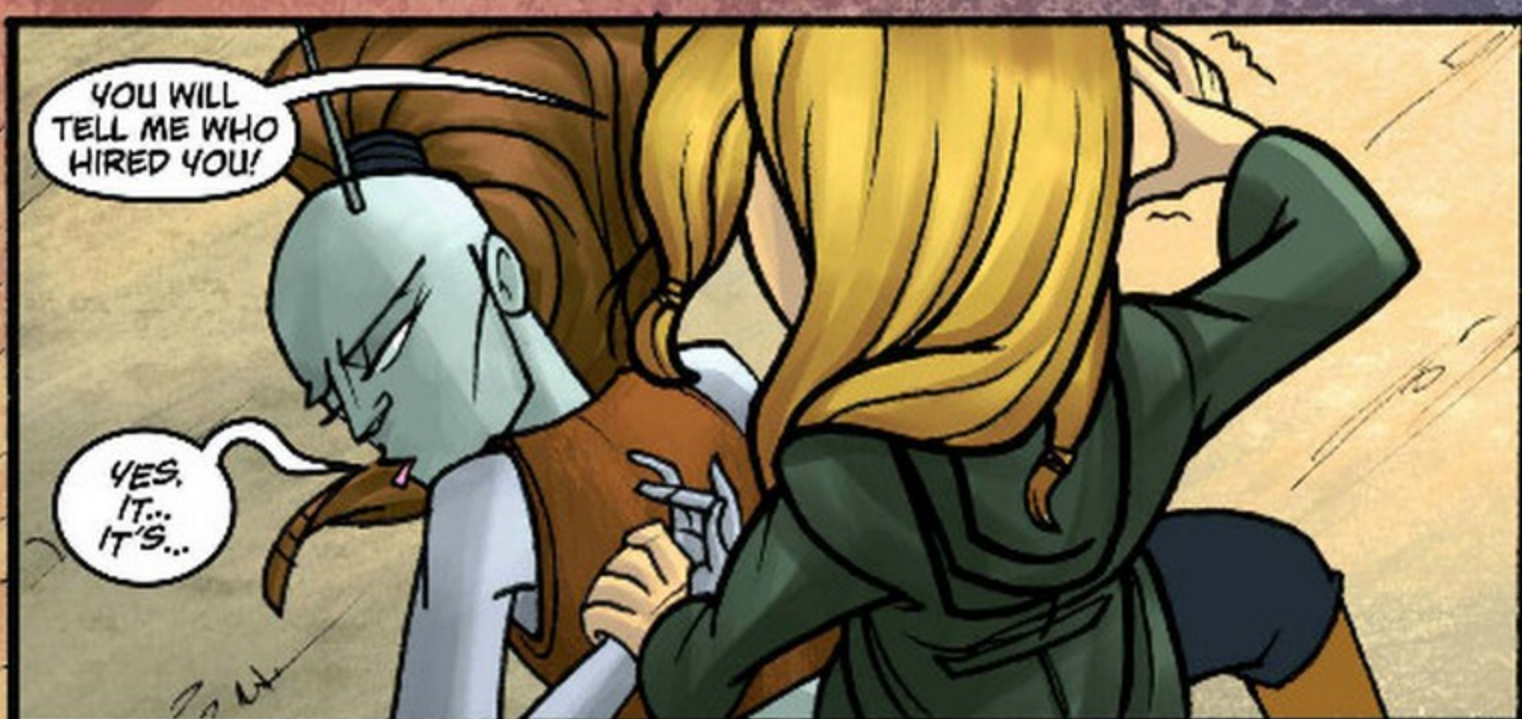
JEDI KNIGHT JYL SONTAY
-- NOT PLEASED TO MAKE
YOUR ACQUAINTANCE!

CRZZZPK

NO!
THAT RIFLE
COST ME--

IT'S GOING
TO COST
YOU YOUR
FREEDOM!

OR YOU
YOUR
LIFE!



"IF YOU NEED ASSISTANCE IN SMOKING OUT THE AMBASSADOR'S ENEMY--"

"THANK YOU, MASTER WINDU, BUT I WON'T..."



"...I'VE DECIDED THAT THE BEST WAY TO LURE RATS OUT OF HIDING..."

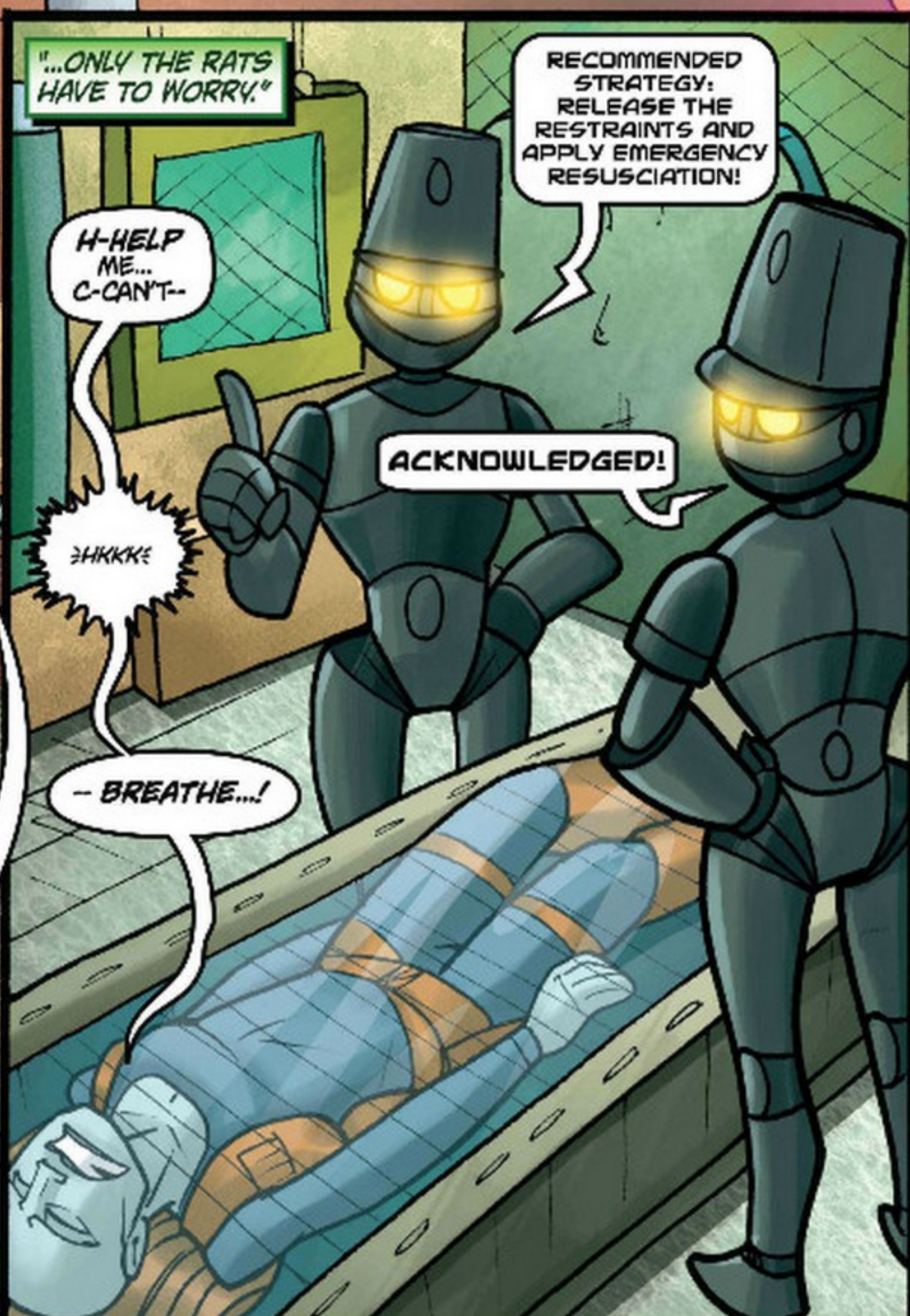
"...IS TO OFFER THEM A LITTLE CHEESE!"



WELL?

AN EXCELLENT LIKENESS, MASTER SONTAY -- BUT A DANGEROUS STRATEGY!

DON'T WORRY, MASTER! WITH THE REAL AURRA SING IN CUSTODY...



"...ONLY THE RATS HAVE TO WORRY."

H-HELP ME... C-CAN'T--

SHHHH

- BREATHE...!

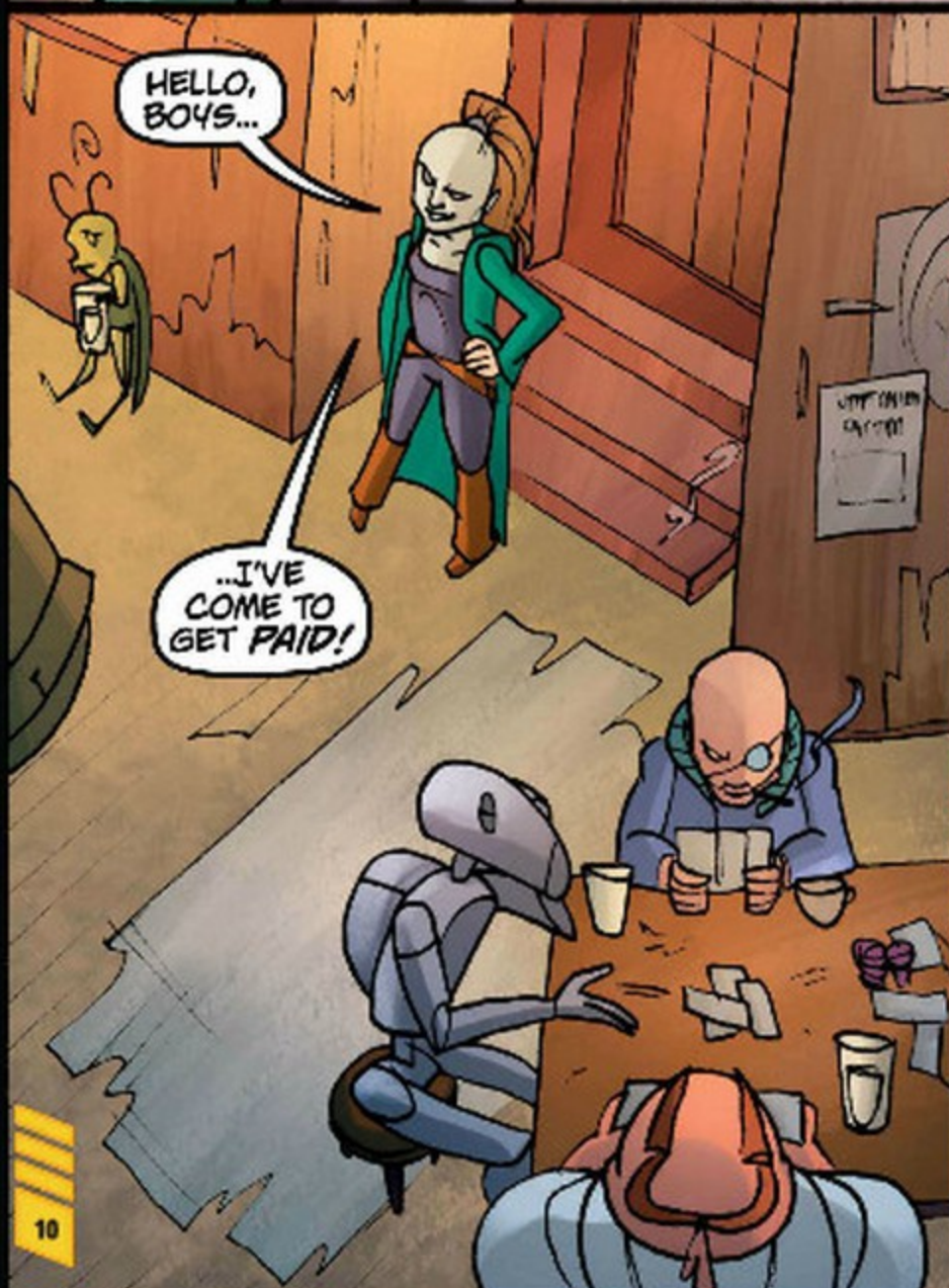
RECOMMENDED STRATEGY: RELEASE THE RESTRAINTS AND APPLY EMERGENCY RESUSCITATION!

ACKNOWLEDGED!



SQUEEEEEEE!!!

STUPID DROIDS...!

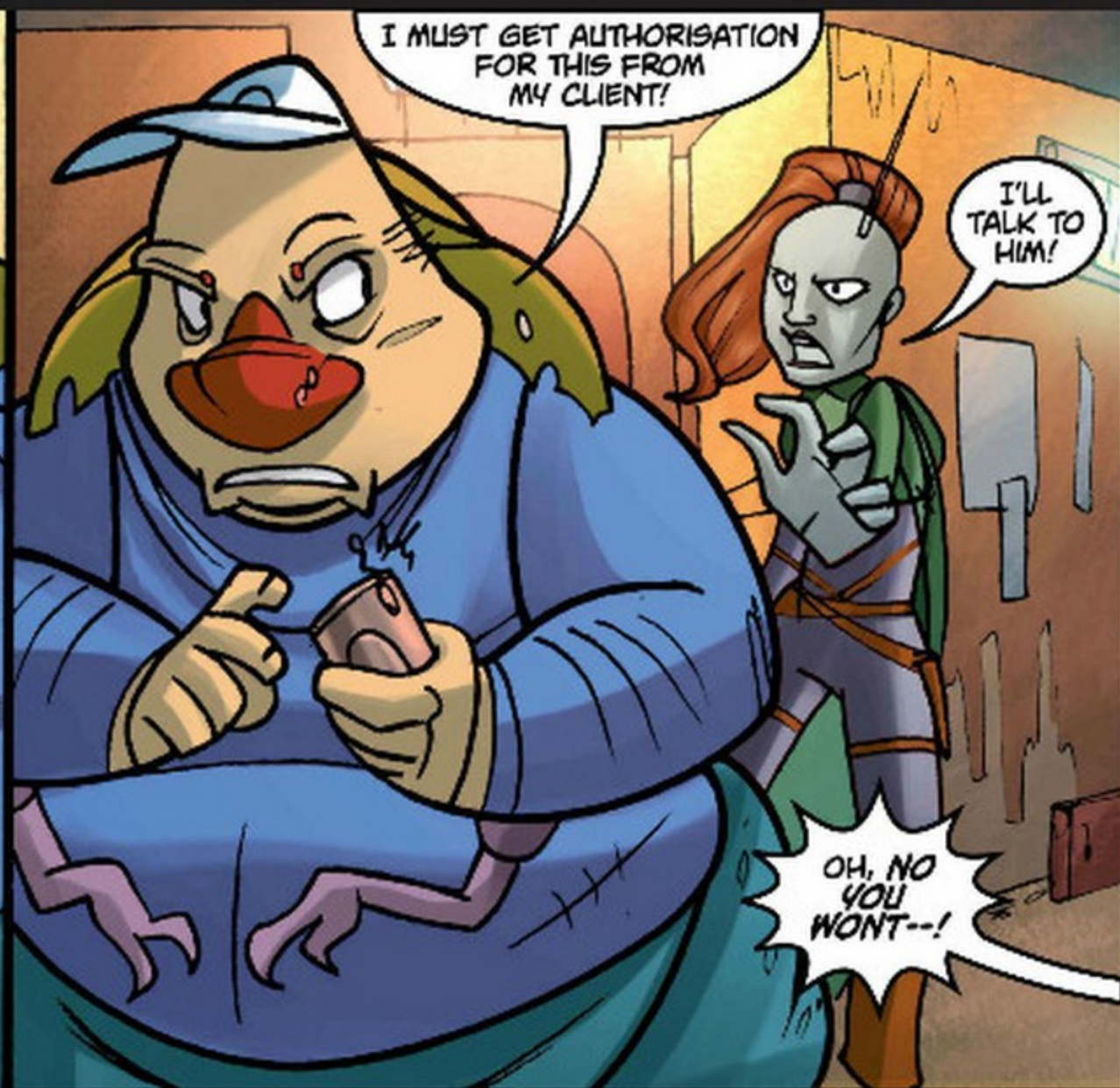




THE AGREEMENT WAS THAT THE FUNDS WOULD BE TRANSMITTED *ONLY* WHEN THE JOB WAS COMPLETED!

I'VE DECIDED I WANT PAYMENT IN *ADVANCE*, FRIEND -- IN COLD, HARD CREDITS!

LESS CHANCE OF A 'TRANSMISSION ERROR'.



I MUST GET AUTHORIZATION FOR THIS FROM MY CLIENT!

I'LL TALK TO HIM!

OH, NO YOU WONT--!



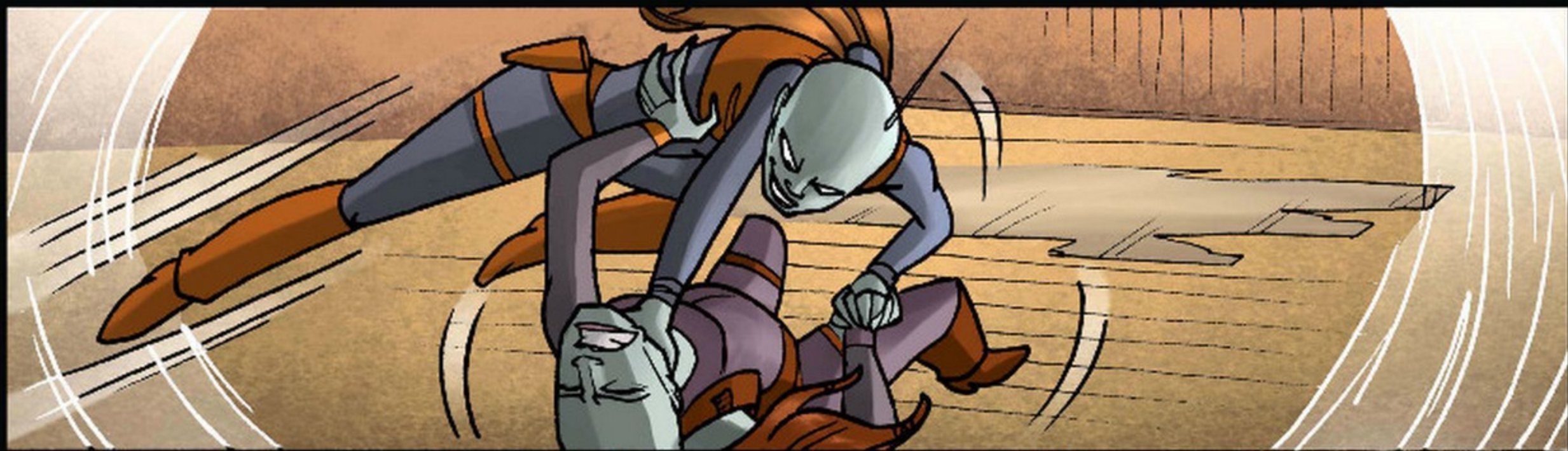
--NOT WITH MY FACE! THAT'S A GOOD RESEMBLANCE. WHAT ARE YOU? CLAUDITE? SH'IDO?

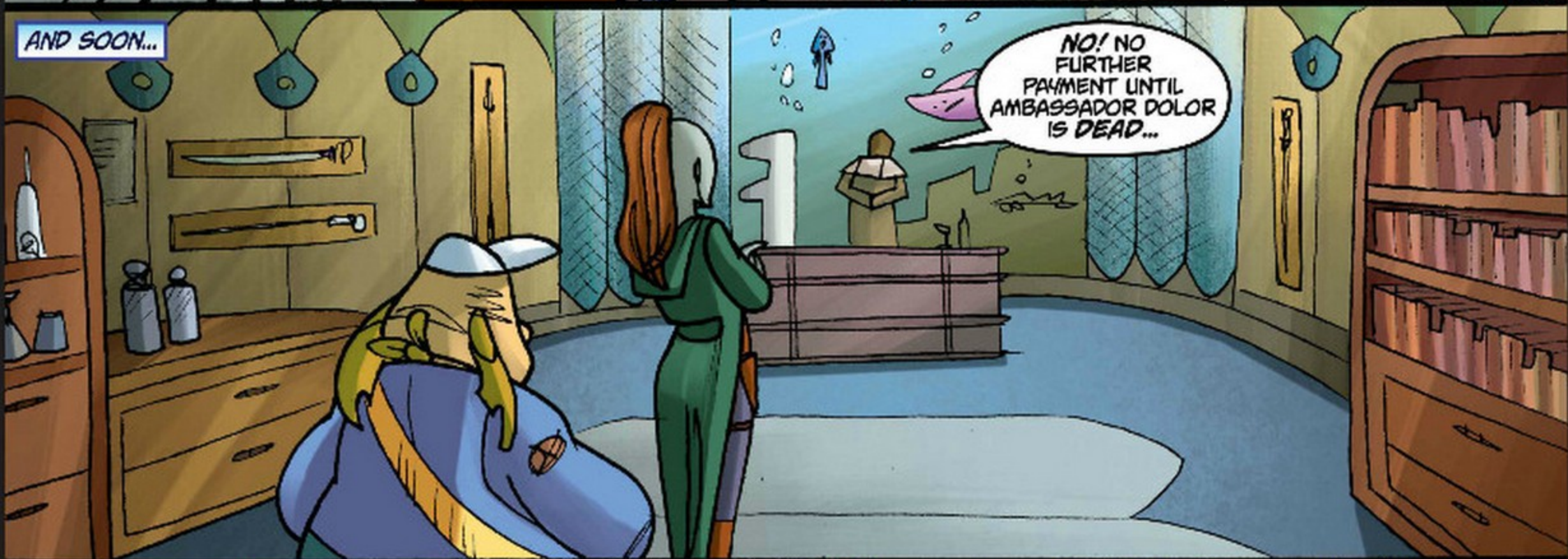


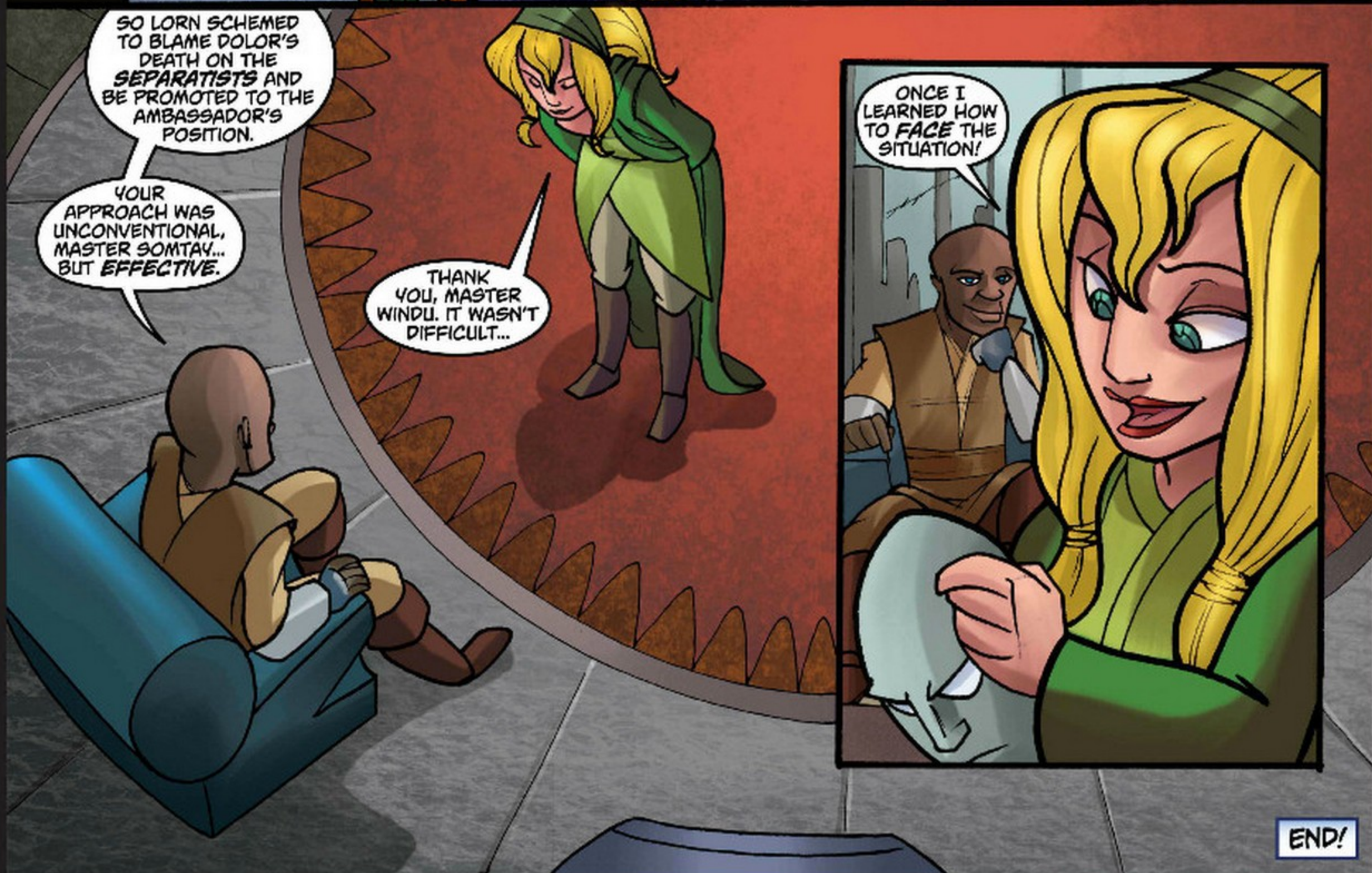
ME? YOU'RE THE FAKE! LET'S HAVE THIS OUT, NOW!



SUITS ME!







WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

I DON'T
LIKE THIS, OBI-WAN...
AT LEAST WAIT FOR
ME TO JOIN YOU BEFORE
YOU EMBARK ON THIS
MISSION!

YOUR
CONCERN IS
APPRECIATED...

...BUT IF THE TIP WE'VE RECEIVED OF A
SEPARATIST TRAITOR WITH INFORMATION
TO SELL IS TRUE, HE WON'T
WAIT FOR LONG!

I SUPPOSE
YOU'RE RIGHT...
JUST DON'T DO
ANYTHING I
WOULDN'T
DO.

BLIND JEDI'S BLUFF

UNLIKE YOU,
ANAKIN, **CAUTION**
IS MY MIDDLE NAME.
BESIDES, IT MAY JUST
BE A WILD BANTHA
CHASE, AFTER
ALL!

WE'LL
SPEAK
SOON.

HE'S
HERE...



...GET INTO YOUR POSITIONS!

...DON'T GET TOO BIG FOR YOUR SPACESUIT, PROX...



...WE KNOW OUR MISSION!



AWFULLY QUIET... BUT THE **FORCE** TELLS ME I'M NOT ALONE, SO --

HEY, JEDI!!



CATCH!

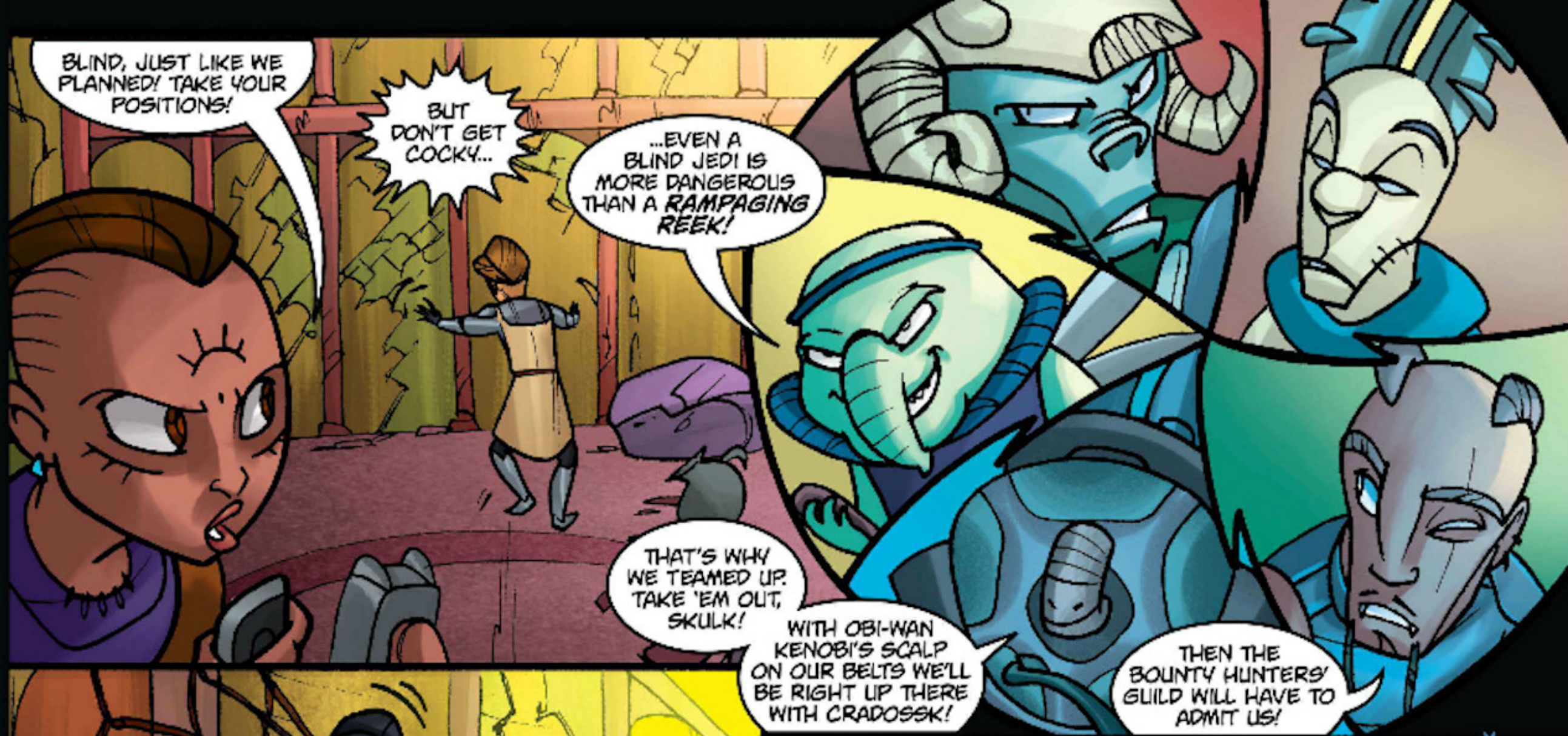


AGGGH!



WORSE THAN A GRENADE... A **FLASH-BOMB!**

I'M **BLIND!**



BLIND, JUST LIKE WE
PLANNED! TAKE YOUR
POSITIONS!

BUT
DON'T GET
COCKY...

...EVEN A
BLIND JEDI IS
MORE DANGEROUS
THAN A RAMPAGING
REEK!

THAT'S WHY
WE TEAMED UP.
TAKE 'EM OUT,
SKULK!

WITH OBI-WAN
KENOBI'S SCALP
ON OUR BELTS WE'LL
BE RIGHT UP THERE
WITH CRADOSK!

THEN THE
BOUNTY HUNTERS'
GUILD WILL HAVE TO
ADMIT US!



THE MOST
NAIVE YOUNGLING
WOULDN'T HAVE
FALLEN INTO A TRAP
LIKE THIS!

ANAKIN
WILL NEVER LET
ME LIVE THIS
DOWN --



-- ASSUMING
I LIVE TO GET
OUT OF IT!



MASTER YODA
SAYS **DISABILITY**
SHOULD BE NO
BARRIER TO
VICTORY.

NO IDEA
IF USING THE
FORCE THIS WAY
WILL **WORK**,
BUT...



WELL,
IT'S NOT *SIGHT*,
BUT IT'S BETTER
THAN NOTHING...

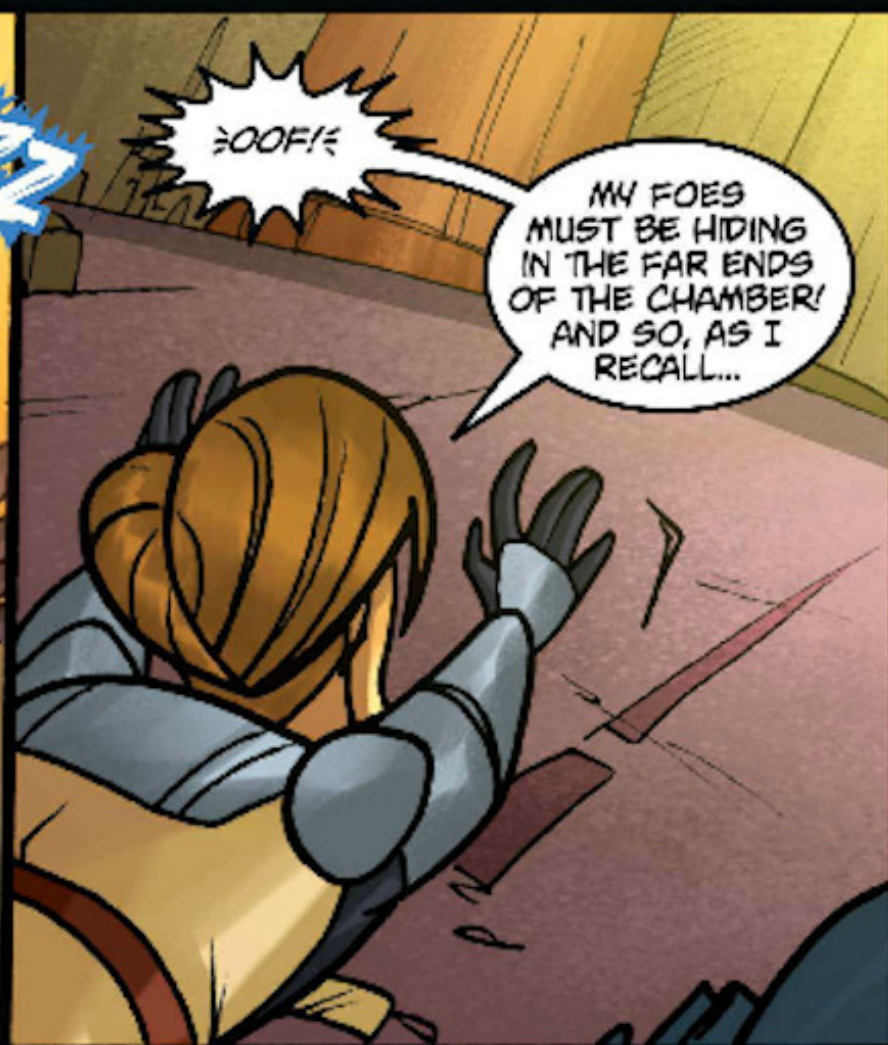


FZZZZT

CRRRRZZZ

...I
SUPPOSE!

YUUM!!!



OOOF!!

MY FOES
MUST BE HIDING
IN THE FAR ENDS
OF THE CHAMBER!
AND SO, AS I
RECALL...



...ARE
TWO NICE,
HEAVY
STATUES!

Noooooo!

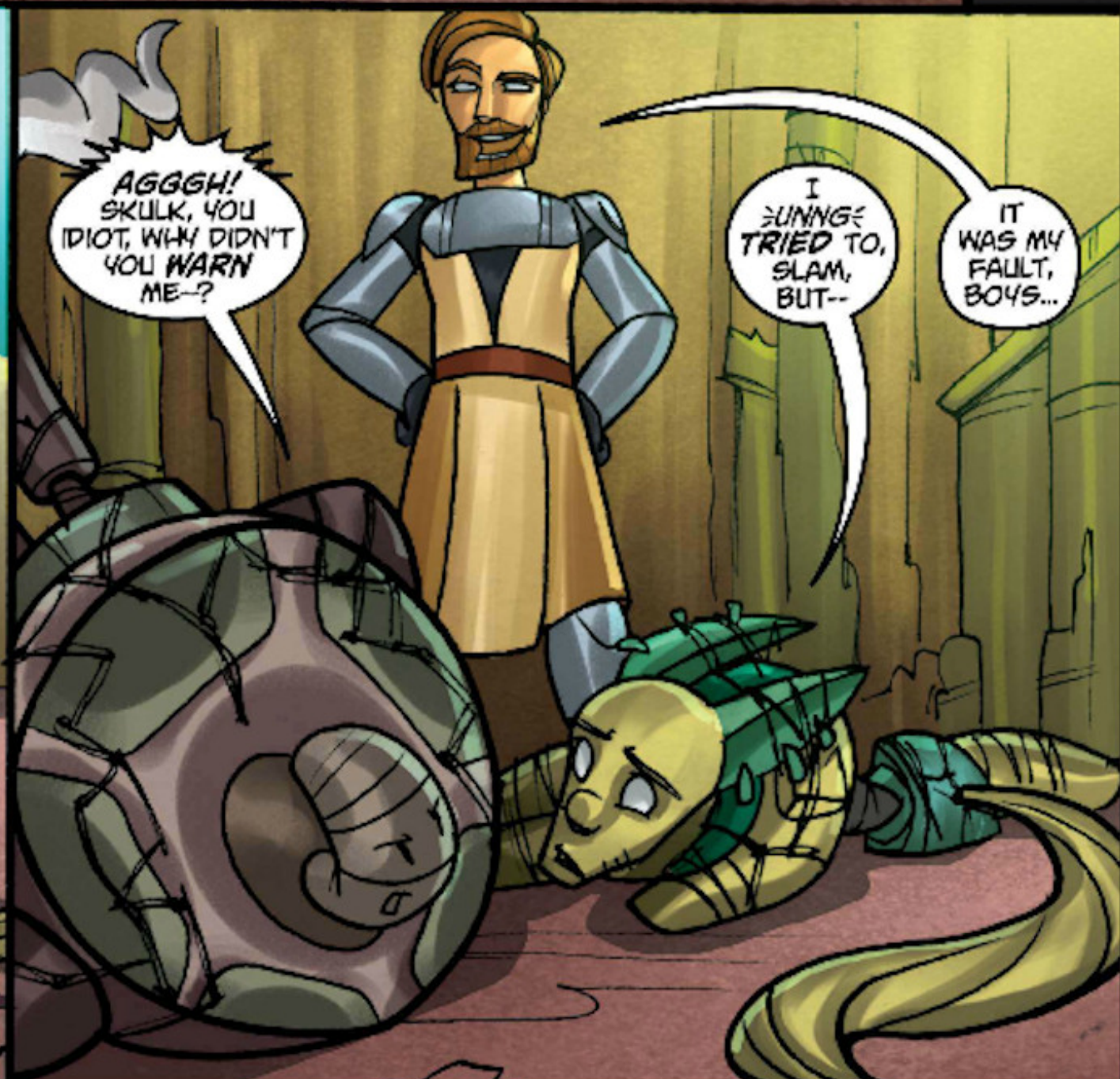
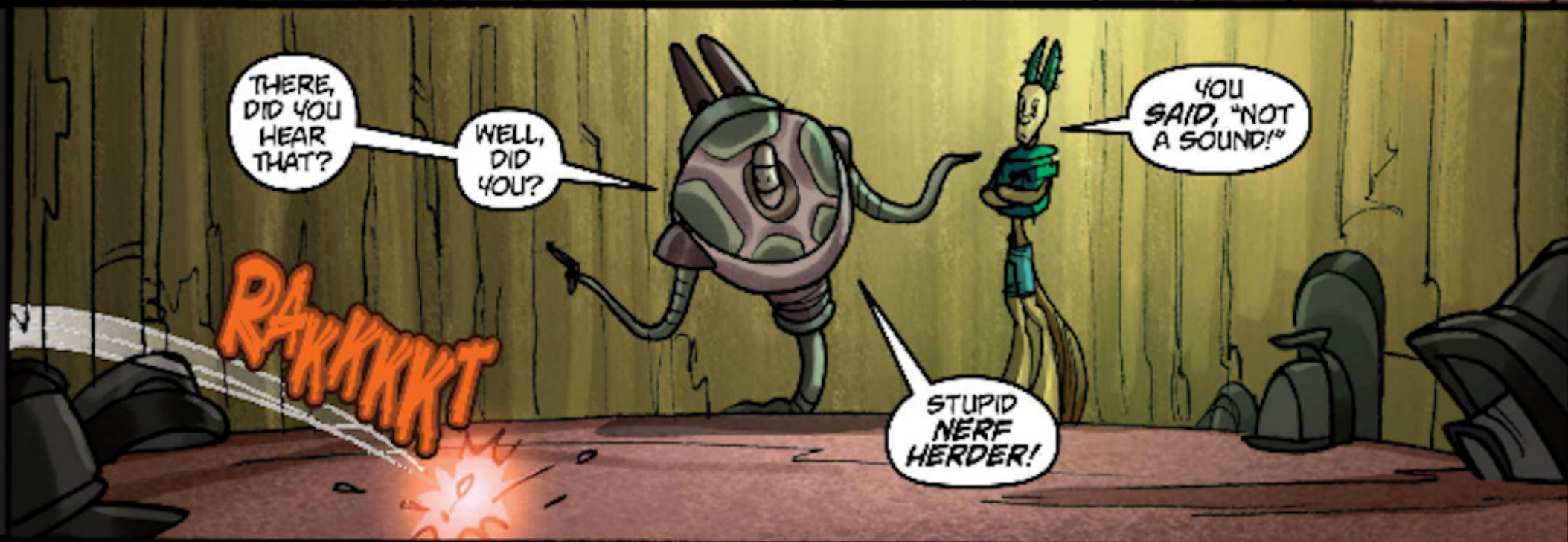
CRRRRUUMMBLE



ONE DOWN,
ANYWAY! AND NO
FURTHER ATTACK
FROM THE OTHER!
EVEN IF I MISSED
HIM...



...I'VE
RECEIVED
A BRIEF
RESPITE!

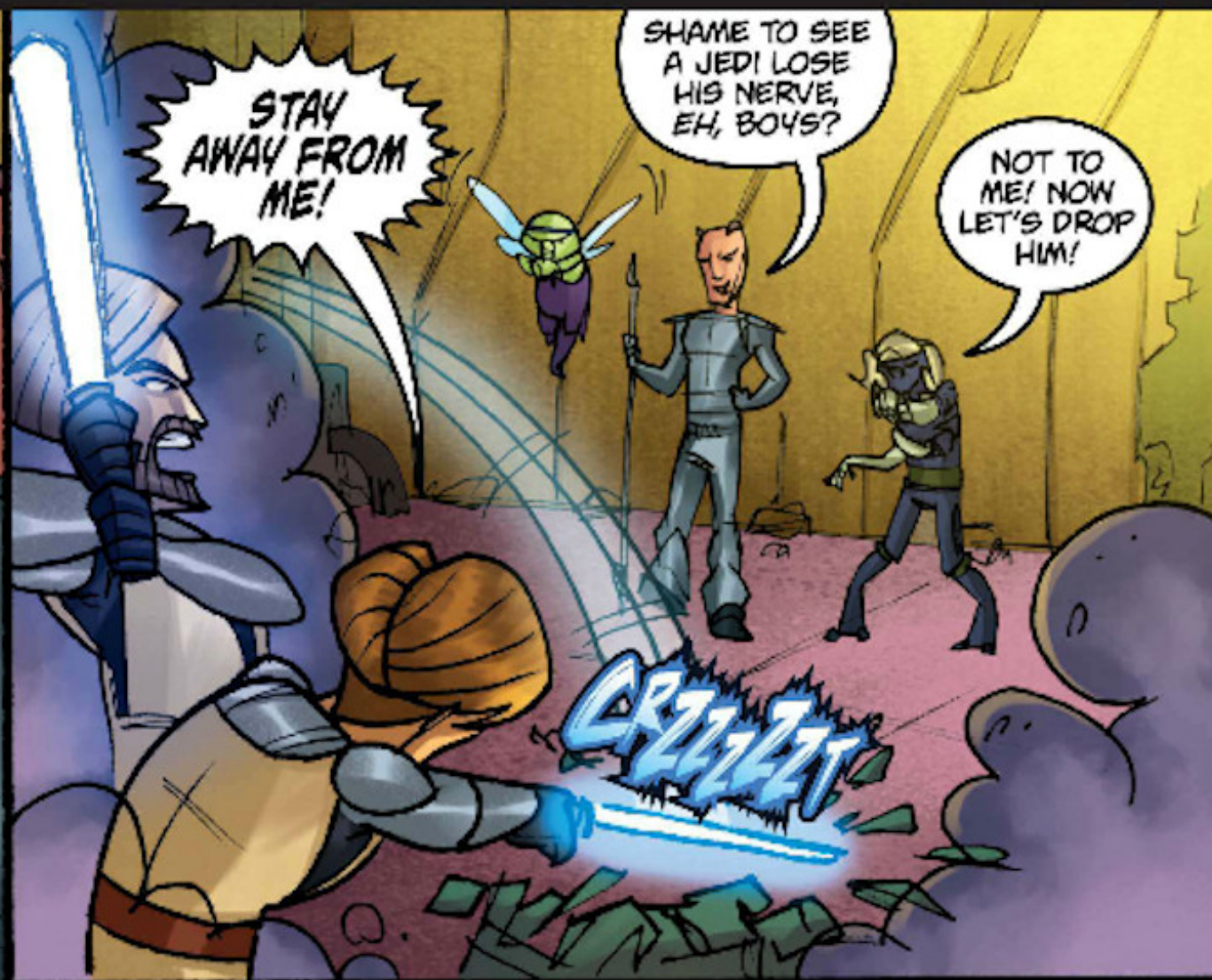






DROP THE LIGHTSABER, JEDI -- AND WE'LL MAKE THIS PAINLESS!

WHAT? NO--!



STAY AWAY FROM ME!

SHAME TO SEE A JEDI LOSE HIS NERVE, EH, BOYS?

NOT TO ME! NOW LET'S DROP HIM!



NOT SO FAST, GENTLEMEN!

WHAT--?!

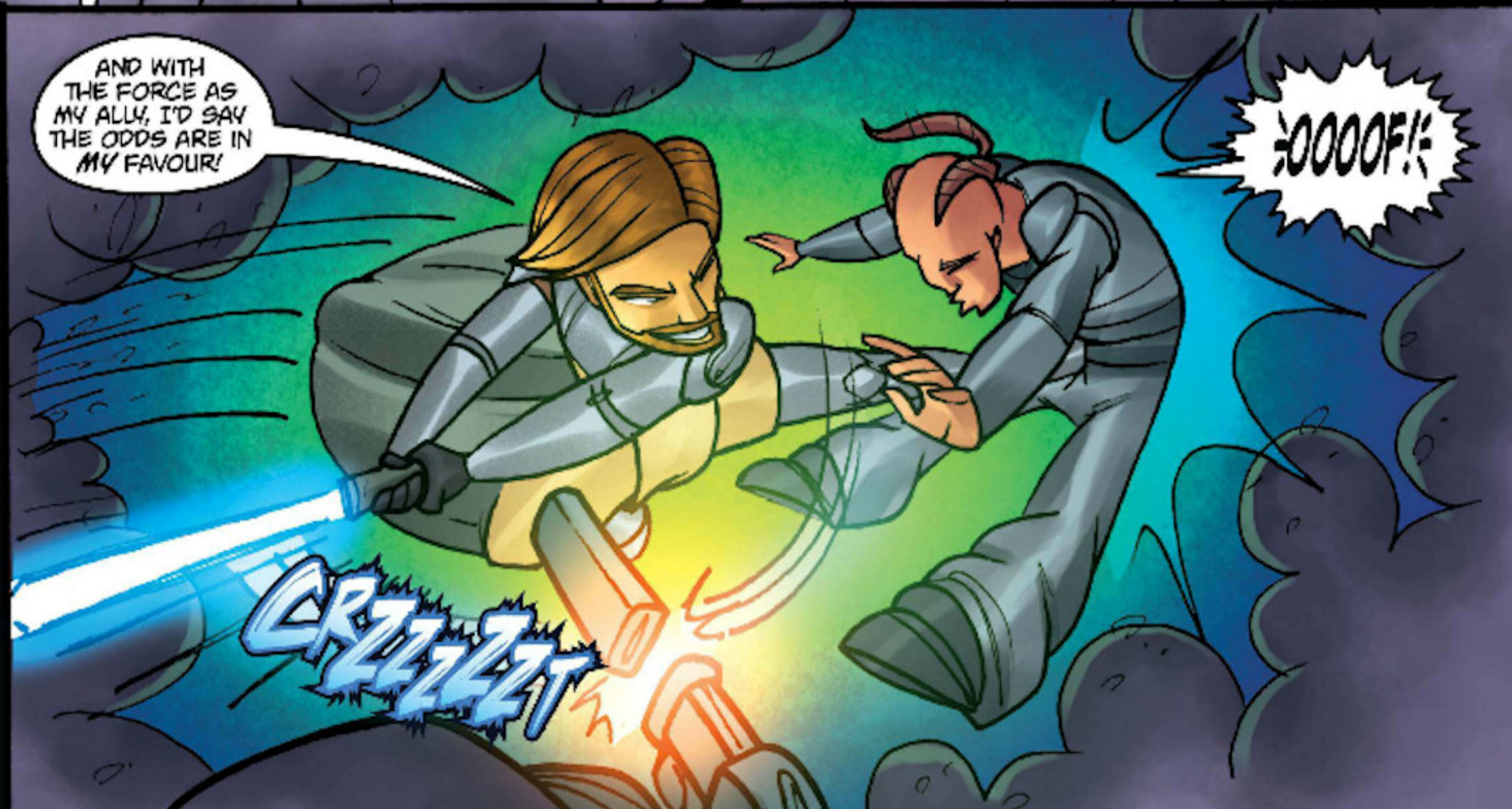
WHOOSH!



THE DUST!

M-MY EYES...!

NOW WE'RE ON A LEVEL PLAYING FIELD!



AND WITH THE FORCE AS MY ALLY, I'D SAY THE ODDS ARE IN MY FAVOUR!

POOOOF!!

CRZZZZT



THAT
SMELL...
OZONE!

TWO
BLASTERS!



TIME TO LET
THEM DO MY
JOB FOR
ME!

FZZZZT

AGGGH!

CRRRRZZZ

YOWWWWW!



DON'T
TRY
IT!

ALL
I NEED
IS ONE
STRIKE!

AND
IF YOU
MISS?



VERY
WISE!

KLAKKK



IF I
HADN'T SEEN
IT, MASTER JEDI,
I WOULDN'T HAVE
BELIEVED IT!

I DIDN'T SEE
IT, COMMANDER...
AND I DO
BELIEVE
IT!

END!



WRITER
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DIGIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

FIRE ION
CANNON!

ROGER,
ROGER!

FIZZZZZ-CHOOOOOM

CRACKLE

OUT

SOMETHING
HIT US!

THE
POWER'S
FAILING, ANAKIN.
AND LOOK AT THE
CELLS — THEY'RE
OPENING! THE
PRISONERS ARE
LOOSE!



THAT BLAST FROZE
THE CONTROLS,
CAPTAIN! WE'RE
DEAD IN
SPACE!

MAN THE
LASERS! GET TO
THE ENGINE ROOM!
WE'RE NOT GIVING
UP TO THOSE
SEPARATIST
DOGS WITHOUT
A FIGHT!



HERE'S WHERE
YOU GET *YOURS*,
REPUBLIC
TOOLS!

GONNA *BUT*
YOU LIKE A
WOMP RAT
ON BOONTA
EVE!

ANAKIN --
WHAT DO WE
DO NOW?

NAME:
BIP BODDIPY
HOMEWORLD:
TATOOINE
CRIMES:
KIDNAPPING;
MURDER

NAME:
RKK HKK SKN
HOMEWORLD:
DURO
CRIMES:
ILLEGAL
HAULAGE
(DATA
SMUGGLING)



HOLD THEM BACK,
AHSOKA -- BUT BE
CAREFUL!

REMEMBER
THAT THESE
PEOPLE HAVE
ALREADY BEEN
TRIED BY THE
REPUBLIC --

NAME:
CLI-ON 87
HOMEWORLD:
MECHIS III
CRIMES:
ASSASSINATION;
OIL MISUSE



"-- WE'RE HERE
AS THEIR JAILERS,
NOT THEIR
EXECUTIONERS!"

QUAD
LASERS ARE ALL
OUT OF JUICE -- WE'RE
DEFENCELESS UNTIL
WE GET THE REACTOR
BACK ONLINE!



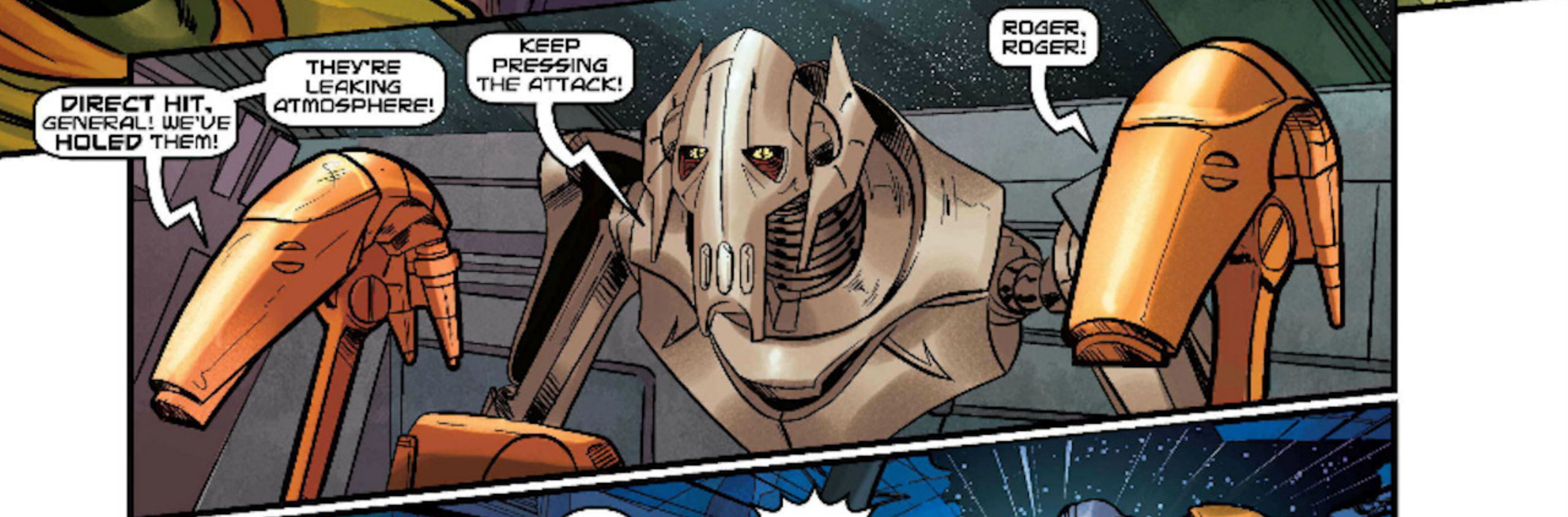


ONCE I'M FINISHED WITH YOU, GIRLIE, THERE AINT GONNA BE ENOUGH LEFT TO MAKE EARRINGS FOR A WAMPA!

TALK COMES CHEAP, GRUESOME, BUT THE SABACC POT'S STILL UP FOR GRABS!

NAME:
CHICORA
HOMEWORLD:
ALDERAAN
CRIMES:
ART
TERRORISM

NAME:
JAC
"BANTHA"
TRAX
HOMEWORLD:
SRILUUR
CRIMES:
ILLEGAL
STREET
RACING;
12 COUNTS
OF MAN-
SLAUGHTER



DIRECT HIT, GENERAL! WE'VE HOLED THEM!

THEY'RE LEAKING ATMOSPHERE!

KEEP PRESSING THE ATTACK!

ROGER, ROGER!



WHAT TH--?

NO!

BOOOOM!

WOOOOSH!



BLAST
DOORS CLOSING
TO SEAL THE
BREACH...

...BUT
THE SHIP
CAN'T TAKE
MUCH MORE
OF THIS, CAN
IT?

PROBABLY
NOT!
CAPTAIN?

THE CREW'S
GONE -- AND WITH
THOSE DOORS
CLOSED, WE
CAN'T ACCESS
THE REACTOR!

WHICH MEANS
GENERAL GRIEVOUS
CAN PICK US OFF
AT HIS LEISURE!

WE'RE AS
GOOD AS
DEAD!

WHAT
ARE YOU
THINKING,
SKYGLUY?

NAME:
BAJ TAKOON
HOMeworld:
DEVARON
CRIMES:
ASSAULT;
MURDER

NAME:
RUKURRUKA
HOMeworld:
KASHYYYK
CRIMES:
AGGRAVATED
ASSAULT;
ROBBERY;
MURDER

EXTINGUISH
YOUR LIGHTSABER,
SNIPS -- IT CAN'T
HELP US
NOW.

NAME:
VALON
DRASS
HOMeworld:
CORELLIA
CRIMES:
SIXTEEN
COUNTS OF
MURDER

YOU HEARD WHAT
THE CAPTAIN SAID,
PEOPLE -- WE'RE
SITTING TARGETS
UNLESS WE GET
THOSE ENGINES
RUNNING
AGAIN...

...AND MY
PADAWAN AND I
CAN'T DO THAT
ALONE.

IF YOU
WANT TO GO
ON FIGHTING US,
THEN WE'LL ALL
DIE OUT HERE.

OR YOU
CAN HELP
US GET
THIS SHIP
REPAIRED.

WHAT?! SO YOU CAN
TRANSPORT US
STRAIGHT TO
PRISON?

YES, SO I CAN
TRANSPORT YOU
STRAIGHT TO
PRISON...

...ALIVE.

NAME:
NAIRH WANFF
HOMeworld:
UNKNOWN
CRIMES:
ASSAULT WITH A
DEADLY WEAPON;
MURDER

NAME:
SEDRUNDR
HOMeworld:
MALASTARE
CRIMES:
SABOTAGE

NAME:
FOJ NOMAG
HOMeworld:
ITHOR
CRIMES:
BOMB-MAKING;
MURDER (73
COUNTS)

ALIVE'S BETTER'N DEAD, NO QUESTION!

EASY ODDS. NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY IT, BUT I'M WITH THE JEDI! WHO'S WITH ME?

COUNT ME IN. WHAT CHOICE DO WE HAVE?!

NAME: XIBERT R'AAN
HOMEWORLD: CLAK'DOR
CRIMES: DEATH STICK DISTRIBUTION

NAME: MELL BLANK
HOMEWORLD: SULLUST
CRIMES: IMPERSONATION, EXTORTION

CAN YOU HANDLE A GUN?

NAME: ROM NILES
HOMEWORLD: TATODINE
CRIMES: INCIDENT TO MURDER, MURDER

I KILLED FIFTEEN REPUBLIC TROOPERS WITH ONE OF THESE THINGS ONCE...

...AN A SCHOOL TRANSPORT THAT GOT IN THE WAY.

ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THIS, MASTER?

NAME: HEFF ARCON
HOMEWORLD: MON CALA
CRIMES: TERRORISM, MURDER

RIGHT NOW, IT'S THE ONLY OPTION WE HAVE, SOMETIMES...

"...THE FORCE MAKES FOR STRANGE ALLIES."

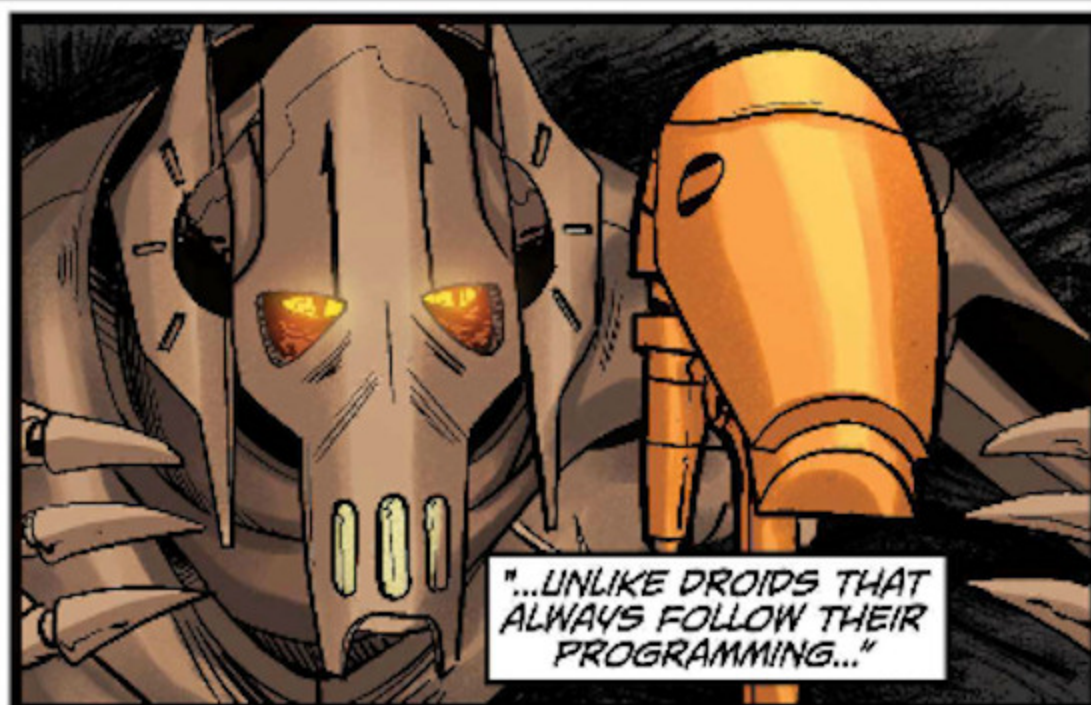
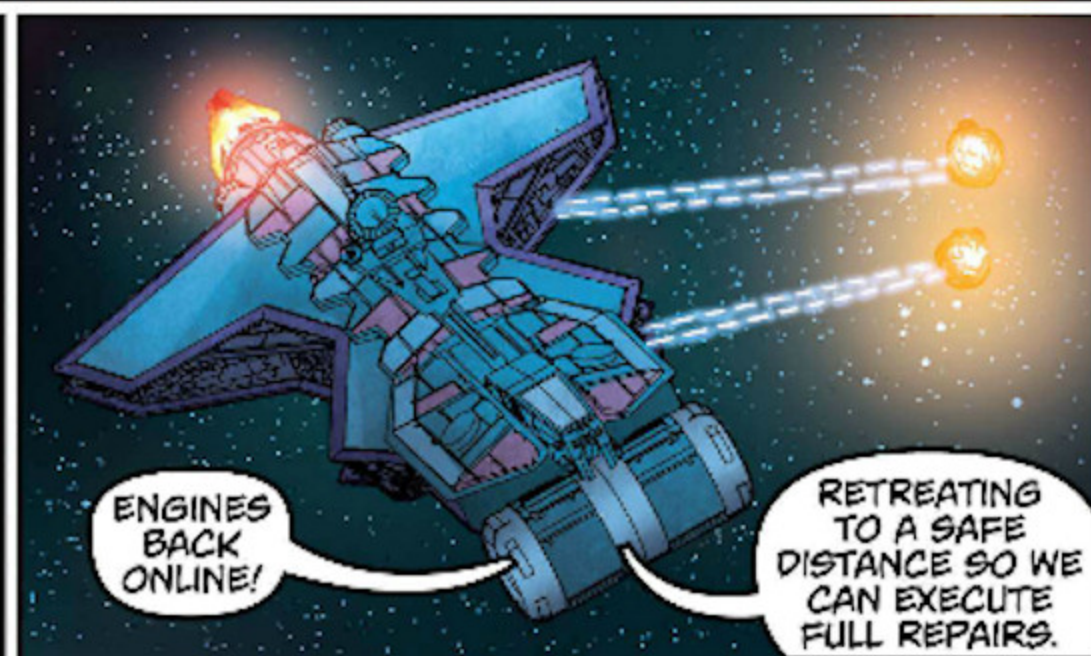
I ONCE REWIRED A SCOUT SHIP SO THAT THE RETRO-ROCKETS TOOK OUT A ROOMFUL O' SENATORS. THIS WON'T BE A PROBLEM, SWEETIE!

JUST KEEP WORKING!

THAT SHOULD DO IT. SKYGUY --

"--YOUR GUNS ARE LIVE!"

WE'RE ALL CLEAR, GUYS --



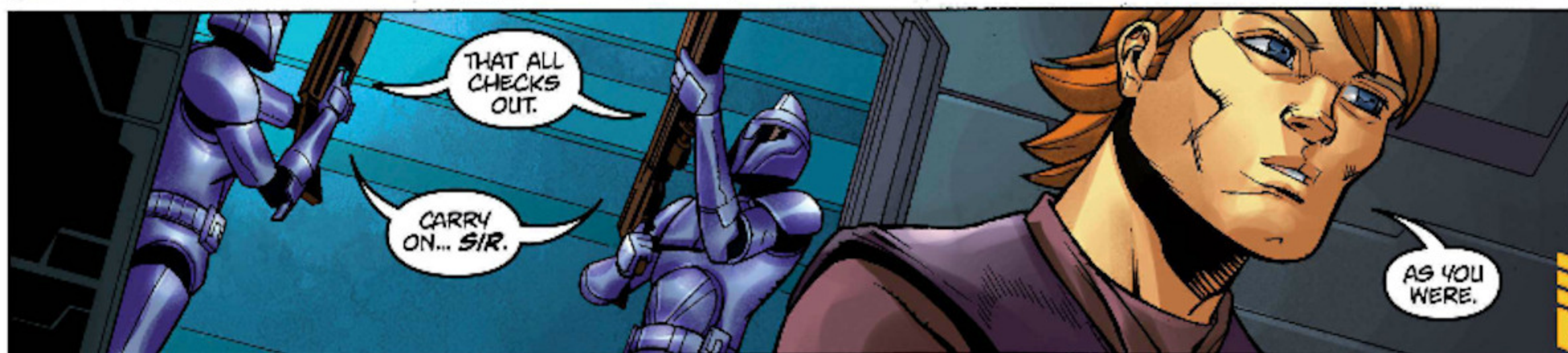
A CRUCIAL MEETING OF THE GALACTIC SENATE DRAWS DIGNITARIES FROM ALL OVER THE REPUBLIC... AS WELL AS THOSE WHO WOULD DESTROY THEM.

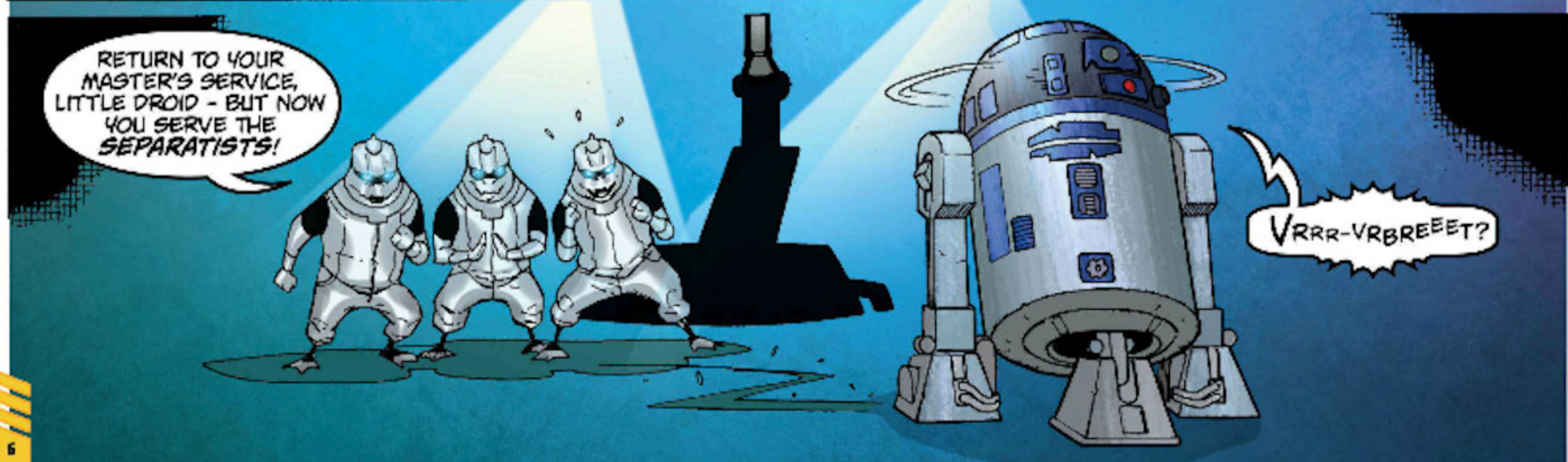
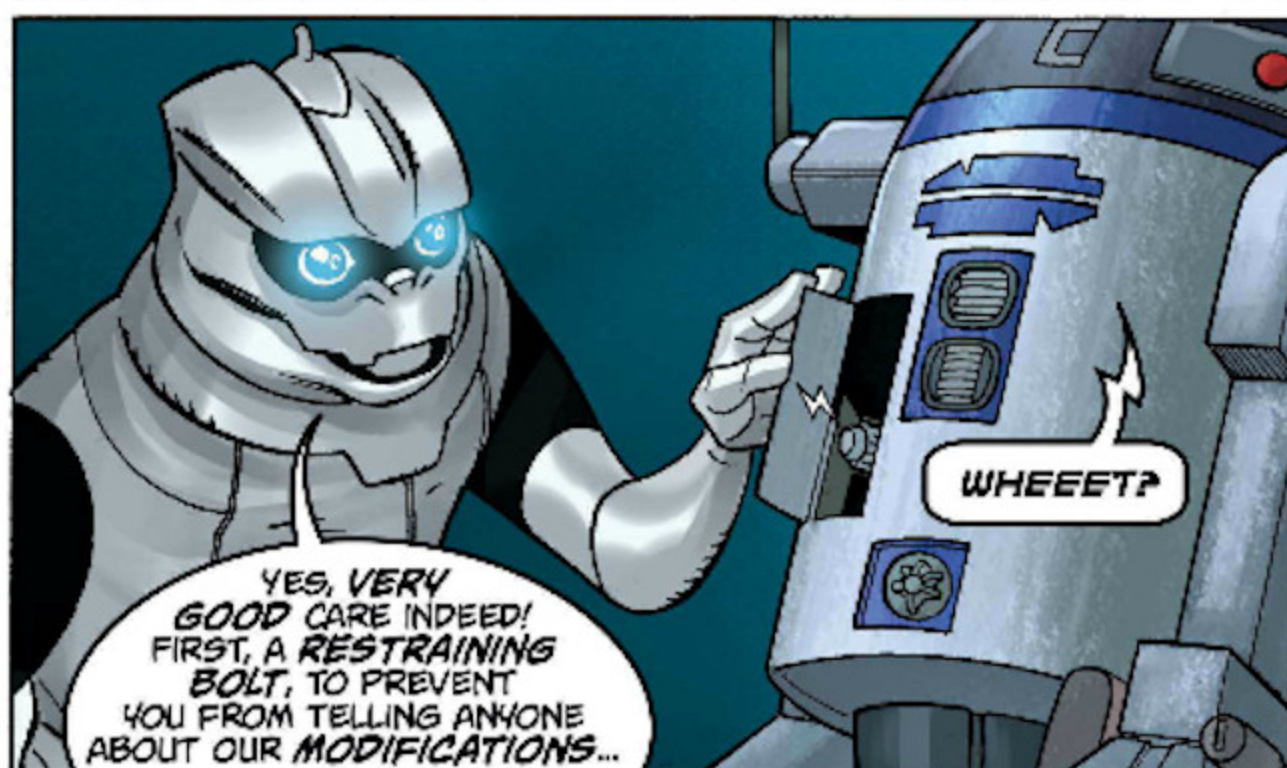
LOOK AT ALL THIS **SECURITY**! THE SENATE ISN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES!

AFTER THE ATTACK BY GENERAL GRIEVOUS' INFILTRATION DROIDS, CAN YOU BLAME THEM?

DEADLY DROID

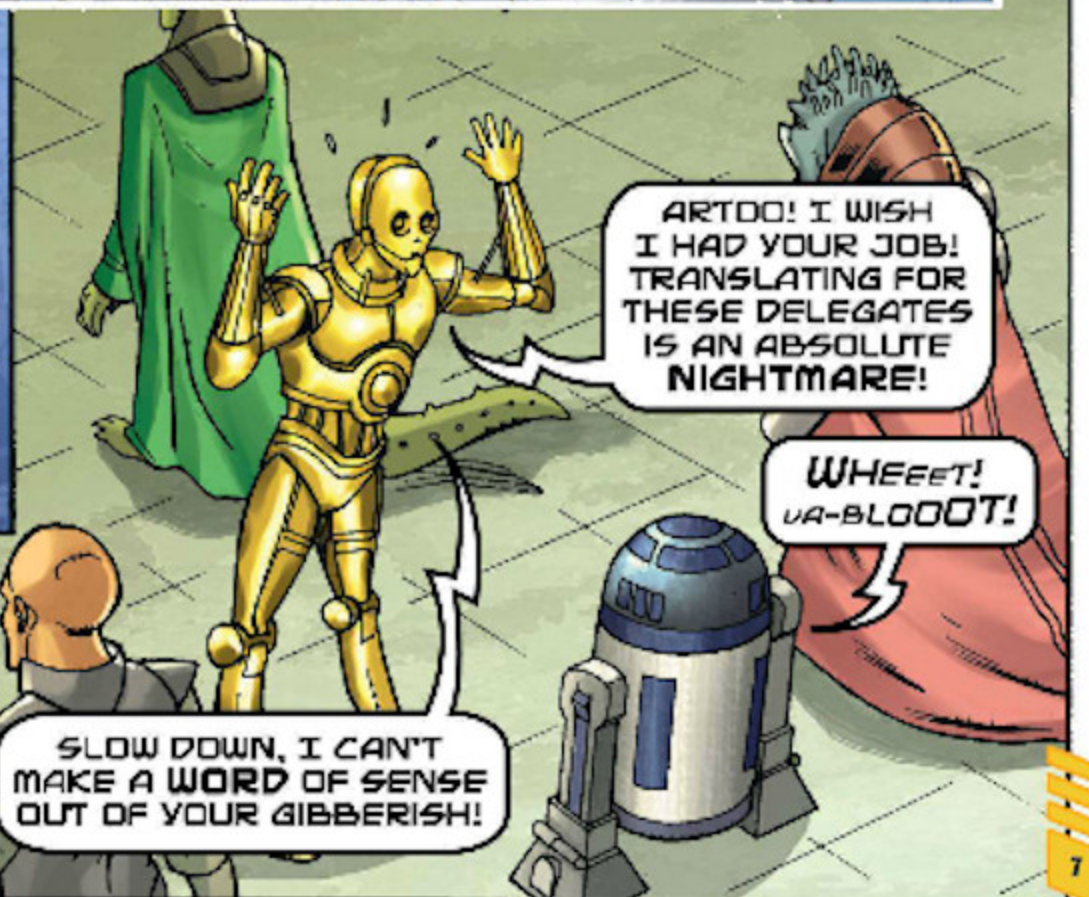
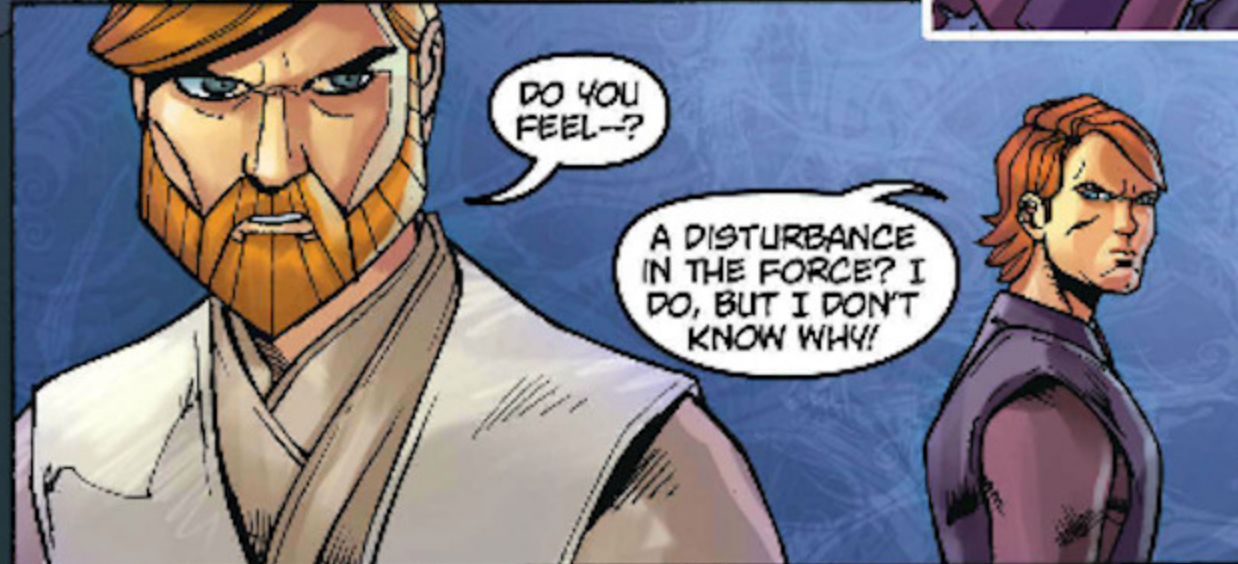
WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
MARK
MCKENZIE-RAY

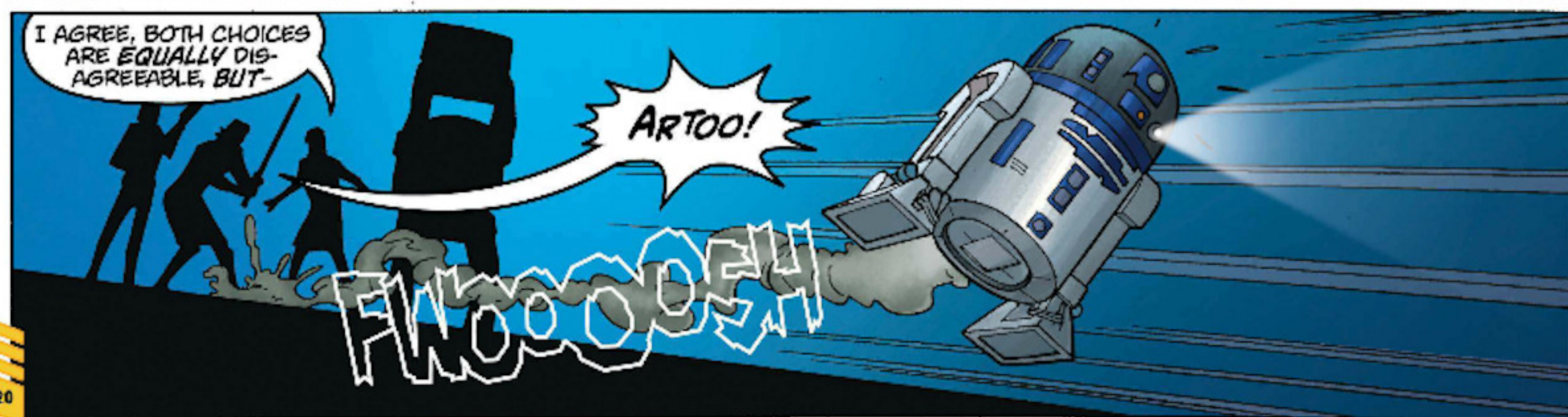


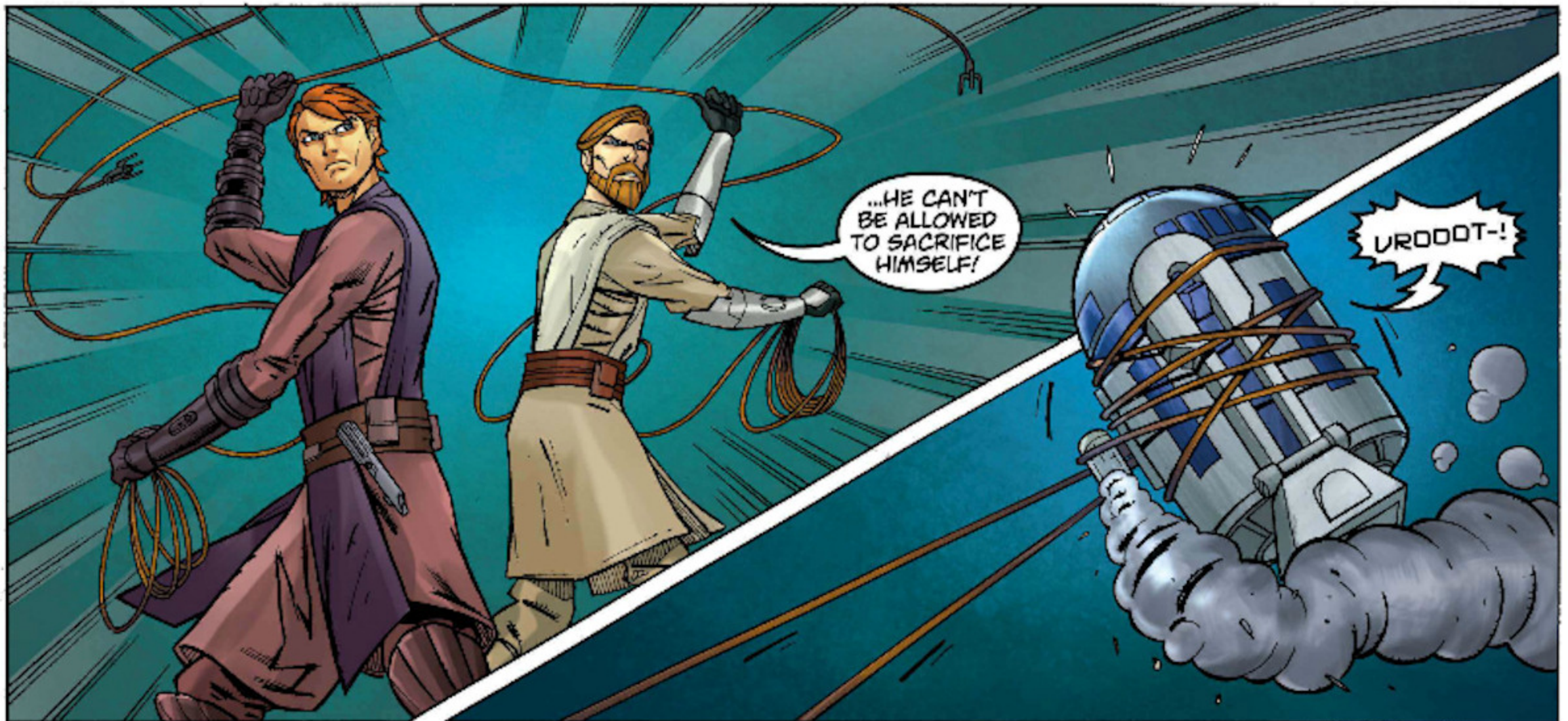
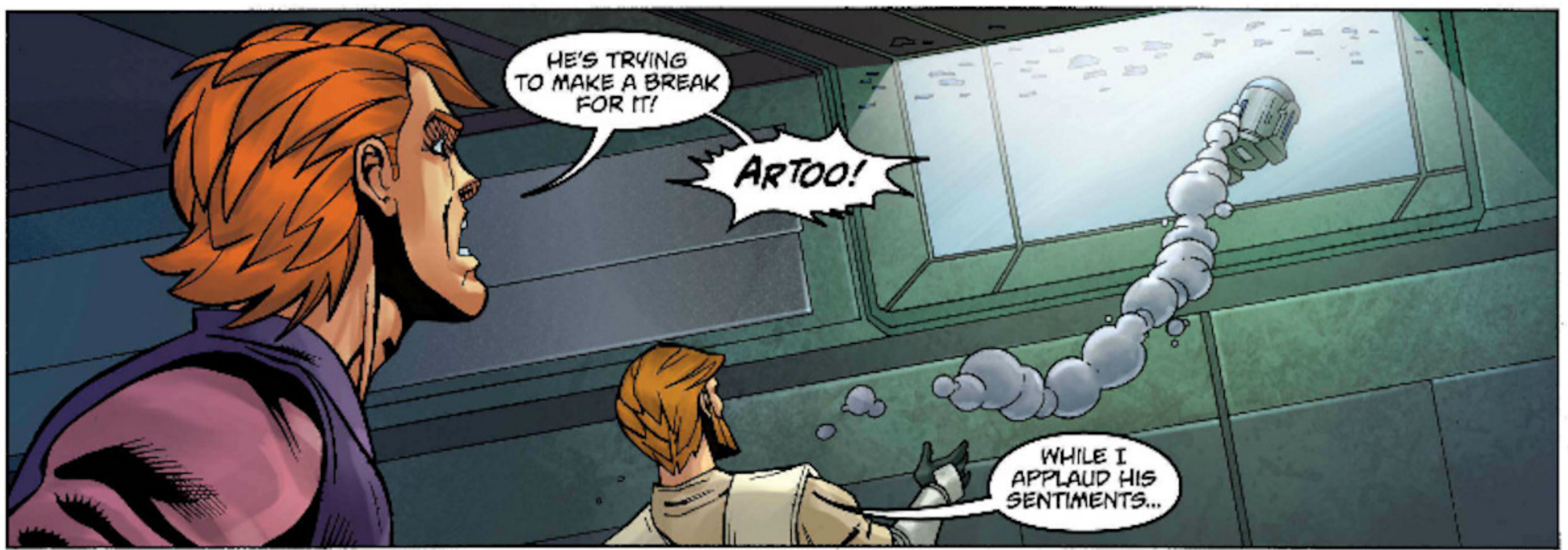


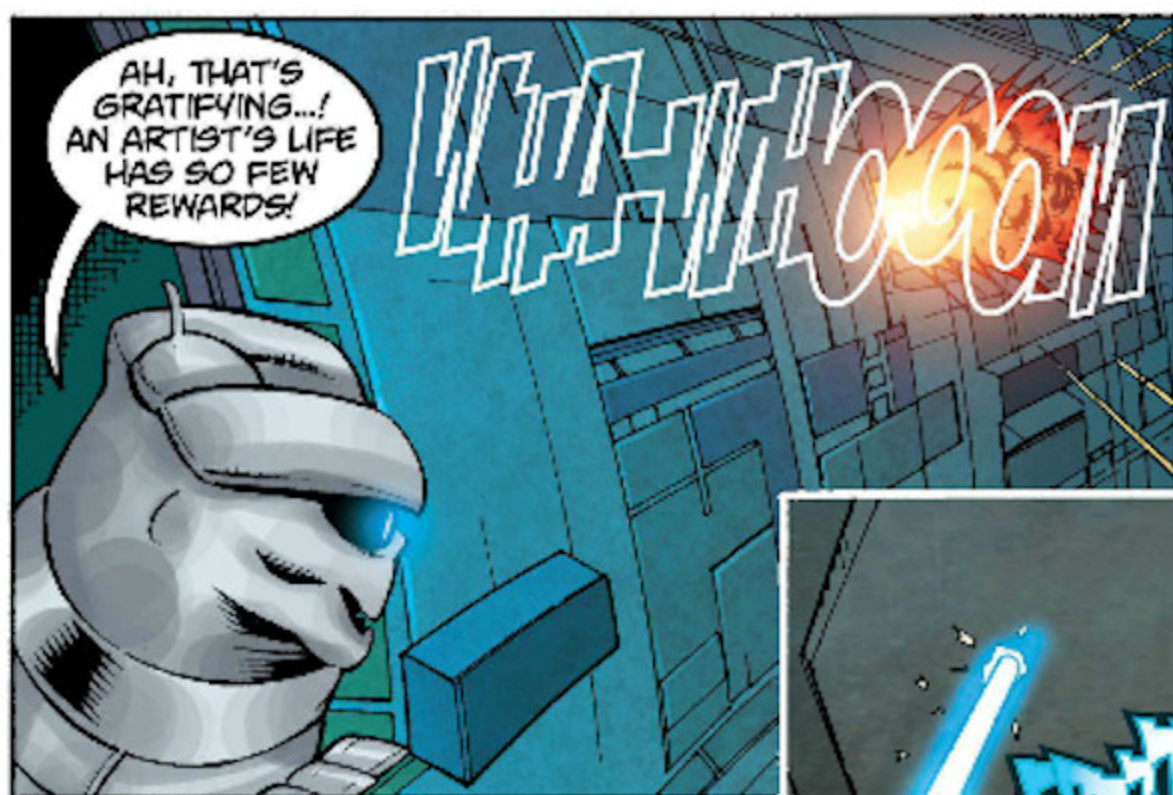


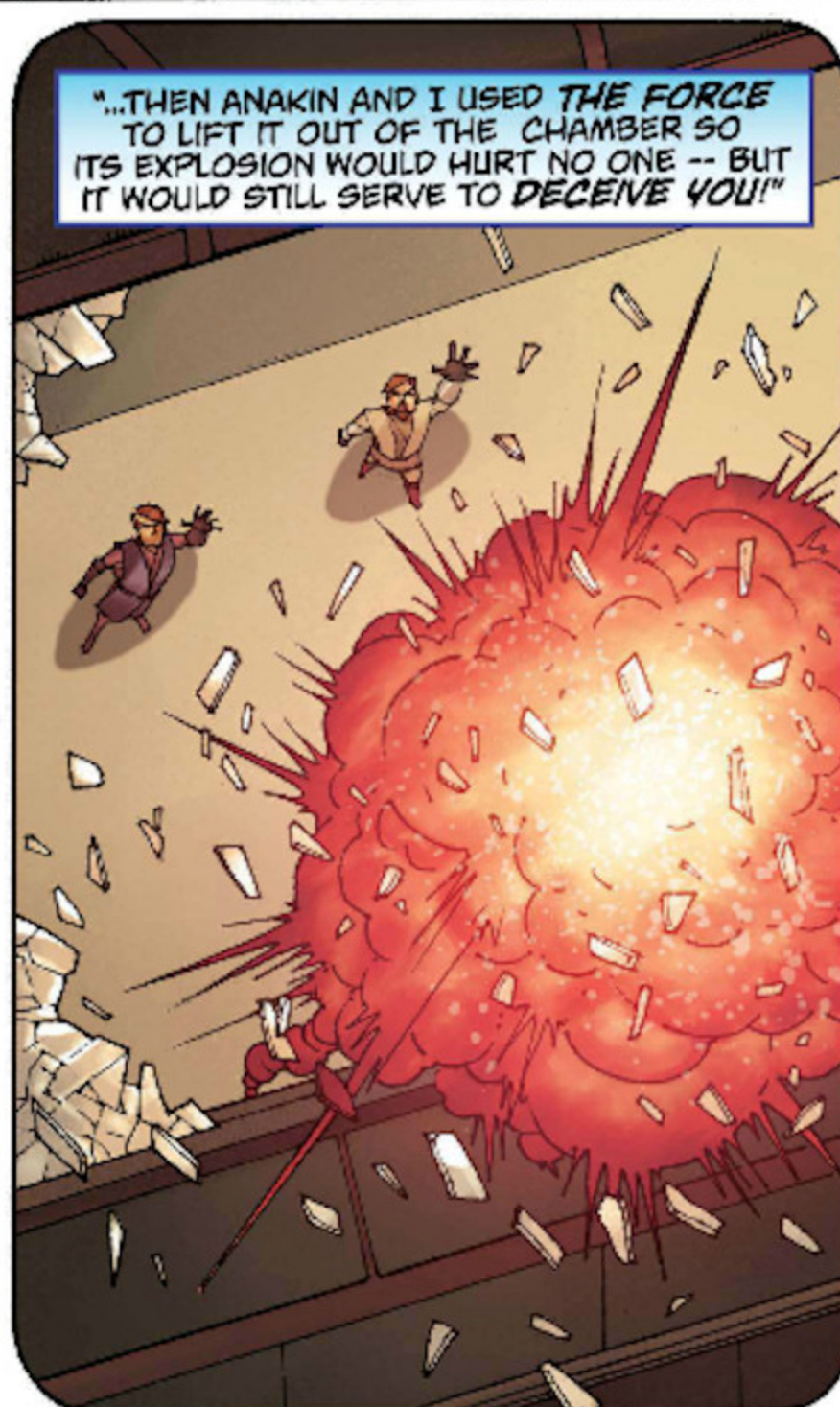
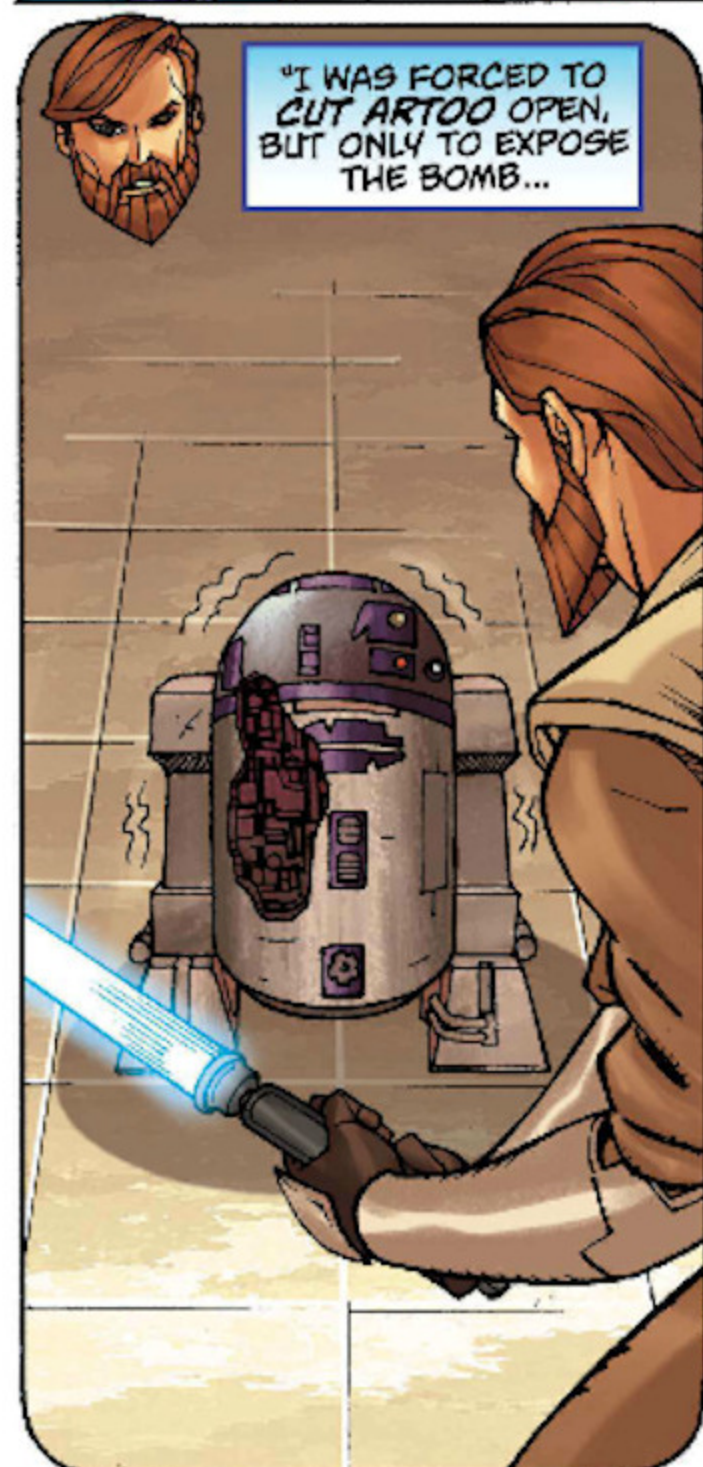
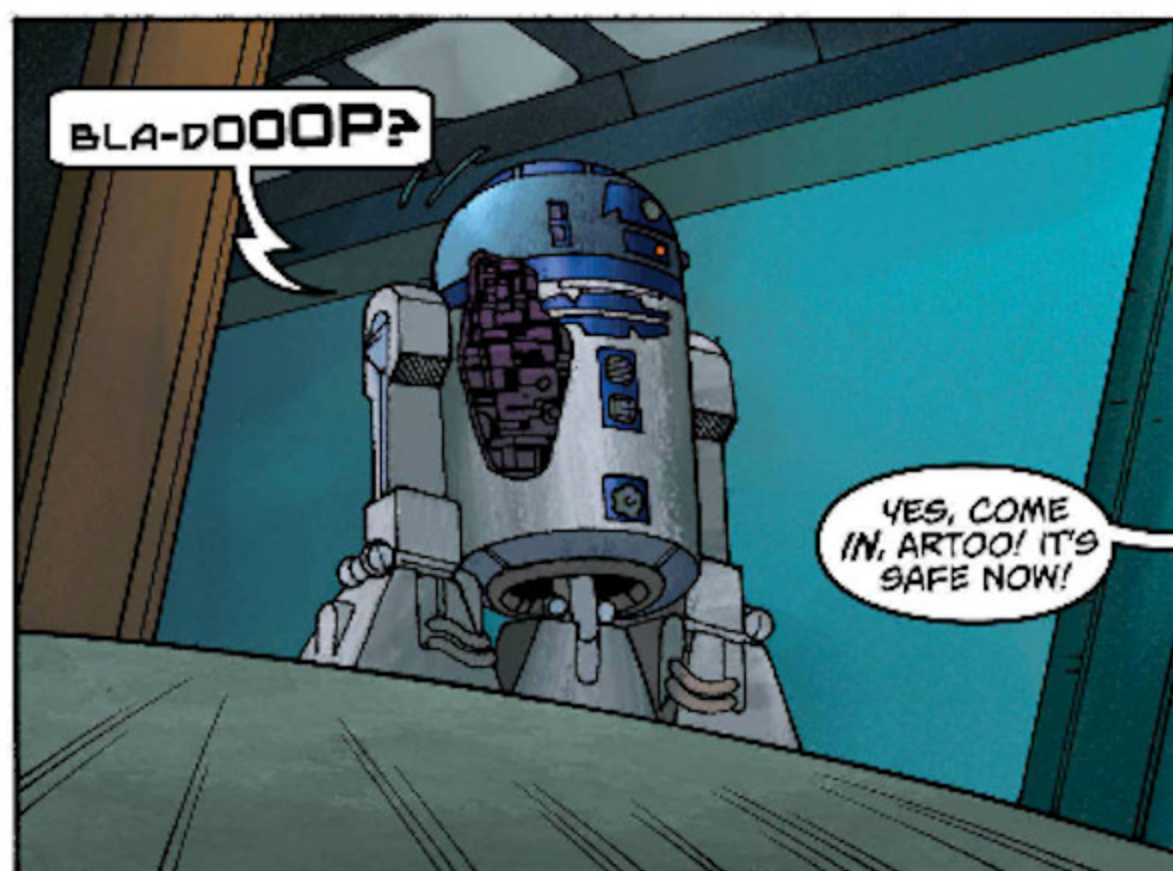
AND NOW, OUR MOST VALIANT LEADERS IN THE FIGHT AGAINST THE SEPARATISTS... CHANCELLOR PALPATINE AND JEDI MASTER YODA.












END!



THE MOON OF GYNDINE,
DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO
SHIPYARDS CRITICAL TO THE
REPUBLIC'S WAR EFFORT...



THAT'S AN
UNDERSTATEMENT!



"SQUADS OF BATTLE
DROIDS ARE PICKING
MY MEN OFF WITH
ALARMING EASE!"



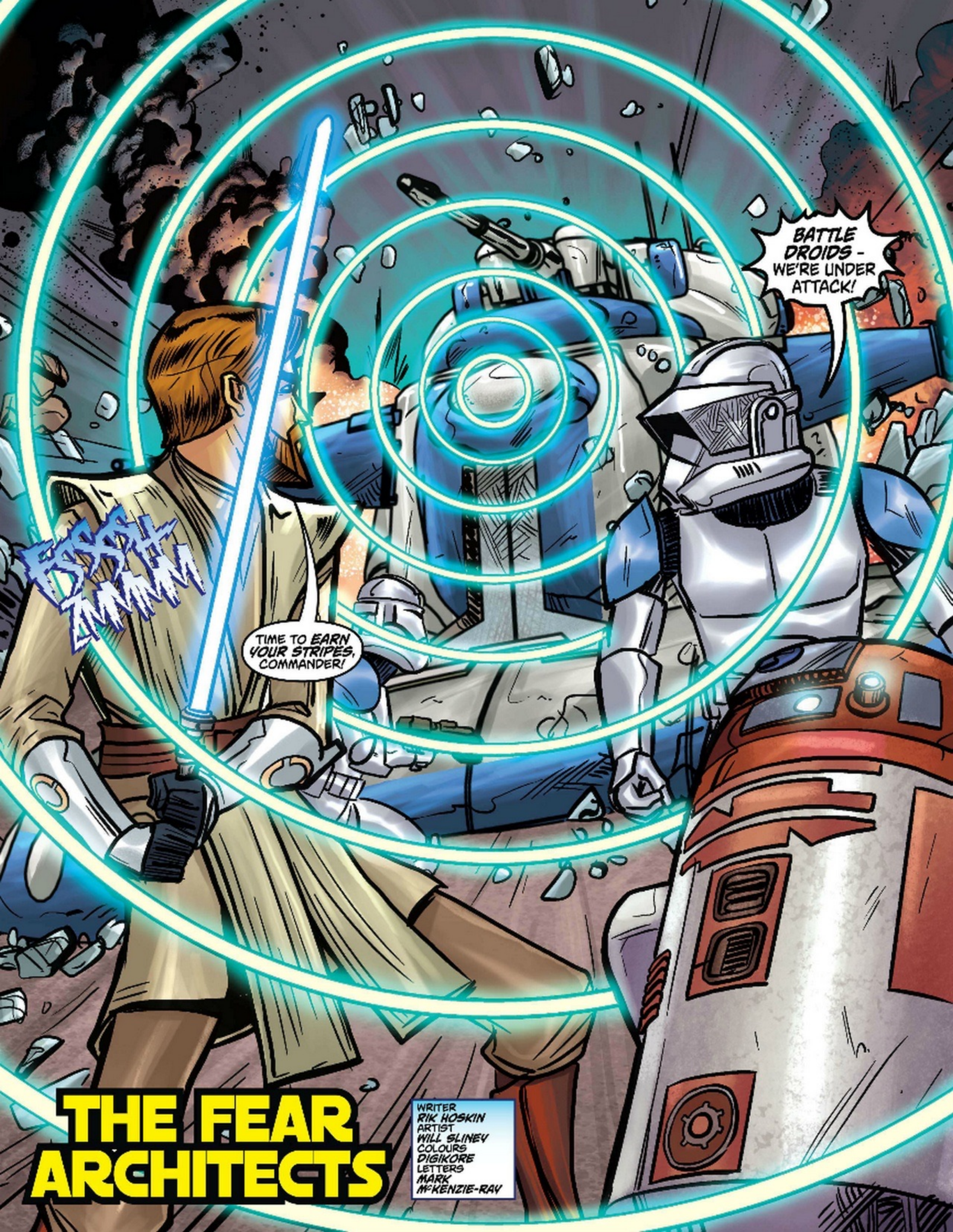
"SURVIVORS REPORT THAT OUR TROOPS
ARE FREQUENTLY GIVING UP BEFORE A
SHOT IS EVEN FIRED. IT'S AS IF THEY'RE
TOO TERRIFIED TO FIGHT BACK!"



FEAR
CAN BE A
DEADLY WEAPON,
COMMANDER!
WE'LL...

CRASH!

WHAT WAS
THAT-?!

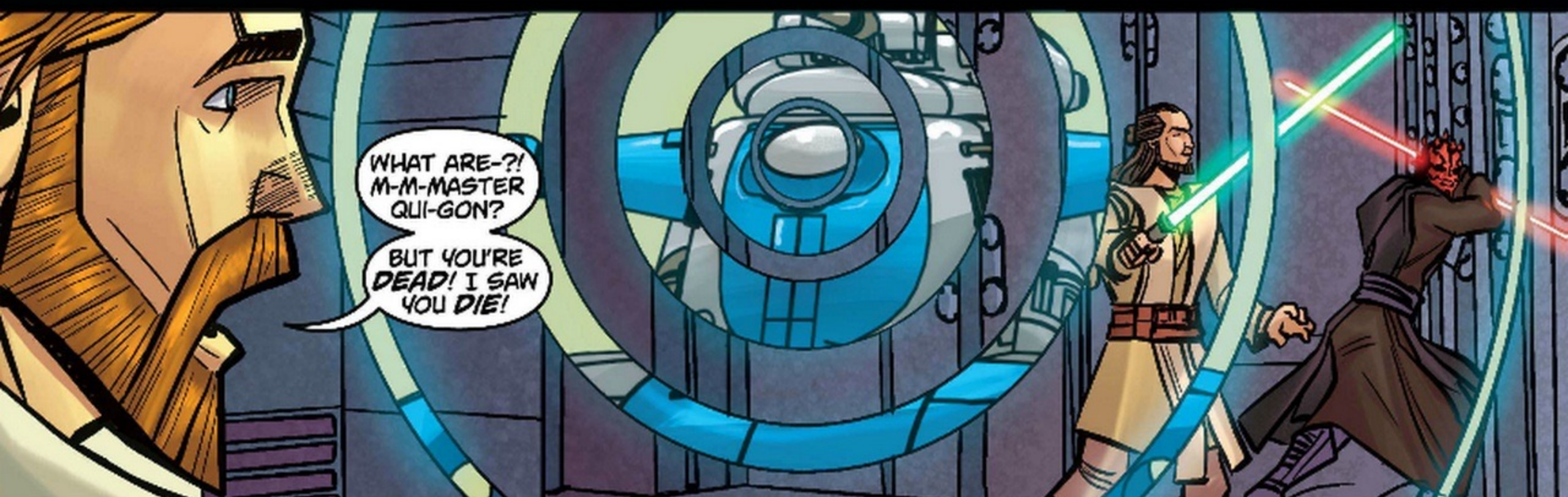


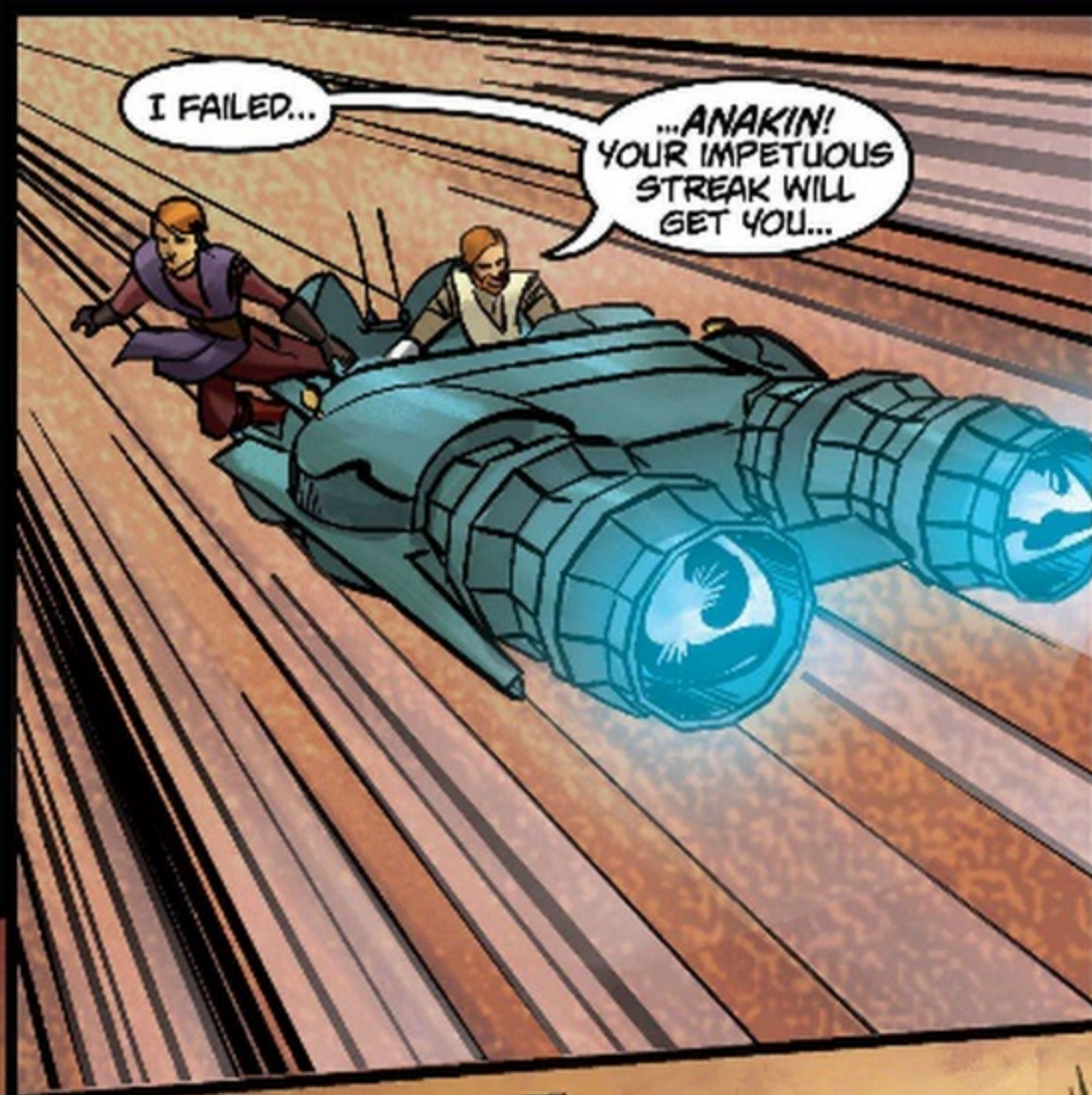
BATTLE
DROIDS -
WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK!

TIME TO EARN
YOUR STRIPES,
COMMANDER!

THE FEAR ARCHITECTS

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
WILL SLINEY
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
MARK
MCKENZIE-RAY



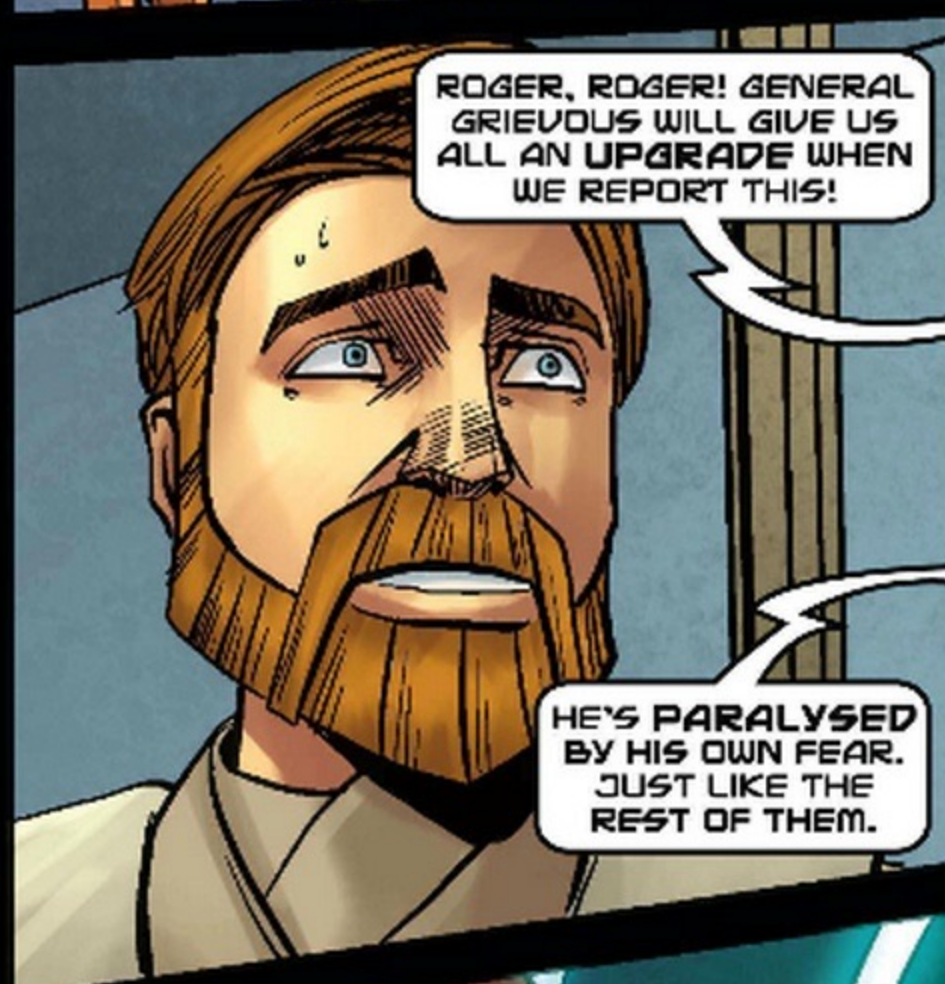




LOOK! WE'VE CAPTURED A JEDI KNIGHT! WHAT A PRIZE!

HE'S NO LONGER A THREAT. PLACE THE JEDI KNIGHT WITH THE OTHER PRISONERS.

...EVERYONE!



ROGER, ROGER! GENERAL GRIEVOUS WILL GIVE US ALL AN UPGRADE WHEN WE REPORT THIS!

HE'S PARALYSED BY HIS OWN FEAR. JUST LIKE THE REST OF THEM.



BUT I WONDER...



...WHAT THE JEDI IS SEEING?

MASTER YODA...? THE JEDI COUNCIL...?



NO, THIS CANNOT BE! THEY CANNOT HAVE FALLEN TO THE DARK SIDE!

EVIL CAN
BE DENIED!
FEAR CAN BE
CONQUERED!

WHAT?! THE
JEDI IS
ATTACKING!

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE!
NO HUMAN LIFE FORM
CAN OVERCOME THE
WEAPON. STOP HIM!

STOP HIM!

IF THAT'S
REALLY YOU, MASTER
FISTO, THEN I'M
TRULY SORRY...

...BUT
I SUSPECT
I'M BEING TOYED
WITH BY A FORCE
I HAVE YET TO
COMPREHEND!

SITHSPAWN!
WHAT IS THAT?!

IT LOOKS
ALIVE...AND
YET...



...I GET NO SENSE OF LIFE EMANATING FROM IT THROUGH THE FORCE. IT CANNOT DIE-



- BUT IT CAN BE DESTROYED!

SZZZKKKKKK



WHAT THE-? WHERE ARE WE? HOW DID WE GET HERE?

ALL SOME KIND OF TRICK, PLAYING OUT IN MY HEAD AND IT SEEMS IT WAS AFFECTING THE OTHERS TOO.

BUT HOW?



ARFOUR, LET'S TAKE A LOOK, SHALL WE?

PA-FWEET!

NOW, THAT LOOKS NEW, DOESN'T IT, MY LITTLE FRIEND?



WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

FWEE-BEEP-BOOP-BA-BEEP!

REALLY? THEY MOUNTED AN ULTRASONIC DISRUPTOR IN THE TANK? CLEVER...

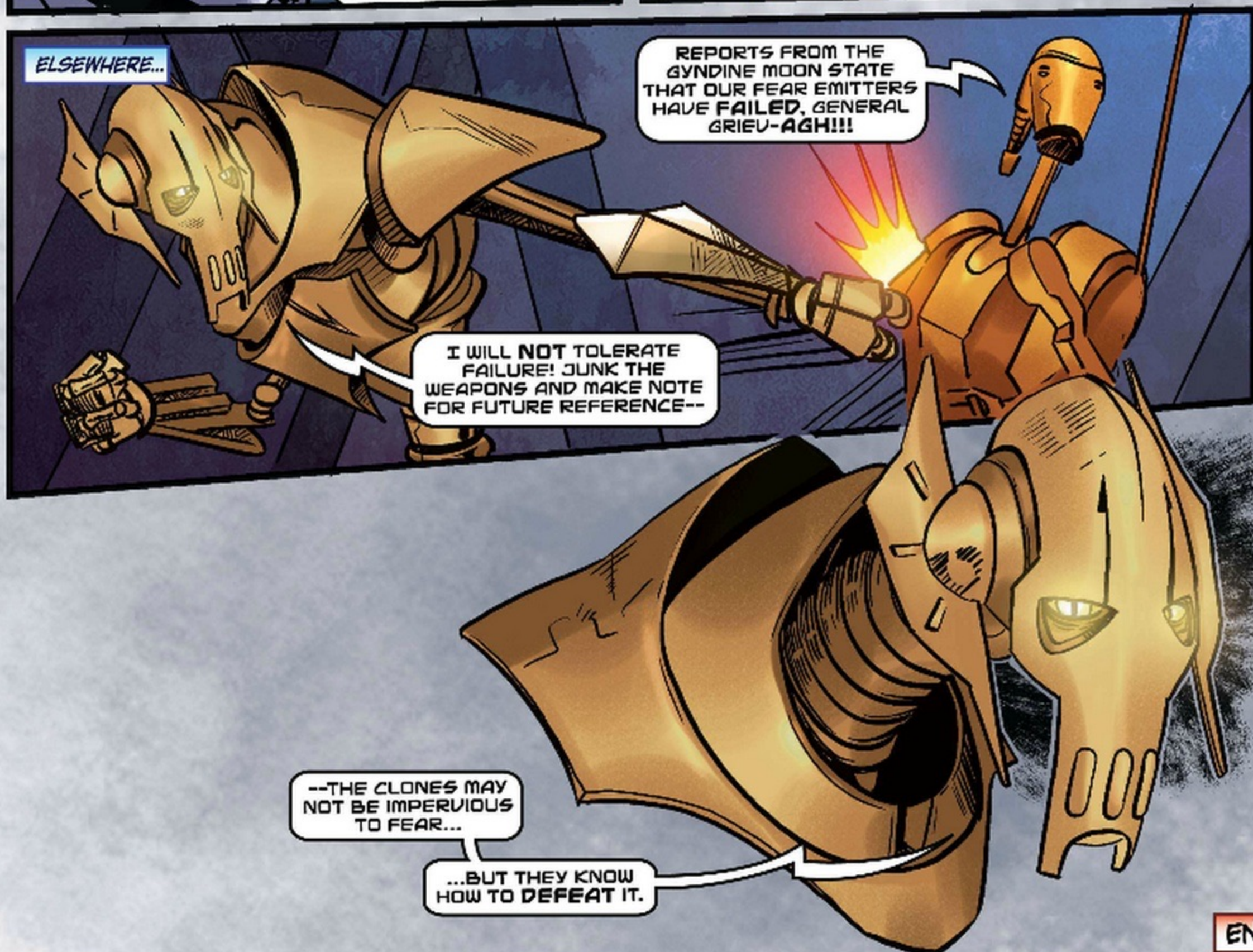
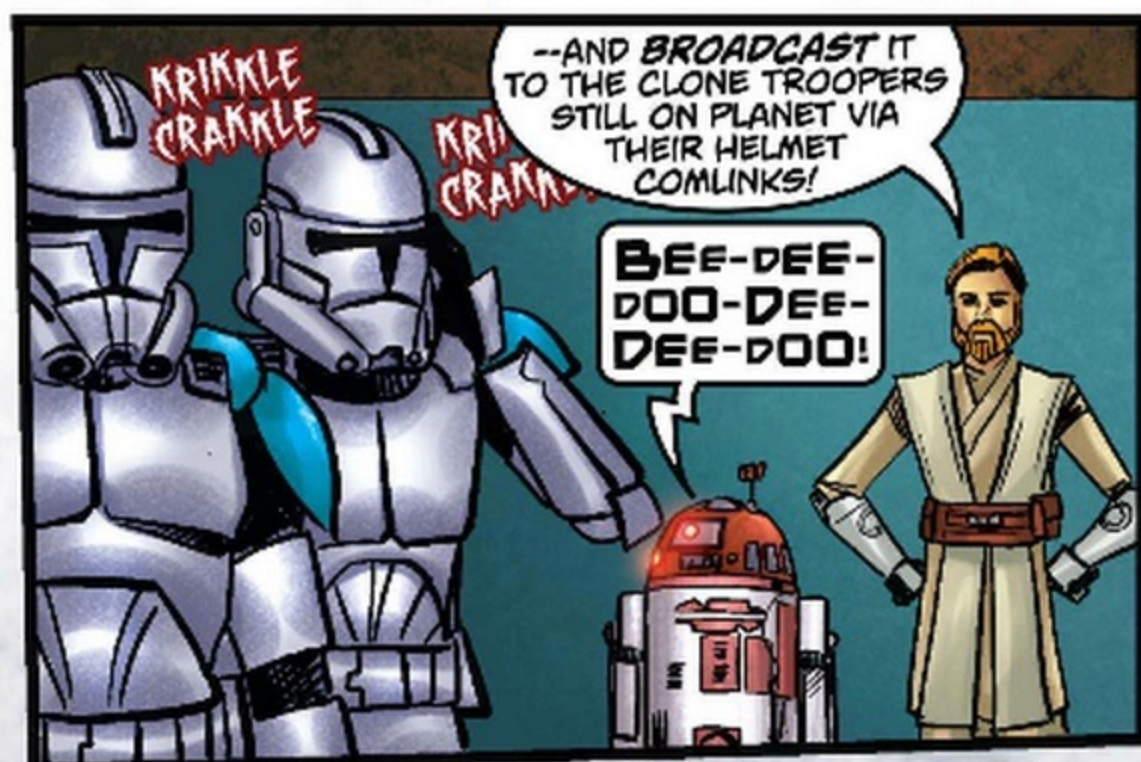
ITS HIGH-PITCHED BROADCAST WAS TOO HIGH FOR US TO HEAR BUT TRIGGERED OUR MOST BASIC INSTINCTS...



...LEAVING US TERRIFIED!

ARFOUR,
SET UP A COUNTER-
WAVE FREQUENCY THAT
BLOCKS THE
ORIGINAL--

FA-WHEEEP!



THE INTERGALACTIC WAR BETWEEN THE REPUBLIC AND THE SEPARATISTS HAS AS MANY SUPPORTERS AS IT DOES DETRACTORS.

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
MARK MCKENZIE-RAV

ON THE OUTER RIM AGRI-PLANET OF BIITU, THE RESOURCEFUL POPULATION HAS FOUND A WAY TO TURN THE ENDLESS TOIL OF BATTLE INTO COLD, HARD PROFIT.

A SMALL SCRAPPY WAR!

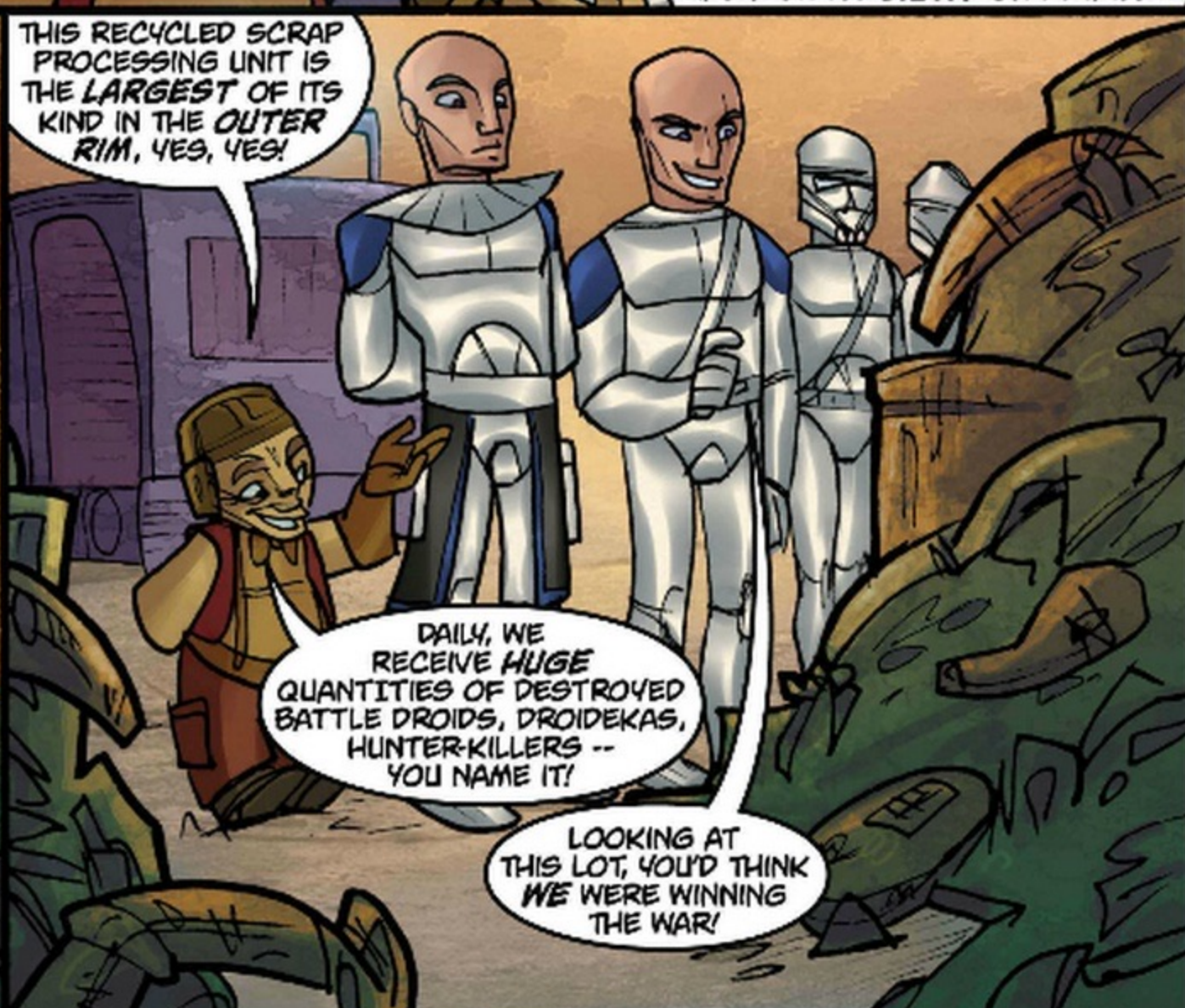
PROFITEERS...
I HATE THESE
GUYS ALMOST AS
MUCH AS I HATE
CLANKERS!

LEAVE THAT
ATTITUDE ON THE LAAT*,
CORIC. THE BIITUANS
AREN'T RUNNING SOME
TATOOINE-STYLE BLACK-
MARKET. THEY'RE
COMMISSIONED BY
THE SENATE.

WE'RE HERE
TO REVIEW SECURITY,
NOT TO PASS
JUDGEMENT.

WHATEVER YOU
SAY, CAPTAIN. ALL I KNOW
IS THAT THE BREAD-AND-
BUTTER BUSINESS OF THIS
PLANET CAUSED THE DEATH OF
PLENTY OF CLONES, PLENTY
OF TORRENT COMPANY
BOYS... PLENTY OF
FRIENDS...

*LOW ALTITUDE
ASSAULT
TRANSPORT.





TRUE, TRUE!

NOW, THE FIRST STEP IS TO REMOVE ANY PARTICULARLY USEFUL OR HARMFUL COMPONENTS...

...THEN WE MELT THEM DOWN...

...AND FINALLY, SELL THE RAW MATERIALS TO THE SENATE! **SEPARATIST STOUGE TO REPUBLIC RESOURCE** IN MERE DAYS! PRETTY NEAT, YES, YES?

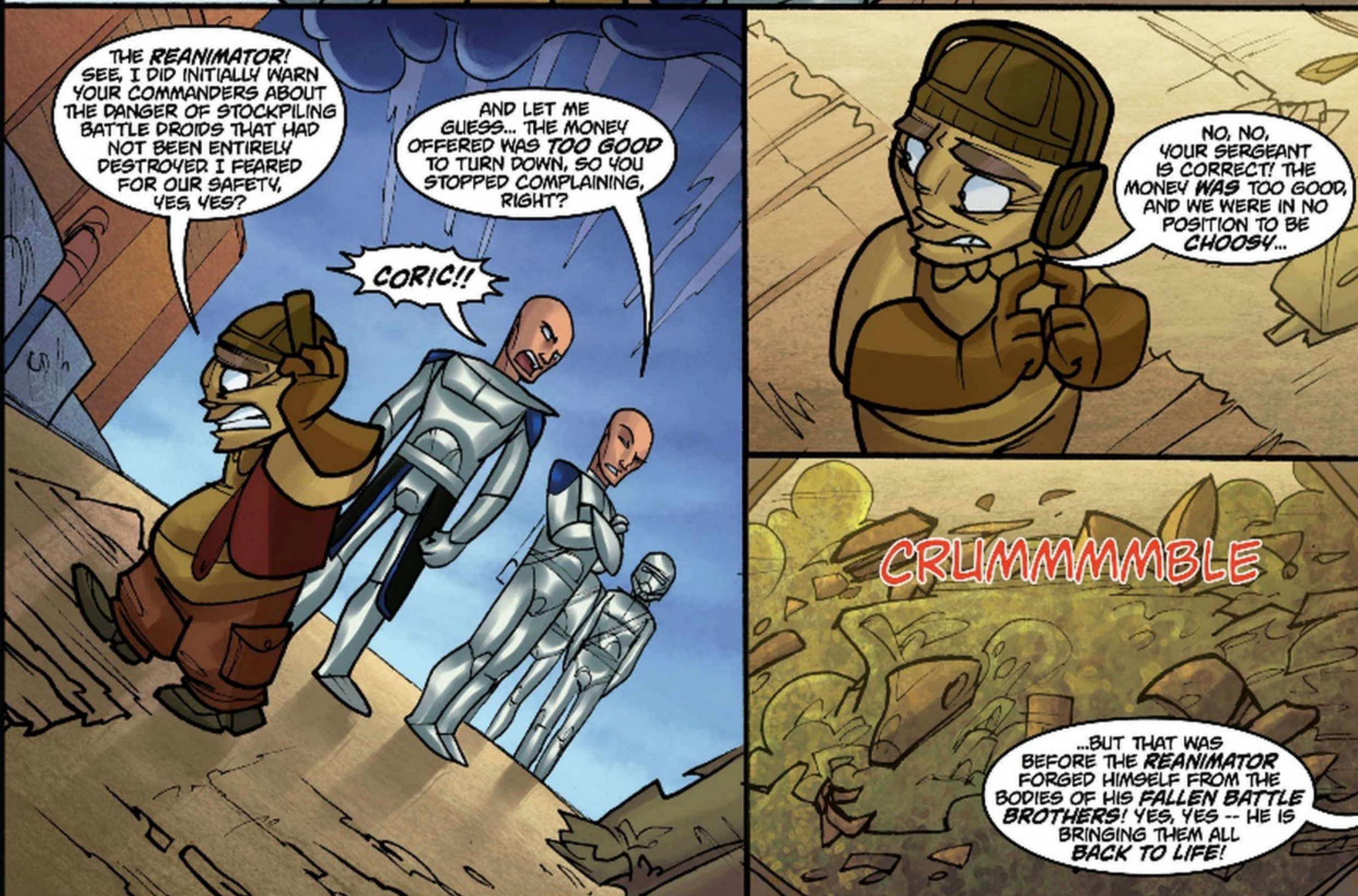


YES, YES... NO. I MEAN JUST YES! BUT I'M STILL NO CLEARER AS TO WHY YOU NEED US?

BECAUSE OF THE REANIMATOR, OF COURSE!

HMM?

THE WHAT?



THE REANIMATOR! SEE, I DID INITIALLY WARN YOUR COMMANDERS ABOUT THE DANGER OF STOCKPILING BATTLE DROIDS THAT HAD NOT BEEN ENTIRELY DESTROYED I FEARED FOR OUR SAFETY, YES, YES?

AND LET ME GUESS... THE MONEY OFFERED WAS TOO GOOD TO TURN DOWN, SO YOU STOPPED COMPLAINING, RIGHT?

CORIC!!

NO, NO, YOUR SERGEANT IS CORRECT! THE MONEY WAS TOO GOOD, AND WE WERE IN NO POSITION TO BE CHOOSY...

CRUMMMMMBLE

...BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE REANIMATOR FORGED HIMSELF FROM THE BODIES OF HIS FALLEN BATTLE BROTHERS! YES, YES -- HE IS BRINGING THEM ALL BACK TO LIFE!

CAPTAIN,
I THINK I'VE
HEARD MORE
THAN ENOUGH
OF THIS
FAIRYTALE!

IT DOES
SOUND RATHER
FAR-FETCHED,
BUT—

BOOOOOOMPH

?!?

ZAAPAM

ZAAPAM

ZAAPAM

TAKE
COVER!!

I TOLD
THEM, I TOLD
EVERYONE! HE'S BRINGING
THEM ALL BACK, YES, YES!
ALL BACK FROM THE DEAD...

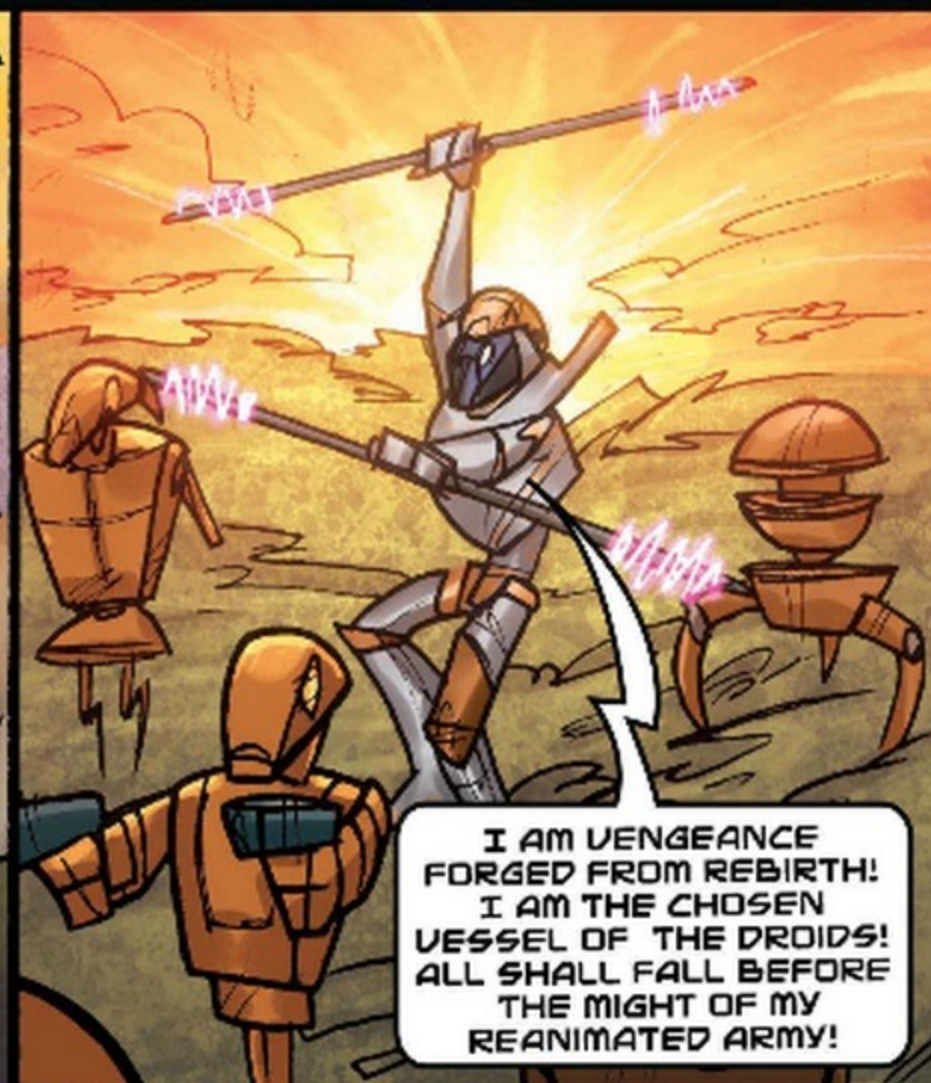
...THE
REANIMATOR
HAS ARISEN!

SIR, I WOULD
VERY MUCH LIKE
TO STRIKE MY LAST
COMMENT FROM
THE RECORD!

AND I'LL BE
HAPPY TO GRANT
THAT WISH... IF WE
MANAGE TO SURVIVE
THE NEXT FEW
PARSECS!!



SAVE YOURSELVES, YES, YES! PLANT FOREMEN AND FULL TIME EMPLOYEES FIRST!



I AM VENGEANCE FORGED FROM REBIRTH! I AM THE CHOSEN VESSEL OF THE DROIDS! ALL SHALL FALL BEFORE THE MIGHT OF MY REANIMATED ARMY!



THAT IS ONE ANGRY DROID, BUT HE'S GOT A POINT - OUR SHOTS HAVE NO EFFECT FROM THIS RANGE!

WE NEED TO FIND A WEAKNESS FIRST SO FALL BACK!



I HATE RETREATING!

BUT YOU STILL LIKE BREATHING, RIGHT?



ROODGER, ROGGEER!



MADNESS... MADNESS... BUT I'M SAFE AT LAST! MY CONTROL CENTRE WILL KEEP THEM OUT, OH, YES, YES!



QUICK, OPEN UP, PITOR, BEFORE THEY SURROUND US!

NO, NO! YOU'LL JUST LET THEM IN! YOU'D BETTER TRY YOUR LUCK ELSEWHERE!



TUMPH!

OPEN THE DOOR THIS INSTANT, YOU MISERABLE, WRINKLED PRUNE, OR THE REANIMATOR WILL BE THE LEAST OF YOUR WORRIES!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT, NO NEED FOR BAD LANGUAGE, NO NEED AT ALL!



SURROUND THE REPUBLIC SCUM! WE SHALL CONVERT THEIR HIDING PLACE INTO A CREMATORIUM!



PITOR, I'M SORRY I DOUBTED YOU, BUT THAT THING IS NOT THE BOGEYMAN!

IT'S AN IG-100 MAGNAGUARD WITH A FAULTY NEURAL PROCESSOR, BASIC DROID ASSEMBLY SKILLS AND A BAD ATTITUDE!

BUT YOU'VE GOT ALL THE TOOLS AND RESOURCES NEEDED TO PERSONALLY TAKE IT DOWN.

ME, ME? I LEAVE THE SOLDIERING TO THE SOLDIERS!



AND NORMALLY, I'D AGREE, BUT THE PLAN I'VE GOT IN MIND REQUIRES YOUR SPECIAL SKILLS AND CORIC'S SUICIDAL SENSE OF DUTY!

OH... WHY DO I GET THE FEELING I'M NOT GOING TO LIKE THIS?

AND SO...

THEY'VE ESCAPED!
HUNT THEM DOWN, THE
COWERING KOWAKIAN
LIZARD-MONKEYS!

♪

LIZARD- MONKEY? ARE
YOU BY ANY CHANCE
REFERRING TO ME,
METAL MOUTH?

MOCKERY! DROIDS,
RESTRAIN THE
INSOLENT FOOL!

ROODGER,
ROGGEEER!

RRRGGEERRRR!!?!?!?

IT...IT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!
ALL UNITS:
ATTACK!

I REALLY WOULDN'T
COME ANY CLOSER. HAS
NO ONE WARNED YOU THAT
CLONES HAVE JEDI POWERS TOO?

YOU SEE? THERE
IS NO ESCAPE FROM MY
REANIMATED HORDE!

AND YOU DO NOT
POSSESS THE POWER
OF THE JEDI!

HAHAHA!

ZZZZNNNGG

THIISS...COMPUTEEE...
NOT FUNCTIONING...
HOWHOWHOW...
SYSTEMERROR LINE324...

RELOAD. REBOOT.
RECALIBRATE...

WHAT!?!
IIIIIT'S
NOT
POSSIBLE!?!

BLAMM

AND THAT'S
THE END OF THAT...
RIGHT, SIR?

I'D SAY SO!
GREAT WORK ON
THOSE MAGNETIC
GRAPPLES, PITOR. YOU
COULD BE A REPUBLIC
SHARP SHOOTER
WITH THAT
ACCURACY!

AND YOU
COULD BE A
HUMBLE CRANE
OPERATOR, HAHA! BUT
LET'S SEE HOW YOU
DO IN THE SMELTING
WORKS, YES,
YES?

A DAY'S
HONEST
LABOUR
LATER...

PHEW! ALL THE DROID'S CREATIONS HAVE
BEEN DESTROYED AND THE SENATE HAS
AGREED TO **STRINGENT CHECKS**
ON ALL FUTURE SALVAGE
SHIPMENTS.

YOU
HAVE MY
ASSURANCE
THAT THIS
WILL **NOT**
HAPPEN
AGAIN!

A THOUSAND
THANKS, YES, YES!
OH MY, MY, IT WAS
A **GOOD DAY** FOR
BITU WHEN YOU
ARRIVED!

WELL,
SERGEANT, HAS
THIS LITTLE TRIP
CHANGED YOUR
OPINION OF PITOR'S
BUSINESS?

I WOULDN'T
GO THAT FAR,
CAPTAIN... BUT I DO
NOW KNOW THAT THE
ONLY **RELIABLE** BATTLE
DROID IS A VERY,
VERY CAREFULLY
RECYCLED
ONE!

END!

HEADING HOME
TO CORUSCANT...

QUITE! THESE DIPLOMATIC
NEGOTIATIONS DO TEND
TO DRAG ON,
JAR JAR.

LUCKY WESA HAD EACH
OTHER FOR COMPANY,
RIGHT?

WOO-EE!
TALKEN
ABOUT YOUR
LOOOOOONG
DAY, HUH,
OBI-WAN?

WELL, I'M NOT
SURE I WOULD CALL
IT **LUCK**. THE CHANCELLOR
HIMSELF ASSIGNED ME TO
ACT AS YOUR **BODYGUARD**
ON THIS MISSION,
SENATOR.

THOUGH IT
APPEARS HE WAS
BEING **OVER-CAUTIOUS** --
NEGOTIATIONS WENT BETTER
THAN WE COULD HAVE HOPED,
AND THERE'S NOT BEEN
HIDE NOR HAIR OF THE
SEPARATIST
FORCES.

EXACTLY!
MESA THINKIN'
THIS IS GONNA BE A
MOST **TERRIFIC**
DAY!

WAIT!

-- CAPTAIN,
WHAT'S THAT?

WHERE,
GENERAL KENOBI?
I DON'T SEE...!

DROID SHIPS!
WE'RE UNDER
ATTACK!

YOU
BETTER **HANG**
ON TO SOMETHING,
SENATOR -- THIS
COULD GET
BUMPY!

WAAAAHHHH!

SHHHBOOM!



WE'VE LOST
THE **STARBOARD**
ENGINE, GENERAL
KENOBI--

CRASH



"...HOTH!"

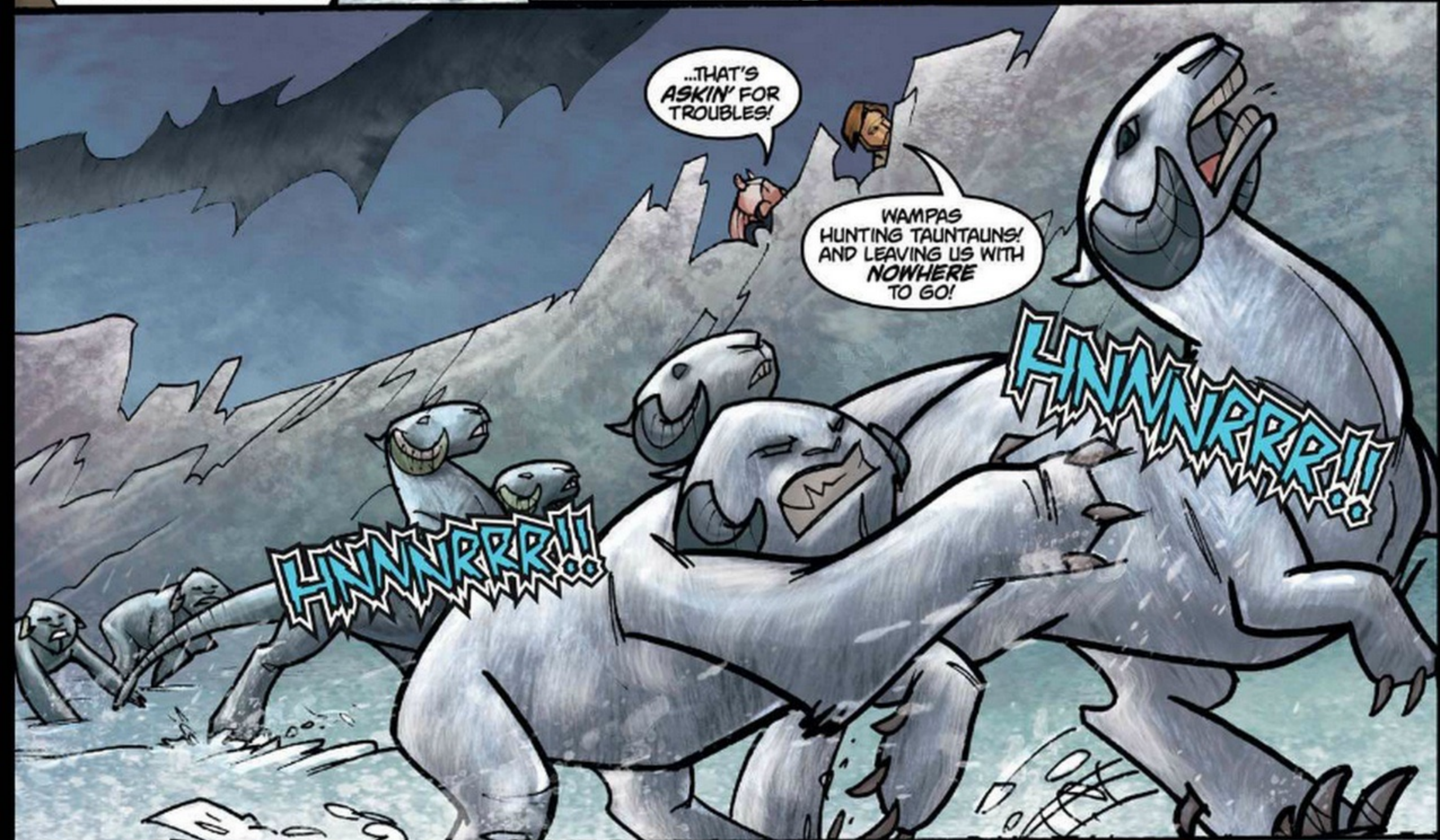
THINGS
BLOWING UP
ALL OVER,
OBI-WAN!

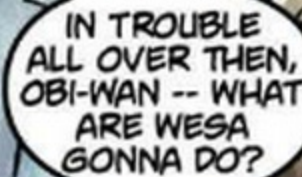
KEEP
RUNNING,
JAR JAR!

FROZEN OUT!

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
MARK MCKENZIE-RAY







HRRNNNN!

MY OCULAR SENSORS ARE OVERLOADED. I CAN'T MAKE OUT ANYTHING IN THIS BLIZZARD!

FOLLOW ME! THE NOISE IS DEFINITELY COMING FROM THIS DIRECTION!

HRRNNNN!

I SEE THEM! SET WEAPONS TO KILL! TAKE NO PRISONERS!

AND NOW, UNSTOPPABLE FORCE...

...MEET IMMOVABLE OBJECT!

COME ON, JAR JAR. TIME WE MADE OUR EXIT.

I'M NOT LIKIN' WHAT YOU'RE DOIN', GENERAL!

I DON'T BLAME YOU, SENATOR... BUT WE'VE RUN OUT OF OPTIONS!

DIS ISN'T AN OPTION! DIS IS SUICIDE!

YIPES! MESA GETTING ALL FROZEN AND SQUISHED AND BLASTED -- ALL ATTA SAME TIME!

HELLLP!

HEAD DOWN,
JAR JAR--

--BEFORE
YOU LOSE
IT!

MESA THINKIN' WAMPAS
AND BATTLE DROIDS
DON'T MIX.

MOTION *SECONDED*, SENATOR
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE
WHILE WE'RE BOTH STILL
IN ONE PIECE!

SKID!

HOWWWWLLLLL!

SHORTLY...

WHAT'S THAT?
-- SOME KIND OF
LOCAL FAUNA.

HHMMM, THEY
SURE ARE UGLY.

NEVER A
TRUER WORD
SPOKEN!

THAT'S THE LAST
OF THE SENTRIES, JAR
JAR COME ON... I HOPE
MY PILOTING SKILLS
ARE UP TO FLYING
DROID SHIPS!

MESA
HOPIN' YOU'RE
RIGHT!

AND...

WELL, WE'RE
LUCKY TO BE
ALIVE, SENATOR
BINKS--

INNA DROID
SHIP?!

SLASH!

WHAT TH--?!

WELL, LET'S
JUST HOPE WE CAN
USE OUR DIPLOMATIC
SKILLS TO NEGOTIATE OUR
WAY INTO REPUBLIC SPACE...

...LAST THING
WE NEED IS
ANOTHER COLD
RECEPTION!

END!

BACTA RAID

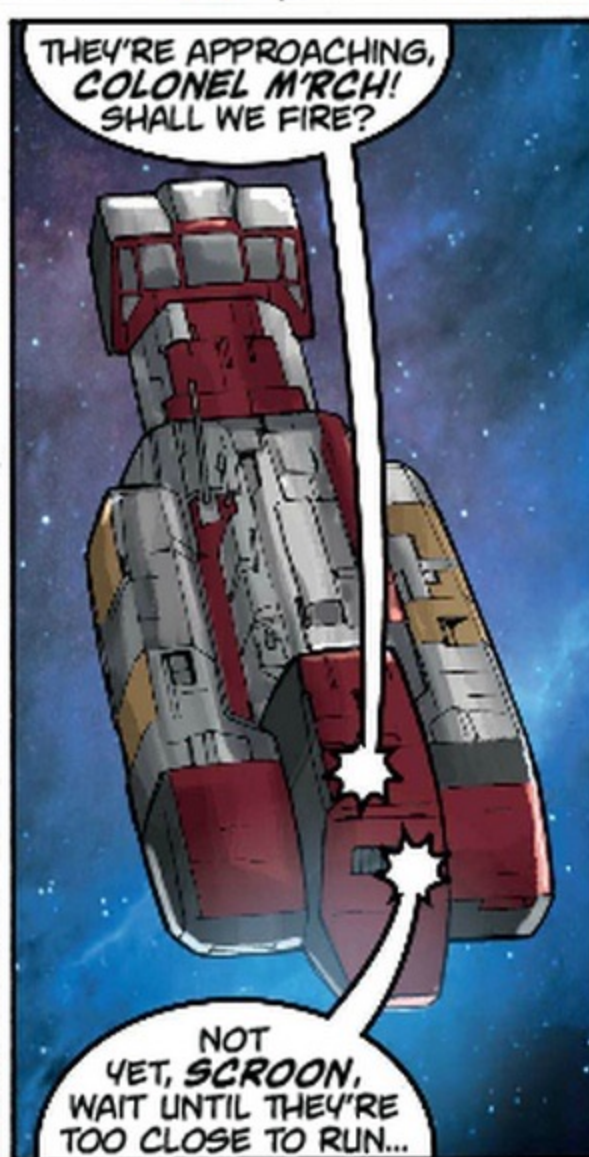
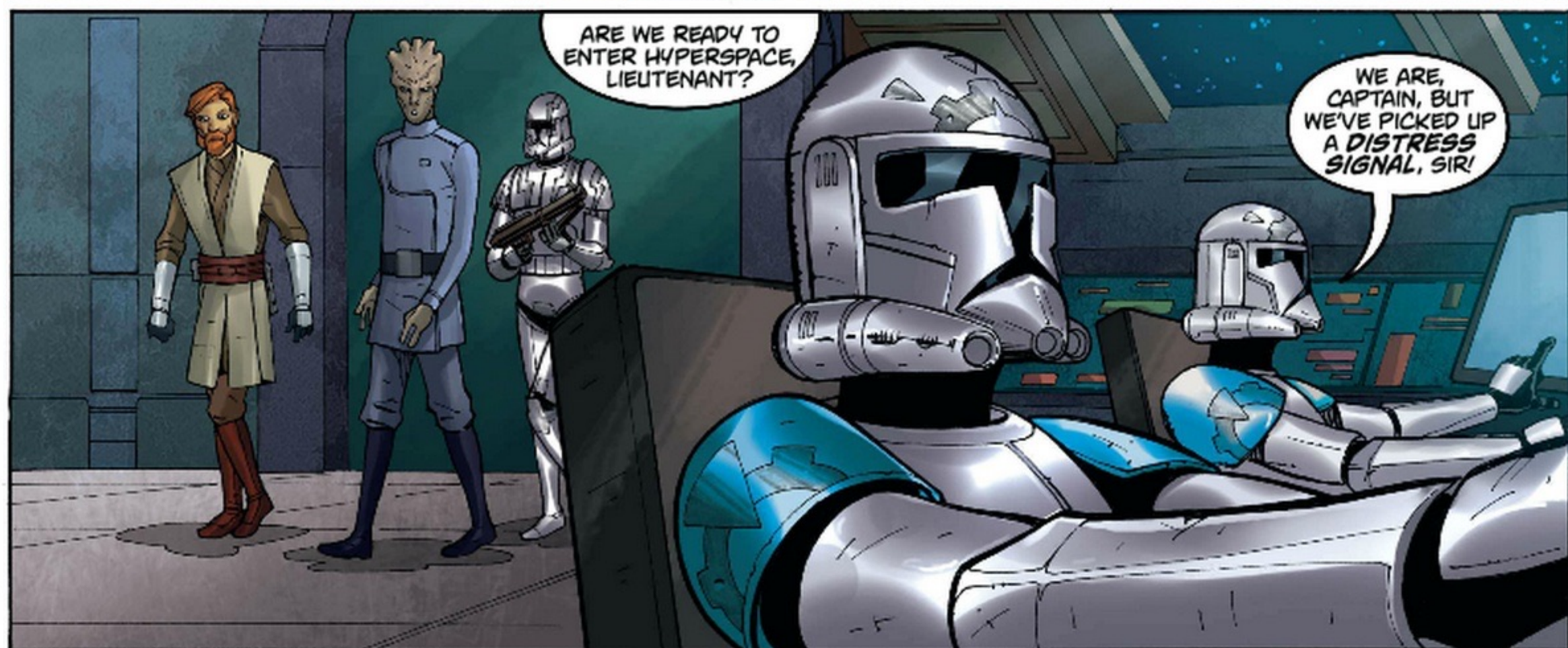
WRITER
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ANDRES PONCE
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
MARK MCKENZIE-RAV

I CERTAINLY APPRECIATE YOUR GIVING ME EMERGENCY TRANSPORT, CAPTAIN JARL.

IF NOT FOR YOU, I'D STILL BE STRANDED ON THAT ASTEROID!

WE MEDICAL VESSELS DON'T SEE A LOT OF ACTION, GENERAL KENOBI, BUT WE DO OUR PART!







"THE SUPPLIES -- AND THE BACTA WE NEED TO HEAL OUR WOUNDED! AFTER WE'RE DONE WITH THOSE REPUBLIC TROOPS, THEY WON'T NEED IT!"



WE'RE NEARING THE WAYFARER, CAPTAIN.

ARE YOU READING ANY WEAPONS BEING CHARGED, LIEUTENANT?

NO, SIR...



...BUT I'M READING A HUGE MAGNETIC CHARGE FLOODING THEIR HULL, SIR!

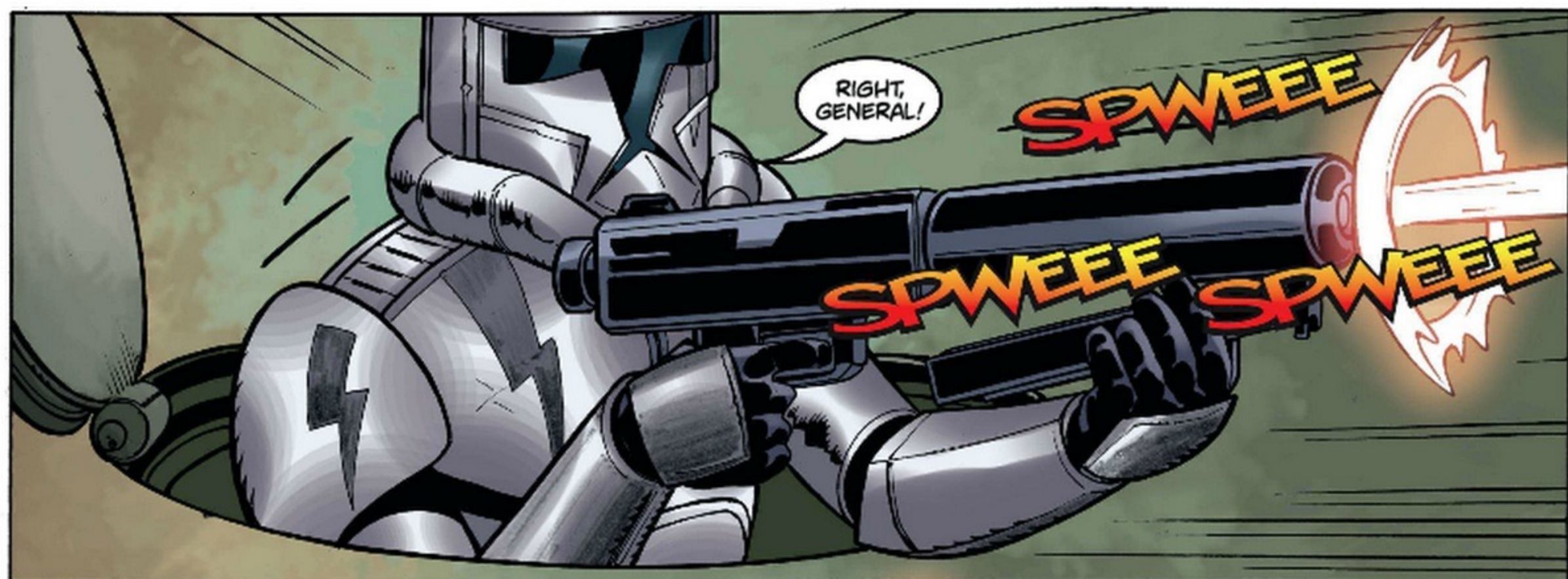
MAGNETIC--?

RAISE SHIELDS, CAPTAIN JARL-- NOW!













AHSOKA'S ARK

I TELL YOU, MASTER, THIS IS THE **DULLEST** DUTY I'VE EVER HAD. SHEPHERDING FARM ANIMALS -- SMELLY, NOISY FARM ANIMALS -- TO TERRAFORMED PLANETS IS THE **WORST!**

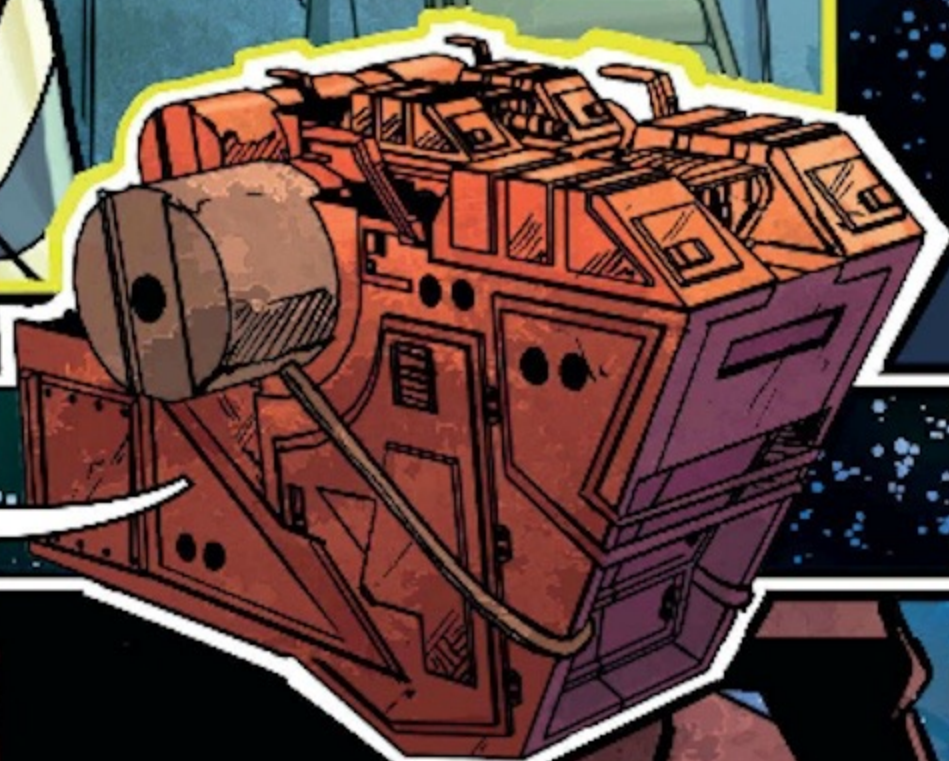
NOW, NOW, MY YOUNG PADAWAN -- **PATIENCE**. "A JEDI CRAVES NOT ADVENTURE", REMEMBER?

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
WILL SLINEY
COLOURS
DISIKORE
LETTERS
ANDREW JAMES

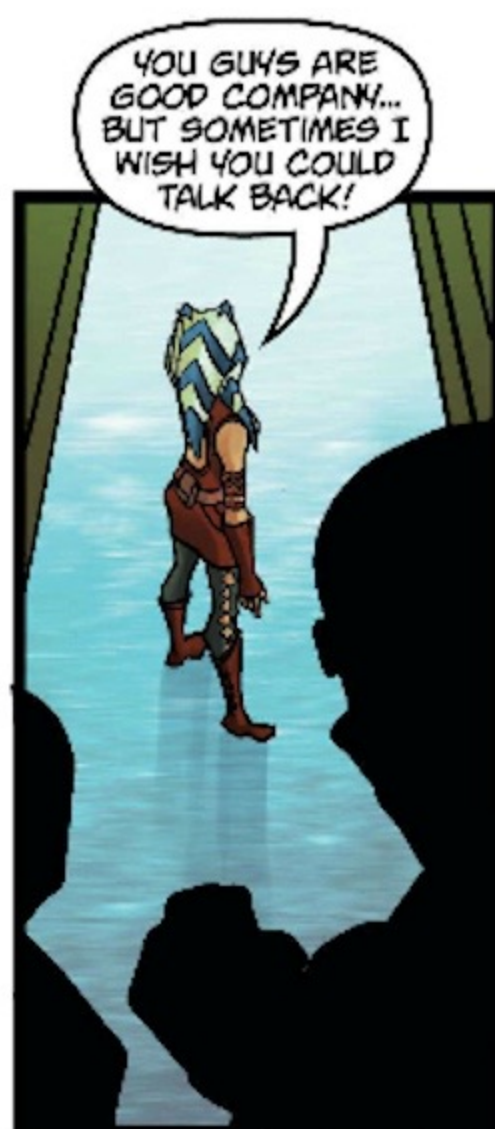
LOOK WHO'S TALKING! THE MOST IMPATIENT, ADVENTUROUS JEDI I'VE EVER MET!

THIS DUTY WILL DO YOU GOOD, SNIPS! SEE YOU WHEN YOU GET BACK!

SIGH
A WHOLE WAR GOING ON AROUND ME, AND HERE I AM, STUCK ON AN AUTOMATED SHIP, PLAYING NURSE-MAID TO FARM ANIMALS...!







YOU GUYS ARE GOOD COMPANY... BUT SOMETIMES I WISH YOU COULD TALK BACK!



YOU BOYS ALL RIGHT? YOU READY TO MOVE?

I STILL THINK THIS AIN'T RIGHT, STARMER! IF WE NEED FARM ANIMALS FOR OUR PLANET, WHY STOW AWAY? THEN WE'RE CRIMINALS! WHY NOT JUST ASK THE REPUBLIC FOR 'EM?



WE DID PETITION THE REPUBLIC -- MONTHS AGO, REMEMBER? AND WE'RE STILL WAITING! BUT ONCE WE'VE TAKEN OVER THE SHIP, WE CAN --

UH, STARMER --

YOU CAN WHAT -- SURRENDER? WHY NOT SAVE TIME AND DO THAT NOW?



HOW'D SHE HEAR US?!

YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? I'VE KNOWN BANTHAS THAT MAKE LESS NOISE!

YOU THINK BLASTERS WILL WORK? I'VE BEEN SHOT AT BY BOUNTY HUNTERS -- YOU'RE JUST FARMERS!

ZINNG
SPWEEEEE

THAT MAY BE, LITTLE LADY...

...BUT US 'JUST FARMERS' CAN HIT ZISS-FLIES AT THIRTY PACES -- AND YOU'RE A BIGGER TARGET!

OWWW--!

SHAKKKT

DON'T RUN, LITTLE LADY -- WE'RE NOT WITH THE SEPARATISTS! WE WON'T HURT YOU...!

...WE'LL JUST PUT YOU IN AN ESCAPE POD TO THE NEAREST INHABITED PLANET -- THAT'S ALL!

HHMMMM...

ANY LUCK, HUM?

NOT SO FAR, STARMER! I'VE BEEN TRYIN' TO OVERRIDE THE AUTOPILOT -- BUT IT'S TOUGHER'N IT LOOKS! BUT IF I--

HERE, I THINK THIS'LL DO IT--!







THE CAGES!
SHE RELEASED
THE LOCKS ON
THE CAGES!

HEY,
YOU GUYS
CATCH ON
QUICK!

GRRRRRRR

RAARRRRRG

BOSS, MAYBE
IF WE TAKE OUT
THE LEAD BEAST,
THE OTHERS'LL
LEAVE!



AND MAYBE
THEY'LL ATTACK
US! THIS WAY--!



BOSS--!

RRRRRRRR

ALL RIGHT,
NOW YOU BOYS
ARE GOING TO
DROP YOUR
BLASTERS AND
BACK INTO
THAT CELL.



S-SURE
IS, LITTLE
LADY!

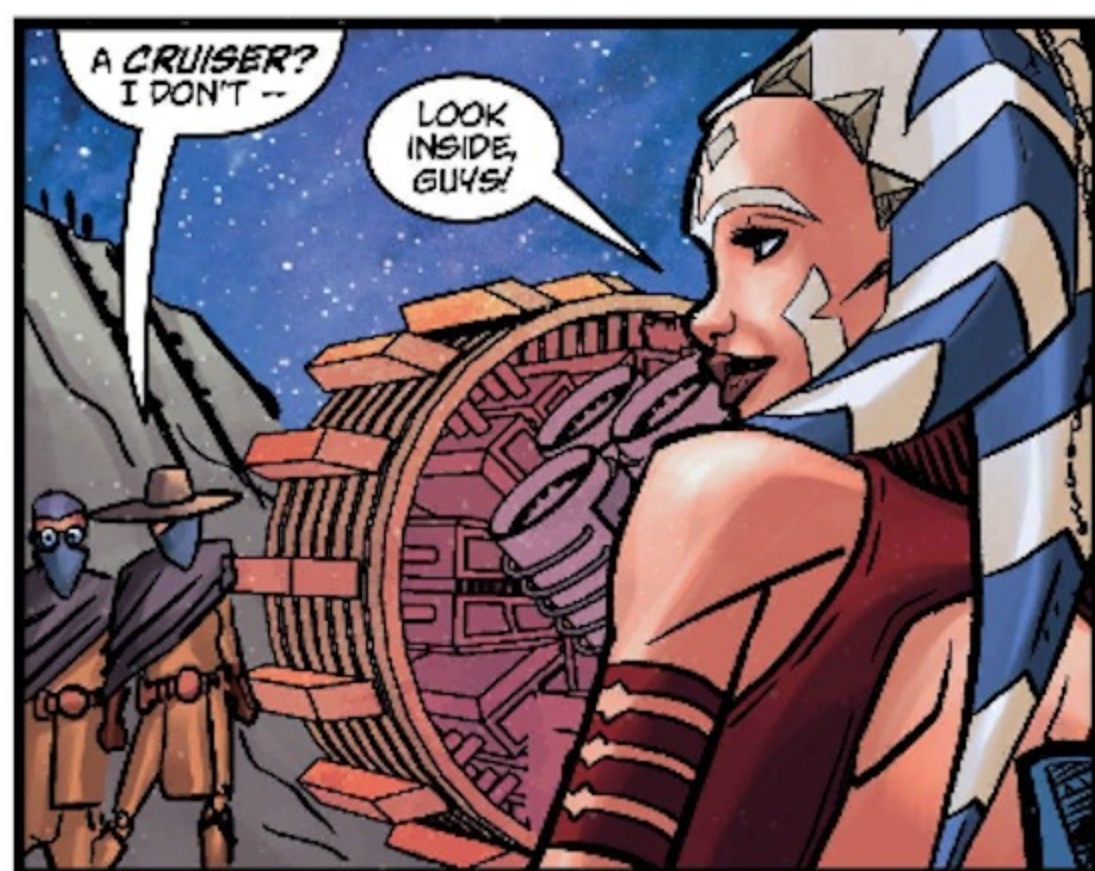
IS THAT
CLEAR?

AND
ONE MORE
THING...



...DON'T CALL
ME 'LITTLE
LADY'!

Y-YES,
MASTER
JEDI!



ON THE PLANET
KASHYYYK, HOMEWORLD OF
THE MIGHTY WOOKIES...

INCIDENT ON KASHYYYK

GLAD I
AM THAT YOU
ARE SUPERVISING
THE MEETING'S
SECURITY,
OBI-WAN.

I'M PROUD TO
DO MY PART FOR THE
REPUBLIC, MASTER
YODA... AS LONG AS
YOU HANDLE THE
POLITICIANS!

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
MARK MCKENZIE-RAV

BREEET BREEET BREEET

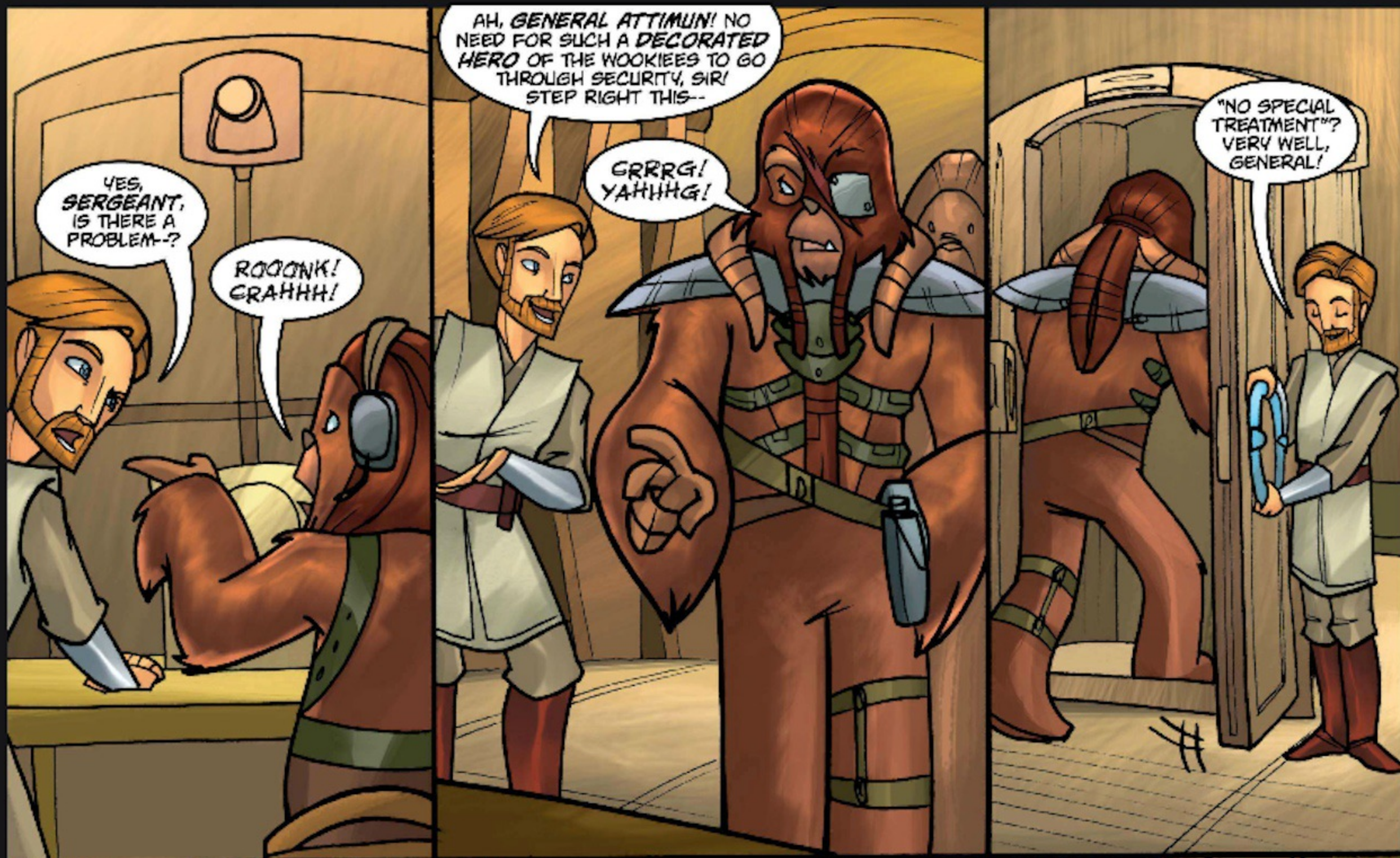
THE ALARM!

RUMOURED
IT IS THAT SOME
WOOKIEES ARE
UNHAPPY TO BE
ALLIED WITH THE
REPUBLIC.

BUT TOO
IMPORTANT THIS
CONFERENCE IS
TO ALLOW IT TO BE
DISRUPTED BY THE
SEPARATISTS.

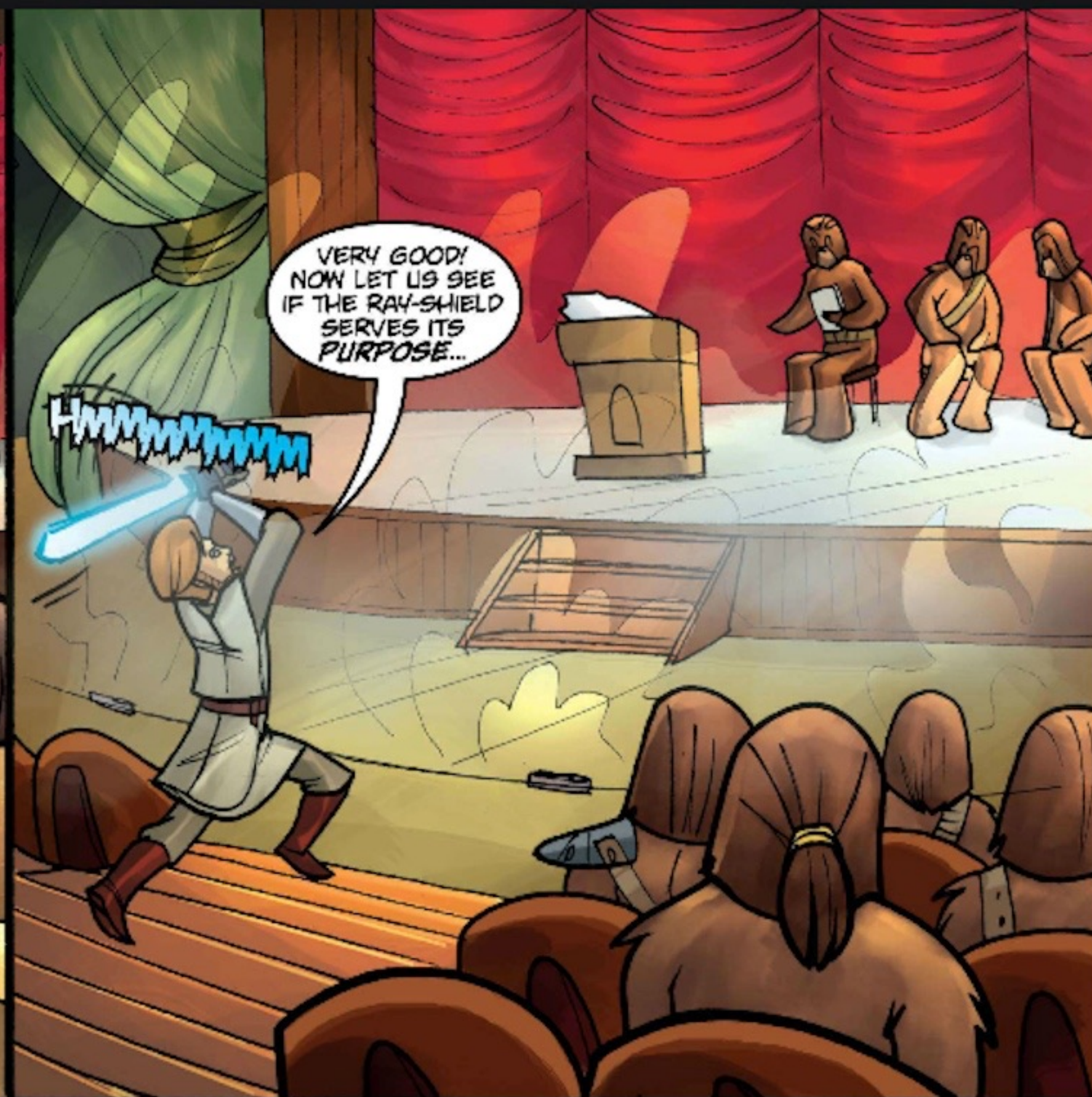
I THINK OUR SECURITY
MEASURES CAN PREVENT ANY
WEAPONS FROM BEING SMUGGLED
INTO THE CONFERENCE, MASTER--







OBI-WAN
KENOBI TO
SECURITY OFFICE.
ACTIVATE THE
RAY-SHIELD--



VERY GOOD!
NOW LET US SEE
IF THE RAY-SHIELD
SERVES ITS
PURPOSE...



--REPEAT,
ACTIVATE
RAY-SHIELD!

RRRONNK!



EXCELLENT!
AND IF THE FIELD WILL
DISPERSE THE ENERGY
BLADE OF A LIGHTSABER,
IT WILL DO THE SAME TO
THE DISCHARGE OF A
BLASTER!



YOU
MAY BEGIN THE
CONFERENCE, YOUR
GRACES. YOUR
SAFETY IS
ASSURED.



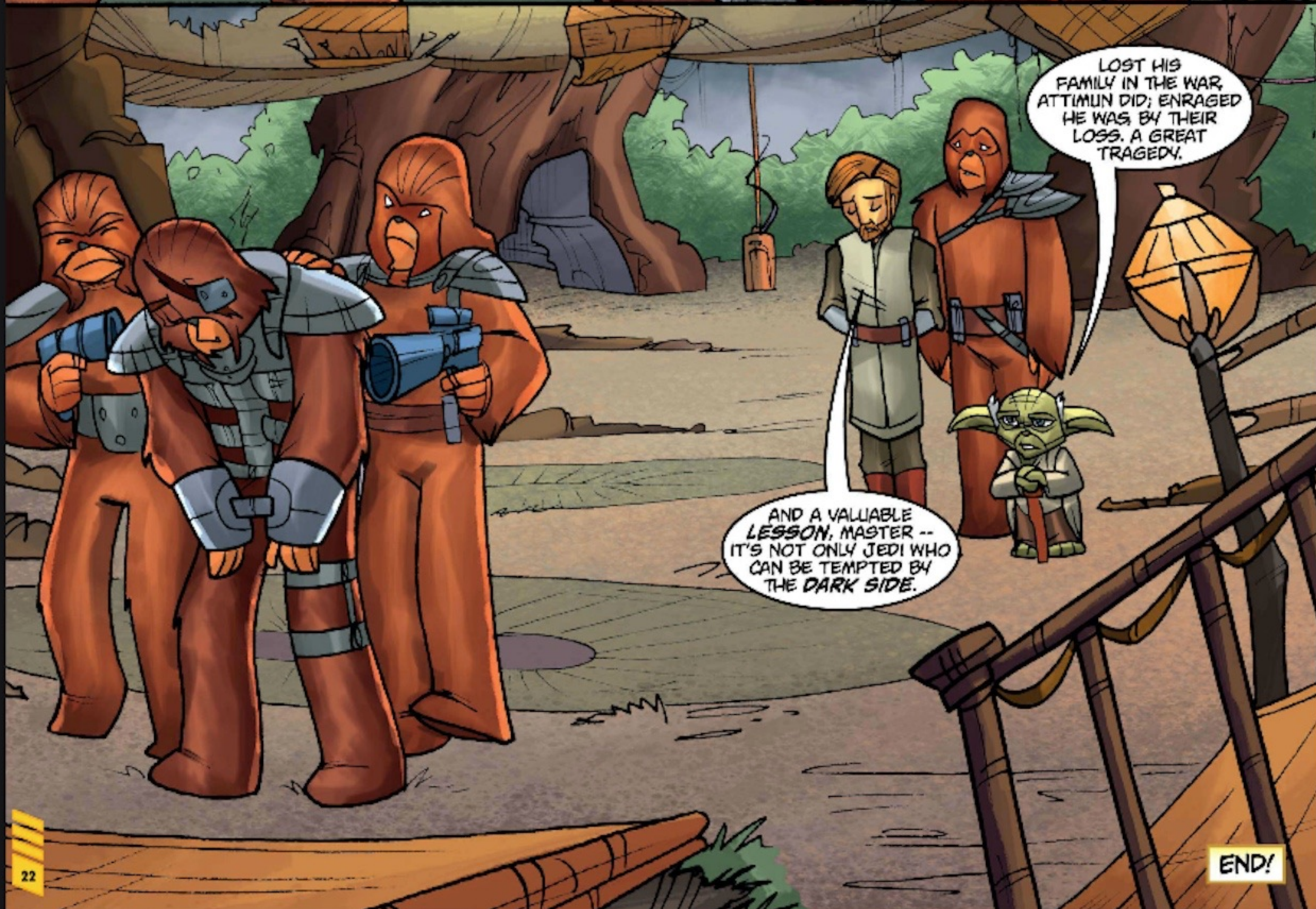
WORKING
WELL THE SECURITY
MEASURES ARE.
AND YET...

I FEEL A
DISTURBANCE
IN THE FORCE, TOO,
MASTER...











WE
ARE VERY
SORRY FOR YOUR
LOSS, MASTER
KENOBI.

THANK
YOU. ROONAN
HALSEY WAS ONE
OF THE MOST
VALIANT OF OUR
ORDER...



...BUT I'M
AFRAID HIS
FUNERAL PYRE
IS JUST ONE
OF MANY.

YES,
YES, VERY
SAD. NOW, IF YOU
WILL JUST SIGN
HERE...

SABOTAGE

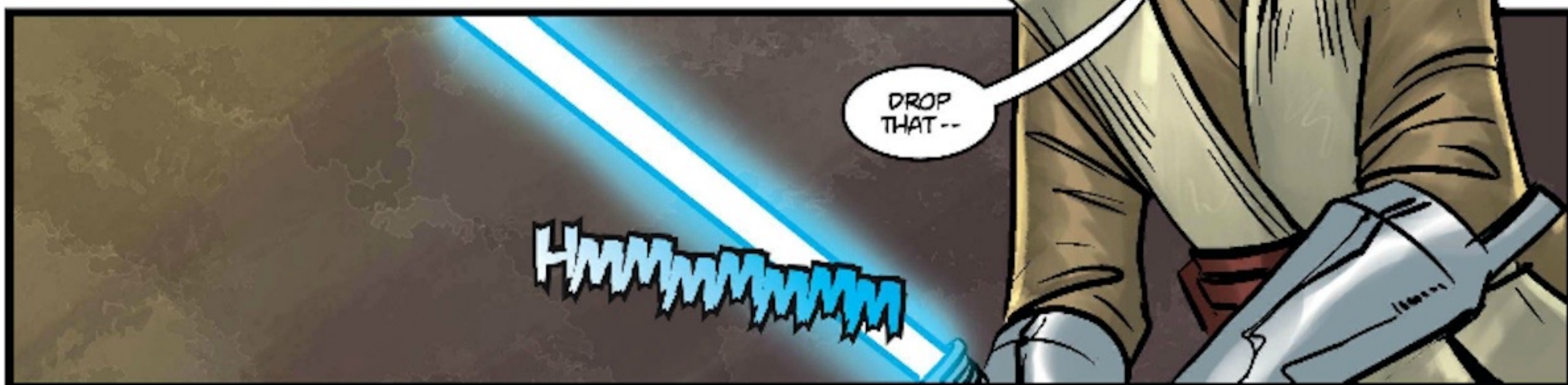


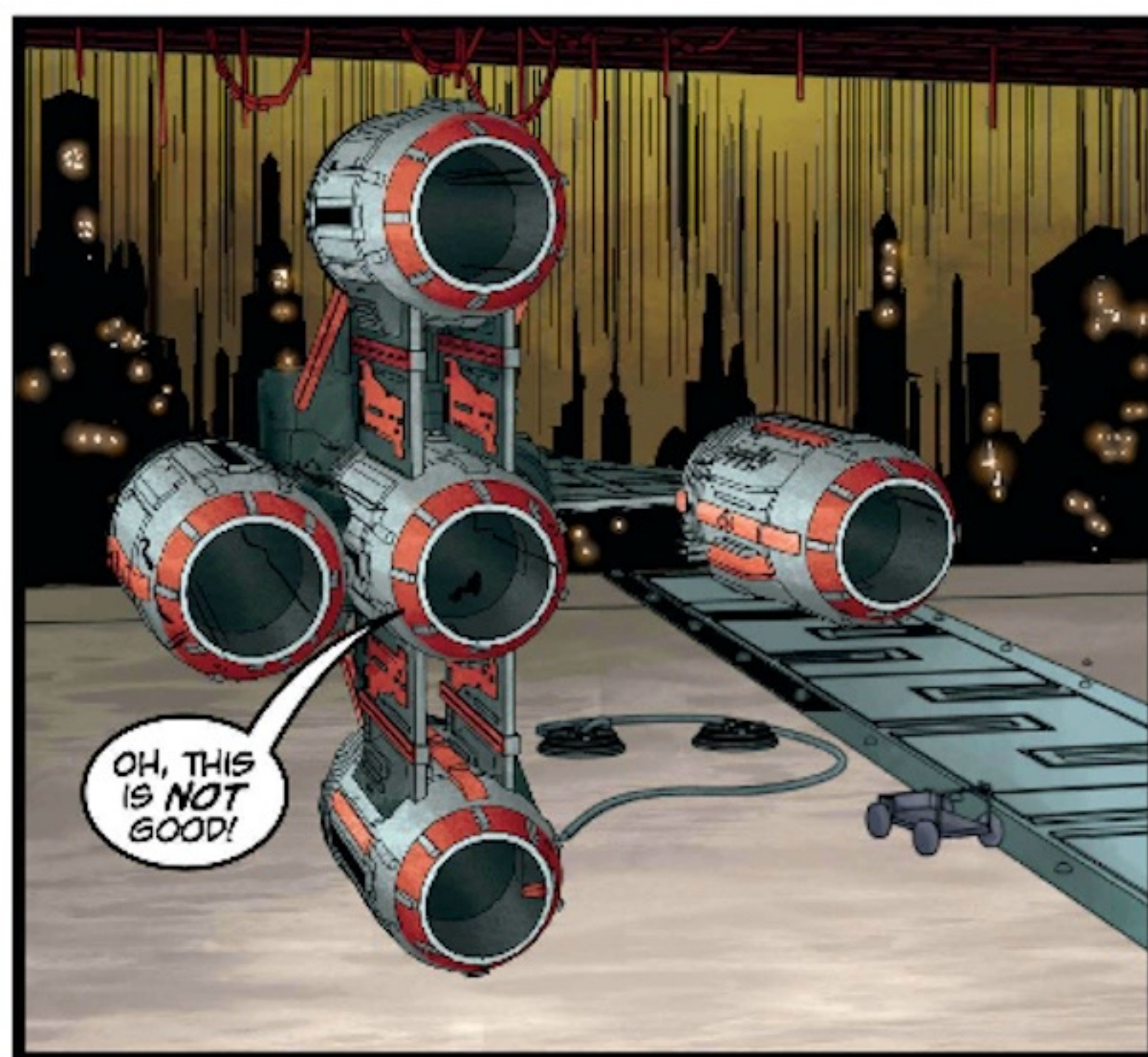
OF COURSE,
EVEN IN THESE
SAD TIMES, THE
PAPERWORK
MUST BE--

SNIFE

JUST A
MOMENT.
THERE, YOU
MEN...

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
WILL SLINNEY
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
MARK
MCKENZIE-RAV











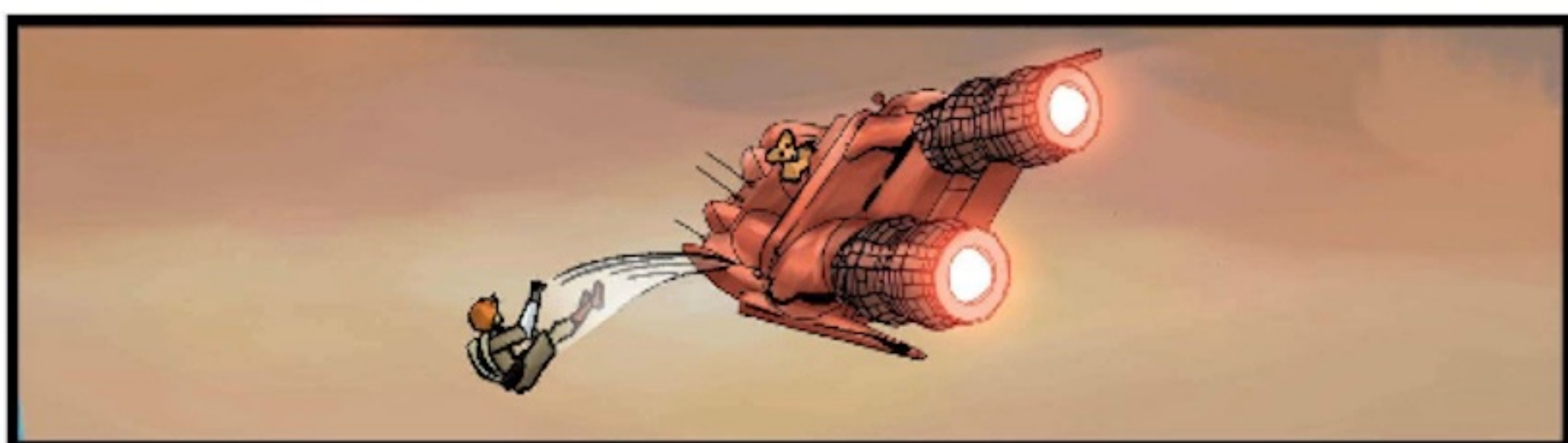
AH, THERE WE ARE...!



HELLO, CITIZEN! CAN YOU PLEASE TAKE ME TO--?

THUNK!

AGGGH!



SIGH WHY ARE THINGS NEVER EASY?



WHOOOSH





BANDOMEER -- A VITAL PLANET IN THE REPUBLIC'S WAR AGAINST THE SEPARATISTS, FROM WHERE FARMS MANNED BY THE JEDI AGRICORPS SUPPLY FOOD FOR THE HUNGRY CLONE ARMY.

SO, HOW DOES IT FEEL COMING BACK TO YOUR OLD HAUNT, **MASTER KENOBI**?

ODD.

I WAS ORIGINALLY POSTED HERE AS PART OF THE **JEDI AGRICORPS**...

...UNTIL **QUI-GON JINN** NOTICED MY POTENTIAL AND ADOPTED ME AS HIS PADAWAN.

WITHOUT HIS INTERVENTION, I'D STILL BE A FARMER HERE TODAY.

YOUR CONTROL OF THE FORCE IS FAR STRONGER THAN THE OTHER JEDI STATIONED HERE. STILL, WE CAN TAP THE FORCE TO MAKE OUR WORK EASIER.

THE PLANET-WIDE FARMS PROVIDE A **CRUCIAL SERVICE** FOR THE REPUBLIC...



WITHOUT US,
CLONE TROOPERS
ACROSS THE GALAXY
WOULD **STARVE** FROM
LACK OF RATIONS.

QUITE. WE
ALL PLAY OUR
PART IN THE WAR,
COMMANDER -- EVEN
THOSE WHO TILL
THE FIELDS.



CONTESTED SPACE, ONE
PARSEC FROM BANDOMEER...



LORD SIDIOUS HAS INVESTED
AN AWFUL LOT IN THIS PROGRAMME,
GENERAL GRIEVOUS. OPERATING SO
CLOSE TO BANDOMEER THREATENS
TO COMPROMISE US ALL.

THESE STEALTH
DROIDS OF YOURS
HAD **BETTER**
WORK.



YOUR APPARENT
LACK OF FAITH IS
A POOR DISGUISE
FOR YOUR JEALOUSY.
COUNT DOKU. MY DROIDS WILL
PERFORM AS
PROMISED...



...AND BY THIS
TIME TOMORROW, THE
FARMS OF BANDOMEER
WILL BE **BURNED**
TO ASH!



DEAD SHADOWS

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
JON CHAPPLE



STEALTH MODE ACTIVATED.

MEANWHILE...

I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT'S TRUE, MASTER KENOBI. WE'RE VERY FORTUNATE HERE ON BANDOMEER. I TENDED THESE CROPS MYSELF.

I'VE BEEN IN SPACE TOO LONG. ONE **FORGETS** THE TASTE OF GENUINELY FRESH FOOD.

THOUGH YOU REALISE, OBI-WAN, THAT IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE THAT **YOU** PLANTED THE VERY SEEDS THEY GREW FROM. AND IF NOT THESE, THEN PERHAPS THEIR PARENTS OR THEIR GRANDPARENTS FROM WHICH THE SEEDS FORMED.

IT'S THE **LIFE** -- SOMETHING THIS PLANET HAS IN ABUNDANCE.

COMMANDER! GENERAL KENOBI! YOU MUST COME QUICKLY -- WE'RE RECEIVING REPORTS OF AN **ATTACK** AT THE WESTERN PERIMETER!

BLAST! WHY DOES THIS ALWAYS HAPPEN WHENEVER I SIT DOWN TO **EAT**?!





...FAST...?



WHERE ARE THEY? CAPTAIN? DID YOU SEE --



SLAM!

STEALTH MODE DEACTIVATED.

ARGH!



THREE OF THEM! YET THEY EVADED MY JEDI SENSES AND SEEM TO APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE.

BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...



...ISN'T IT...?



WHAT IN THE NAME OF THE FORCE IS GOING ON?

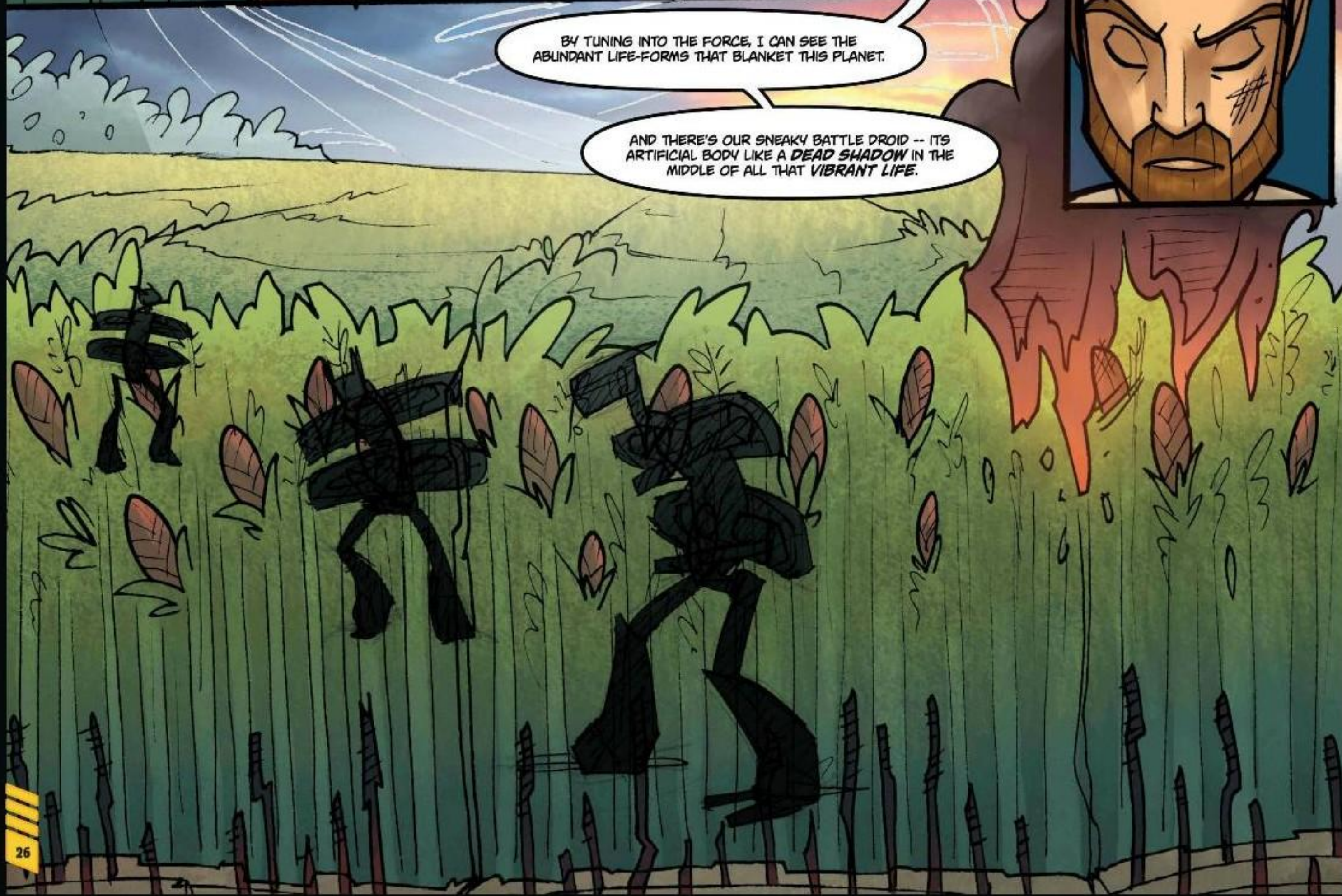
GENERAL, WE'RE GETTING REPORTS FROM ALL OVER THE OTHER FARMS ARE UNDER ATTACK AND SUFFERING HEAVY LOSSES!



THEY BARELY CATCH SIGHT OF THE ENEMY BEFORE IT DISAPPEARS. OUR PEOPLE ARE DYING AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO.

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING WE CAN DO, CAPTAIN...

...WE JUST HAVE TO KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.



BY TUNING INTO THE FORCE, I CAN SEE THE ABUNDANT LIFE-FORMS THAT BLANKET THIS PLANET.

AND THERE'S OUR SNEAKY BATTLE DROID -- ITS ARTIFICIAL BODY LIKE A DEAD SHADOW IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THAT VIBRANT LIFE.





YOUR STEALTH TECHNOLOGY CAN'T HIDE YOU FROM A JEDI KNIGHT!

CAPTAIN, RADIO YOUR MEN. TELL THEM THAT THE JEDI FARMERS WILL SEE THE DROIDS IF THEY TAP INTO THE FORCE. THEY'LL KNOW WHAT TO DO! AND TELL THEM TO HURRY!

YES, SIR...



"...I'LL GET THE ORDER OUT RIGHT AWAY!"

STEALTH MODE COMPROMISED.



LATER...

THE ATTACKERS ARE NOTHING BUT **SCRAP METAL** NOW, OBI-WAN. WHAT'S MORE, THE BLOCKADE HAS BEEN STRENGTHENED AROUND THE PLANET TO STOP ANY FURTHER INCURSIONS BY SEPARATIST FORCES.

YOUR PLAN WORKED -- CLONE TROOPERS WILL EAT **HEALTHY RATIONS** FOR AS LONG AS THE WAR CONTINUES!

USING THE FORCE TO SEE BEYOND NORMAL SIGHT WAS A **MASTER-STROKE**.

LIFE IS **ALL AROUND**, COMMANDER. IT'S THE ROLE OF THE FORCE TO ENSURE THAT IT CONTINUES TO **FLOURISH**.

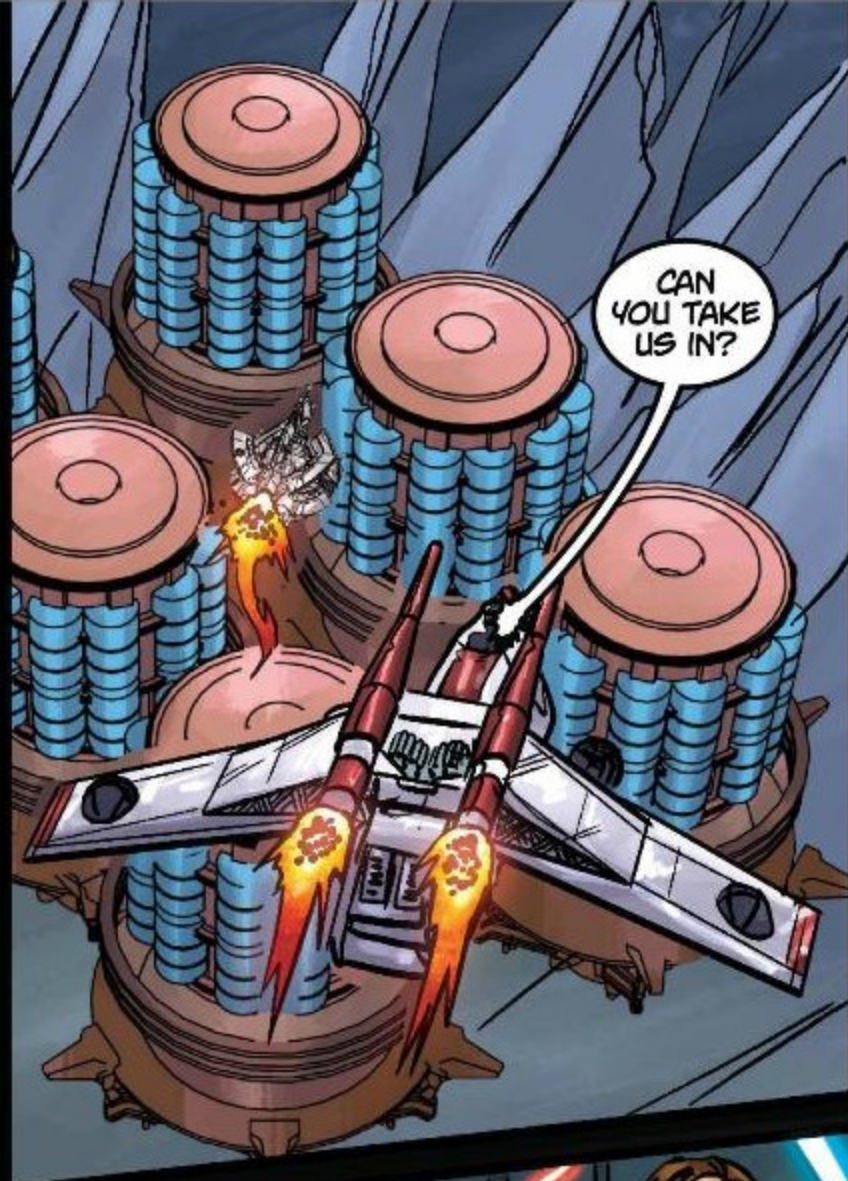
END!

HYPERMATTERS

WRITER
JP RUTTER
ARTIST
WILL SLINEY
COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
JON CHAPPLE

EN-ROUTE TO A REPAIR MISSION OF A CRITICALLY DAMAGED HYPERMATTER REFINERY WITHIN REPUBLIC SPACE, JEDI OBI-WAN KENOBI AND MACE WINDU RECEIVE A SUDDEN DISTRESS CALL...





CAN YOU TAKE US IN?



I'LL GET US THERE, SIR



"IT LOOKS LIKE A WARZONE OUT THERE."

"I'D EXPECT NOTHING LESS!"



OUR IMPATIENT FRIEND IS IN A HURRY... I SAY WE PLAY A LITTLE **CATCH-UP!**



DON'T YOU JEDI HAVE MORE **IMPORTANT** THINGS TO DO?



BE SEEING YOU.

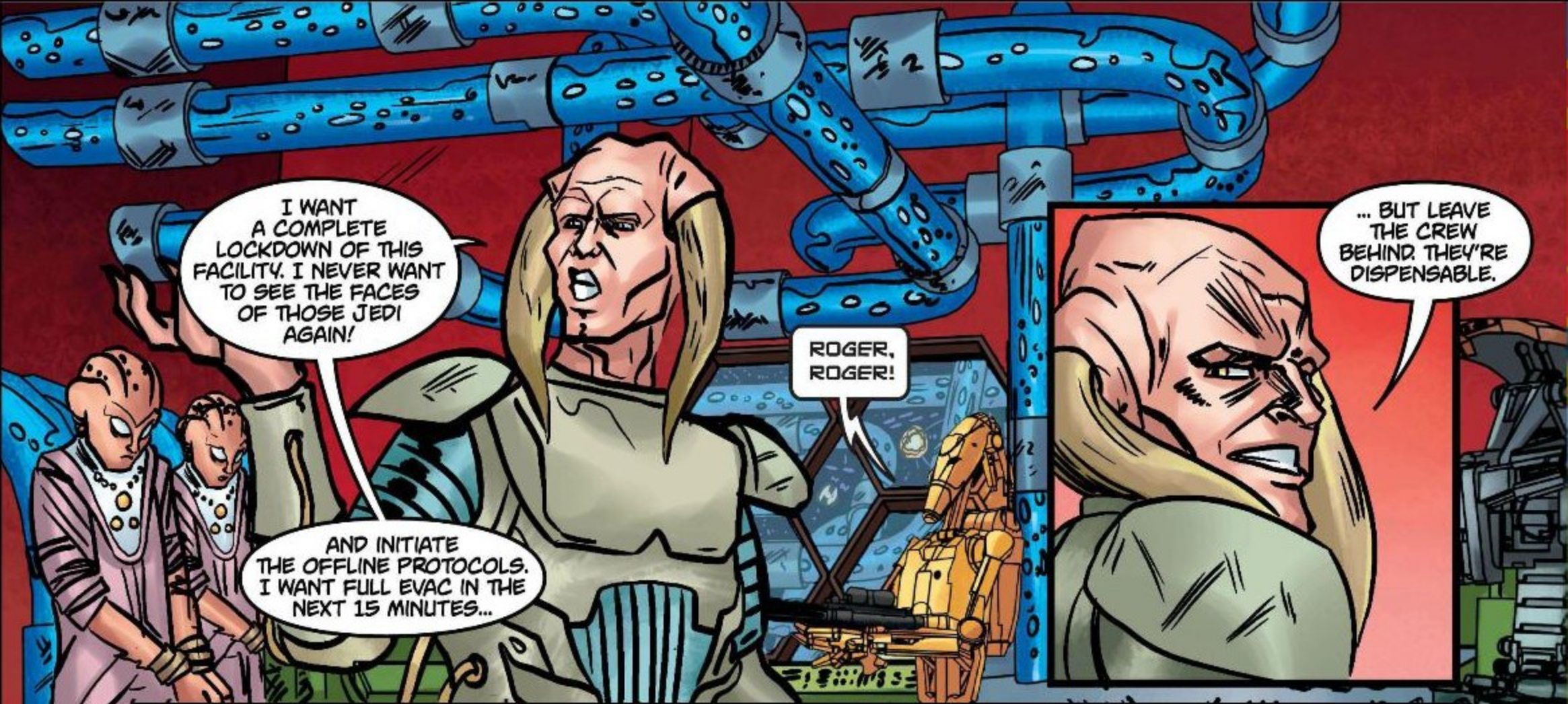


I DON'T KNOW ABOUT YOU, MASTER WINDU, BUT DAS STRUCK ME AS A **RATHER RUDE** MAN.

IF HE'S TRYING TO **CRIPPLE** THIS FACILITY, WE SHOULD HEAD BACK TO THE **HANGAR** TO **REASSESS** OUR OPTIONS.

I SUSPECT HE'S HEADING TO THE **CONTROL ROOM**.





I WANT A COMPLETE LOCKDOWN OF THIS FACILITY. I NEVER WANT TO SEE THE FACES OF THOSE JEDI AGAIN!

ROGER, ROGER!

... BUT LEAVE THE CREW BEHIND. THEY'RE DISPENSABLE.

AND INITIATE THE OFFLINE PROTOCOLS. I WANT FULL EVAC IN THE NEXT 15 MINUTES...



SIR, THOSE JEDI YOU MENTIONED...

YES? DON'T WASTE MY TIME!



I'M NOT QUITE SURE HOW TO TELL YOU THIS...

SILENCE YOUR INSOLENT MACHINATIONS!

TAKING THOSE HYPERMATTER COOLANTS OFFLINE IS **SUICIDE!** THE CORE STRUCTURE WON'T WITHSTAND A SUDDEN RISE IN TEMPERATURE!

DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID, LITTLE MAN? I KNOW EXACTLY WHAT I'M DOING!

KLANG!

WHAT WAS THAT?



NOT EXACTLY
MY PREFERRED METHOD
OF TRANSPORT, BUT CERTAINLY
PREFERABLE TO SPACE
TRAVEL...

STEP AWAY
FROM THAT PANEL,
DAS. LET'S NOT MAKE
THIS SITUATION ANY
WORSE THAN IT
ALREADY IS.

WORSE, JEDI? YOUR
MERE APPEARANCE
MEANS I HAVE TO
RAISE MY GAME.



VOOOOOT!
VOOOOOT!
VOOOOOT!

TAKE
HIM!



TOO SLOW, JEDI!
THIS STATION'S **HYPERMATTER**
WILL SOON BE AS HOT AS A STAR'S
CORE -- AND YOU WITH IT!



GET OFF
ME!

UUGH!



UNNNN!

YOUR DELAY TACTICS
ONLY BRING YOU CLOSER TO
YOUR OWN **END**, FOOL!





FOCUS ALL YOUR FIREPOWER ON
DAS! KEEP POURING IT ON!

AYE,
SIR!



YOU'RE ONLY SEEING
ONE PART OF THE WHOLE,
FOOL! WE WILL CRIPPLE YOUR
FLEET! THIS IS JUST
THE BEGINNING!



I ADMIRE
YOUR AMBITION,
BUT I DON'T ADMIRE
YOUR ARROGANCE,
DAS.

BOOM!



THE REPUBLIC
WILL NOT FALL
TO YOUR IDLE
THREATS!



CRASH!



WOOOM!



END!

"I'VE NEVER CARED MUCH FOR OBJECTS.
WHEN IT COMES TO KEEPSAKES, I'M
JUST NOT THAT SENTIMENTAL."

"WELL, WITH THE
EXCEPTION OF MY
FATHER'S ARMOUR."

"MOST BOUNTY HUNTERS
WASTE THEIR LIVES IN
PURSUIT OF THE PERFECT
WEAPON AND THE PERFECT
PAYDAY -- TWIN GOALS
THAT WILL BRING THEM
TRUE HAPPINESS."

"HA! WHAT
A JOKE."

"I'VE ALWAYS WORKED
BECAUSE I NEEDED THE
CREDITS -- I NEEDED
CREDITS TO STAY AHEAD
OF THE JEDI -- AND I'D
USED WHATEVER TOOLS
I COULD TO ACHIEVE
THOSE GOALS."

"BUT THAT
WAS BEFORE
THE KORASA
JOB..."

"I LEARNT A FEW LESSONS
THAT DAY -- NOT LEAST TO
TAKE PLEASURE IN THE
LITTLE THINGS..."

SHOWTIME,
BOBA! WE'RE
COMING UP TO
THE FACILITY!

WRITER
ROBIN
ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

COLOURS
DIGIKORE
LETTERS
JON
CHAPPLE

MANDALORIAN MEMORIES

TIMIRA CITY ON KAMINO. A CITY OF SECRETS NESTLED IN THE ARMS OF A PLANET OF STORMS.

OKAY, FOLLOW MY LEAD AND OBEY STRICT NOISE PROTOCOL FROM NOW ON.

THAT MEANS YOU, BOSSK.

HEY! UNFAIR! WHAT ABOUT THE DROID?

BROOP-VWORP-VREEEP-BWEEEP.

HE'S NOT EXACTLY THE TALKATIVE TYPE. THAT'S WHY WE GET ON SO WELL -- RIGHT, HIGHSINGER?

HE IS, HOWEVER, EXTREMELY WELL-ARMED, AND JURY-RIGGED FOR THIS MISSION WITH AN ARRAY OF TRACKING SENSORS.

WHAT TOOK YOU, NUB JAKKAK? DID YOU STOP ON THE TRIP FROM KORASA TO BULLSEYE WOMP RATS?

<I KNOW, I KNOW. WE HAD SOME CALIBRATION ISSUES AND HAD TO MAKE A MAINTENANCE STOP ON KORASA.>*

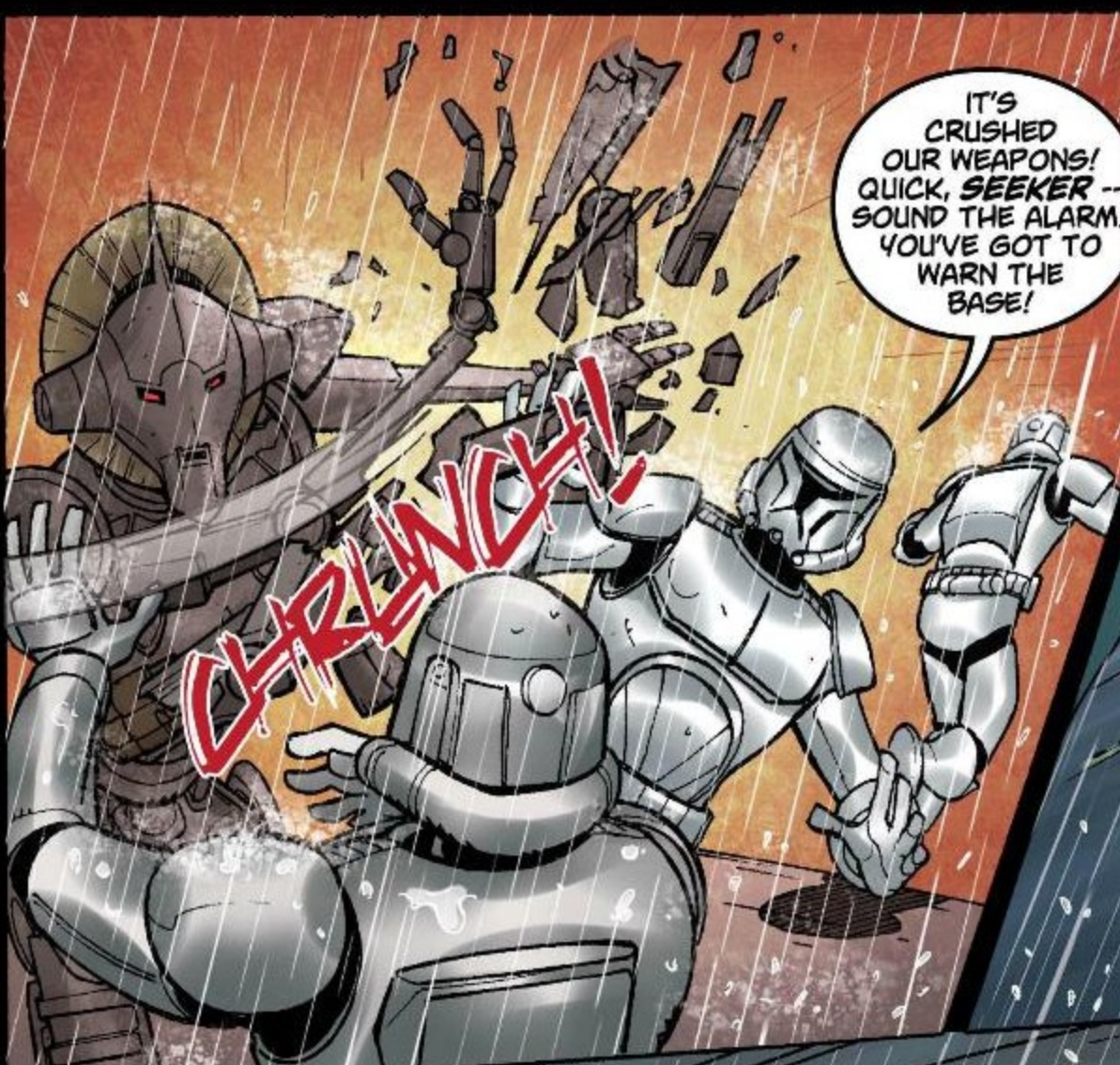
<IN FACT, OUR WEIGHT IS STILL A LITTLE OFF. IT'S ALMOST LIKE WE'RE-->

THOSE BEACONS MEAN INCOMING HOSTILES!

<--OVER-BURDENED!>

WHAT THE--?! BOUNTY HUNTERS!

* TRANSLATED FROM SULLUSTESE.



"AS IT HAPPENED, WE FOUND FAR MORE THAN WE HAD BARGAINED FOR..."

... THIS IS MOST UNLIKE YOU, **SHAAK TI**. A **JEDI MASTER** REQUESTING TO JOIN A **PROTECTION DETAIL**? IT'S ALMOST LIKE YOU DON'T **TRUST ME**.

MY DEAR **PLO Koon**, YOU MISUNDERSTAND MY MOTIVES. IT IS NOT THE **TASK** THAT IS OF INTEREST -- IN THAT, YOU ARE **MORE THAN CAPABLE**.

NO, IT IS THE **SHRINE RELICS THEMSELVES** THAT DEMAND MY ATTENTION. I FELT A STIRRING IN **THE FORCE**. ONLY I'M NOT SURE **WHY...**

IT'S QUITE A FIND. **MANDALORIAN ARTEFACTS** ARE EXTREMELY **RARE**. THE TWO ITEMS DISCOVERED ON THE MOON OF **KORASA** APPEAR TO BE **VERY SPECIAL** INDEED.

NONE OF THE **SPECIALISTS** HAVE LEFT THE **VAULT** IN DAYS...

AND **THAT'S** OUR CONFIRMATION! NOW, **SECRECY** WILL BE THE KEY TO SUCCESS. OUR PRIMARY TARGET IS THE **BLADE OF BEGINNINGS**! IT'S A MYTHICAL, PRICELESS WEAPON THAT SHOULD FETCH--

EVENING, **REPUBLIC GOONS**! OR IS IT **DAYTIME**? HARD TO TELL ON **KAMINO**.

ANYWAY, MY NAME'S **DENGAR**, AND I BELIEVE YOU HAVE SOMETHING I WANT!

HAND OVER THE **TREASURE, JEDI**, AND **PERHAPS** WE'LL LET YOU LIVE!

A **RIVAL BOUNTY SQUAD**! THESE IDIOTS ARE GOING TO RUIN **EVERYTHING**!

NO, THEY WON'T, **BOSSK**. A GOOD **DISTRACTION** WORKS JUST AS EFFECTIVELY AS **STEALTH**. THIS "COMPETITION" SIMPLY RAISES THE **STAKES**.

BOOOOM

"SO LET'S GET TO WORK!"

THE CLONE DETAIL FOR THIS FACILITY CAN LOCK DOWN THE VAULT, BUT IN THE MEANTIME -- ARE YOU READY FOR A FIGHT?

ALWAYS.

THUMP

TAKE THEM DOWN FAST, LATTS! JEDI HAVE A NASTY HABIT OF PULLING TRICKS FROM THEIR SLEEVES, AND THOSE ROBES HAVE A LOT OF SLEEVE!

FRONTAL ATTACKS ARE POINTLESS AGAINST US, MERCENARY.

WHIP

WHAT ABOUT A SIDEWAYS ATTACK?

NGGN! A LITTLE ASSISTANCE PLEASE, MASTER!

WE ENCOURAGE SUCH TACTICS, HUNTER. FOR ALL YOUR EFFORTS, YOU'VE SIMPLY SACRIFICED A WEAPON!

AND NOW I'LL SACRIFICE A WEAPON.

ONE THEY WON'T SEE COMING UNTIL IT'S TOO LATE...

SLEEP



DID YOU SEE THAT?
SOME LITTLE **BRAT'S**
AFTER THE **BLADE**!

NO KID'S
GONNA GET
THE BETTER
OF **DENGAR** --
COME ON!



THE VAULT!
WE'VE GOT TO
STOP THEM!

FIRST,
WE NEED TO
DESTROY THESE
DROIDS! IF THEY
WERE TO **ESCAPE**
THEY COULD DAMAGE
FAR MORE THAN
THE CONTENTS
OF THAT
ROOM!



THEY'RE RIGHT ON OUR TAIL, **BOBA**,
SO WHERE IS IT? SOME STUPID
HELMET AND AN EMPTY CASE!
WHERE'S THE **BLADE**
OF BEGINNINGS?

PATIENCE, **BOSSK**.
THE REASON WE FORCED
THAT FREIGHTER TO LAND ON
KORASA WAS BECAUSE I NEEDED
A HANDFUL OF **MOON DUST**...



... THE
ONLY
THING THAT
CAN DEACTIVATE
THE **BLADE'S**
CLOAKING
SHIELD!

YESSSS!



TWO CHOICES, IMP. EITHER HAND
THAT OVER, NICE AND SLOW, OR I'LL
PUT A **BLASTER** BETWEEN YOUR
EYES AND SIMPLY **PLUCK**
THE GOOD STUFF FROM
YOUR COLD, DEAD
HANDS.



IN FUTURE, YOU MIGHT WANT TO
PRIME YOUR WEAPON **BEFORE**
YOU TOUGH TALK AN OPPONENT...
JUST IN CASE HE'S PACKING
SMOKE GRENADES!



HE'S ACTIVATED
THE FIRE ALARMS AND
THE EMERGENCY DOORS
ARE CLOSING!

HE'LL
TRAP
US OUT
HERE!



WELL-PLAYED, HUNTER! BUT MY SPECIAL **HOT SHOT** ROUND WILL MAKE SURE YOU NEVER LIVE TO ENJOY YOUR SPOILS!



NOOO!



PA-TING!



ENOUGH! WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE NOW, BOBA, BEFORE THEY CALL IN REINFORCEMENTS!

YES... YES... LEAVE...

THE DUST FINALLY SETTLES...

IT APPEARS YOUR INSTINCTS WERE SPOT-ON, MASTER. BECAUSE THE FORCE WARNED YOU OF THIS ATTACK, WE WERE ABLE TO CAPTURE TWO NOTABLE BOUNTY HUNTERS...

... EVEN IF WE DID LOSE THE RELICS.

ACTUALLY, WE LOST **NOTHING**. IT IS ONLY NOW, HAVING STUDIED THE FINDINGS IN THE LAB, THAT I REALISE THE FORCE WAS TRYING TO TELL ME--

--THEY'RE **FAKE!** LOOK AT THESE MARKINGS! ALL THAT HARD WORK AND NEAR-DEATH ACTION FOR **ZERO** GAIN!

I WOULDN'T SAY THAT. OUR RIVALS WERE **GOOD**, AND I CAN ALWAYS USE A BIGGER, BETTER TEAM.

WE'VE BOTH SPENT TIME IN A **CORUSCANT** PRISON, SO PLANNING THEIR JAILBREAK SHOULD BE EASY. AFTER THAT, WE CAN FIND OURSELVES SOME **REAL** WORK.


"ONE DAY, EVEN THE JEDI WOULD FEAR THE NAME **BOBA FETT!**"

"BUT WHAT I DIDN'T TELL BOSSK WAS THAT ONE OF THE FAKES WAS WORTH ITS WEIGHT IN CREDITS."

"A HELMET THAT COULD DEFLECT A **BLASTER** ROUND WOULD COME IN HANDY."



END!



JEDI MASTER MACE WINDU
FINDS HIMSELF OUTNUMBERED
IN THE OUTER RIM...

"WHEN THE JEDI TEMPLE INTERCEPTED THE
DISTRESS CALL FROM THE ABANDONED
PLANETOID, I HAD TO CHECK IT OUT -- JUST
IN CASE SOMEONE REALLY NEEDED OUR HELP.

"BUT THAT BEACON TURNED OUT TO BE A
DUD, INTENDED TO LURE ME INTO A TRAP AND
LEAVING ME OUTNUMBERED A HUNDRED-
TO-ONE WITH NO WAY TO REACH MY SHIP.

THE JEDI KNIGHT WENT THIS WAY!
THE ROGUE SIGNAL MUST HAVE
TRANSMITTED FROM HIS SHIP.

"BUT THE WAY THE DROID
SQUADRON LEADER HAD SPOKEN
SUGGESTED THEY WERE LURED
HERE, TOO. BUT BY WHOM?

"AND WHY?"

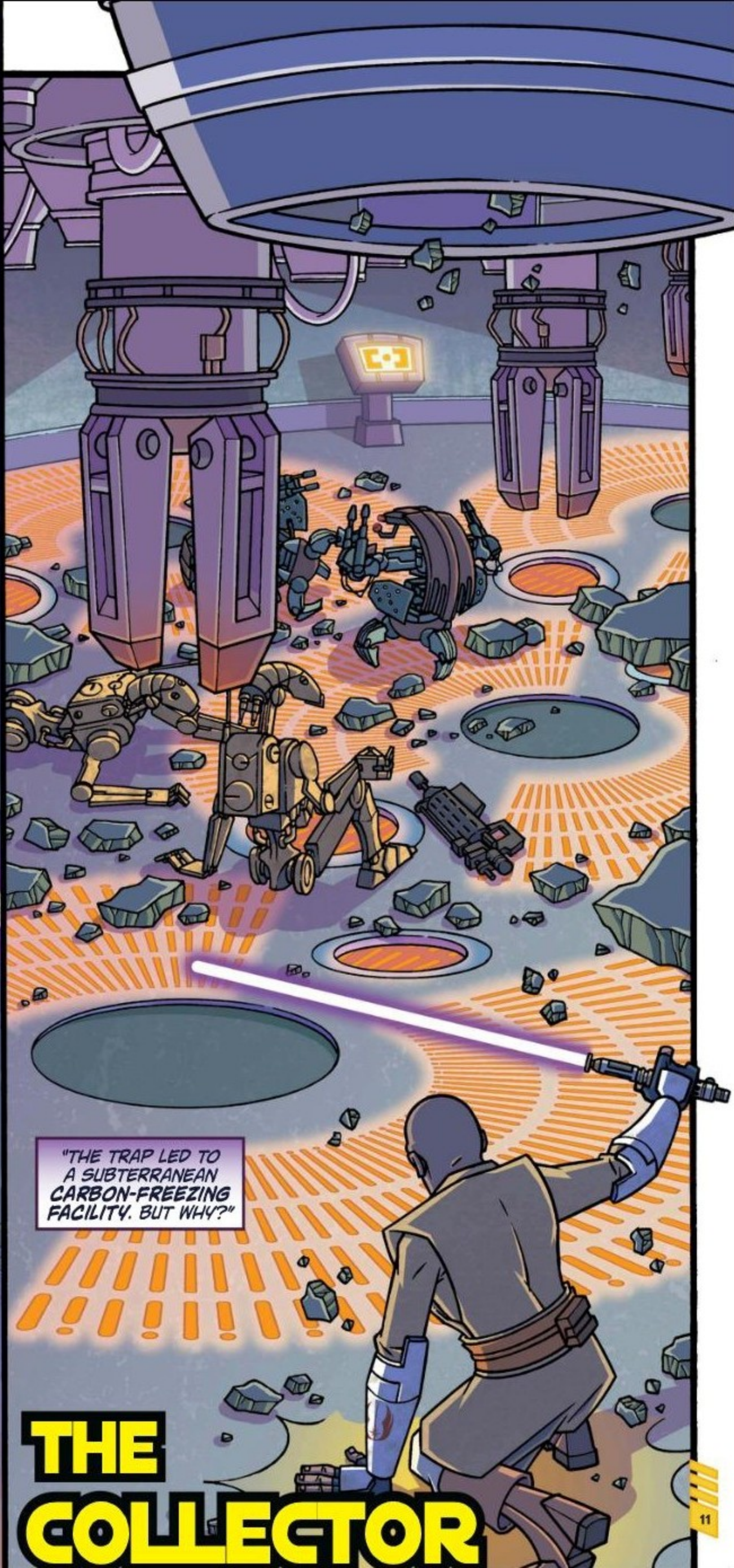
WHAT
THE--

FWOP!

FWOP!



WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
LUCA BERTELE
COLORS
LUCA BERTELE
LETTERS
JON CHAPPLE



"THE TRAP LED TO
A SUBTERRANEAN
CARBON-FREEZING
FACILITY. BUT WHY?"

THE COLLECTOR

"THE TRAPDOOR SEALED CLOSED -- AND I'M PRETTY SURE THOSE SEPARATIST DROIDS WERE AS SURPRISED AS I WAS.

KLUNYING

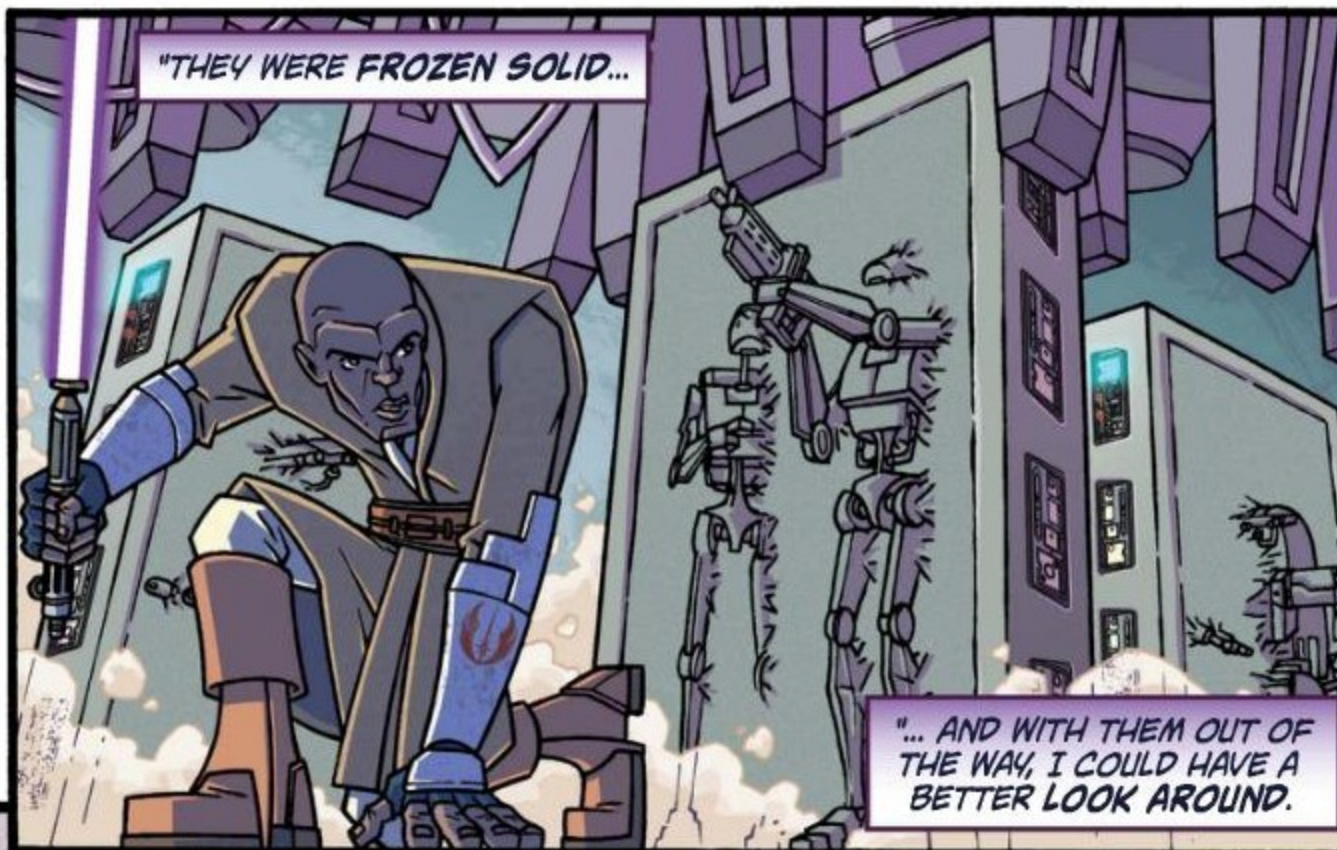
"SOMETHING WAS GOING ON THAT I WASN'T SEEING.

LOOK -- THE JEDI KNIGHT! BLAST HIM!

ROGER, ROGER!



"THE DROIDS DIDN'T REALIZE THE CARBON-FREEZE UNIT WAS PRIMED AND OPERATIONAL.



"THEY WERE FROZEN SOLID..."

"... AND WITH THEM OUT OF THE WAY, I COULD HAVE A BETTER LOOK AROUND.



"BUT BEFORE I HAD THE CHANCE--"

STARSHIP THRUSTERS...?

OUTSIDE...



THE GROUND IS MOV-- NO, IT'S A STARSHIP!

WOW! WHAT A LOUSY PLACE TO PARK!



"IT APPEARS I WAS RIGHT... THEY WERE STARSHIP THRUSTERS.

WHY WOULD ANYONE HIDE A STARSHIP UNDERGROUND..?

"INSIDE WERE A WAMPA... A DEWBACK... HUNDREDS OF DIFFERENT SPECIES, CARBON-FROZEN...



TRAPPED LIKE FLIES IN AMBER...

"I RECOGNIZED SOME -- SEPARATIST AGENTS WE'D HAD UNDER SURVEILLANCE 'TIL THEY DROPPED OFF OUR SCOPES TWO MONTHS AGO.



"SOMEONE HAD BEEN CAREFULLY KIDNAPPING AND STORING LIVING CREATURES FROM ALL OVER THE GALAXY... BUT WHY?"

SO YOU HEARD MY BEACON!

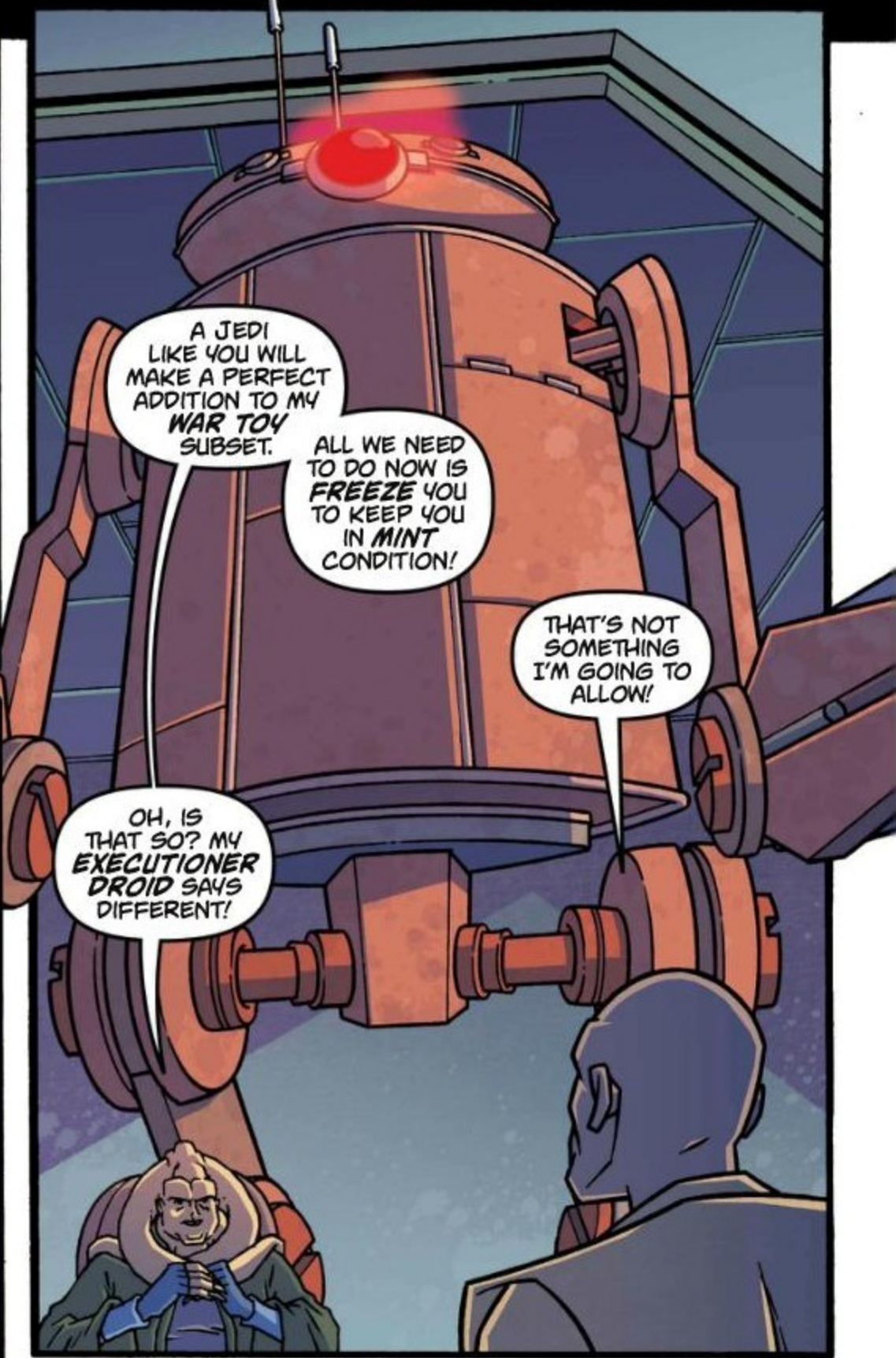
AND YOU ARE A JEDI KNIGHT, ARE YOU NOT?



HOW SIMPLY MARVELOUS... I'VE NEVER OWNED A JEDI KNIGHT BEFORE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN OWNED?! JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?

MY NAME IS KENNA AND I'M A COLLECTOR. I GATHER AND CATALOG EXAMPLES OF THE MANY LIVING SPECIES OF THE GALAXY



A JEDI LIKE YOU WILL MAKE A PERFECT ADDITION TO MY WAR TOY SUBSET.

ALL WE NEED TO DO NOW IS FREEZE YOU TO KEEP YOU IN MINT CONDITION!

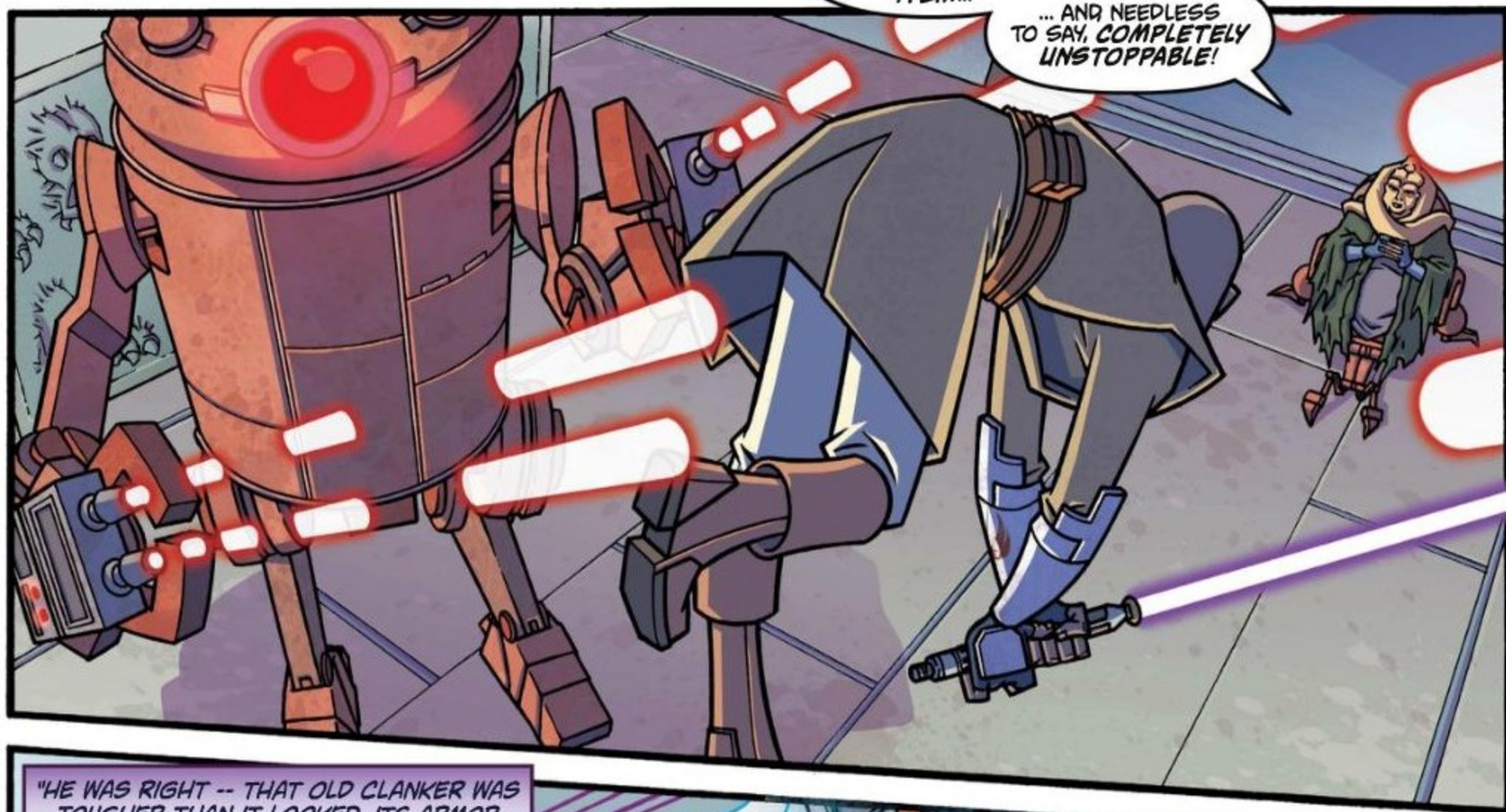
THAT'S NOT SOMETHING I'M GOING TO ALLOW!

OH, IS THAT SO? MY EXECUTIONER DROID SAYS DIFFERENT!



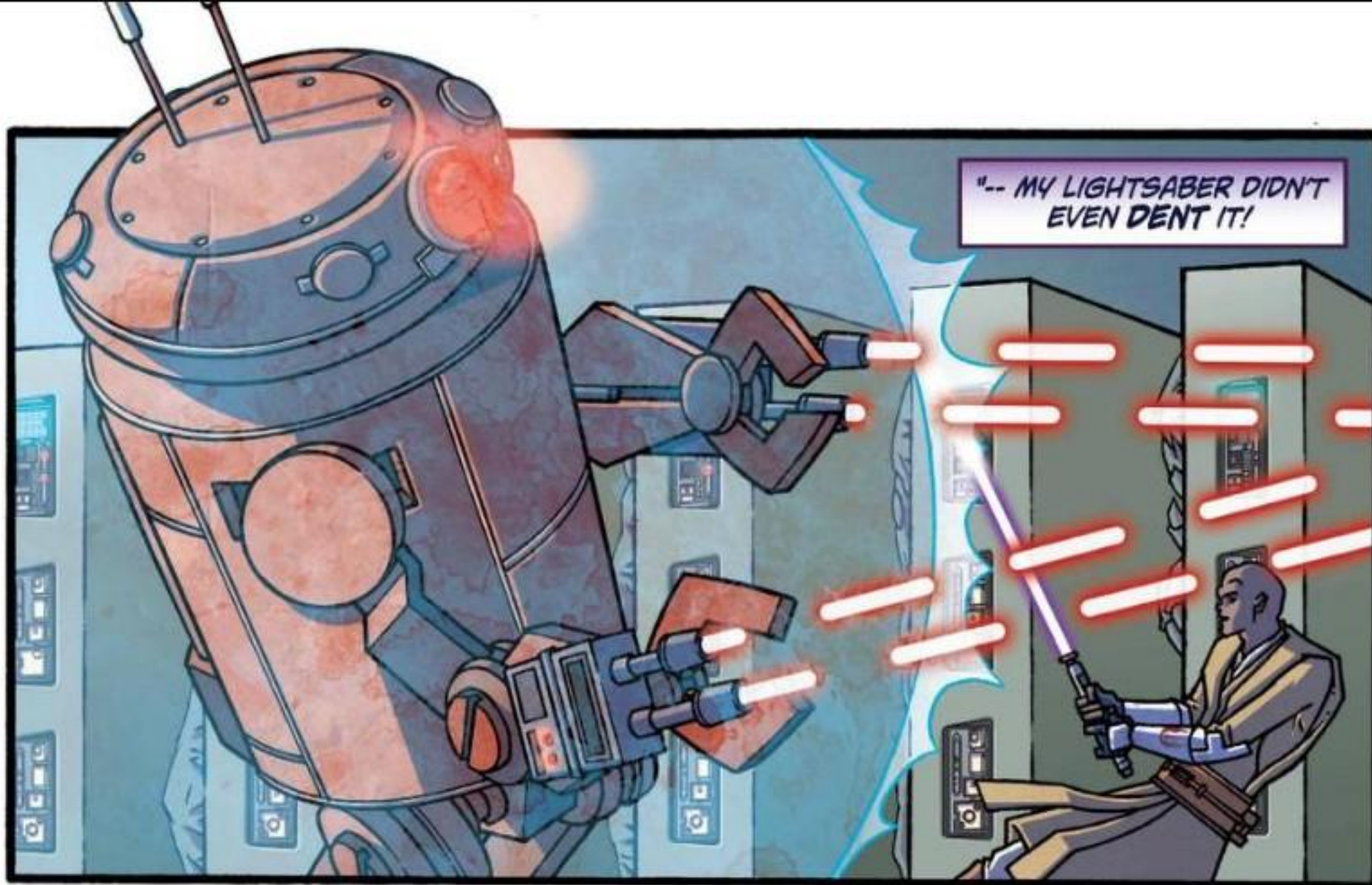
THERE ARE ONLY **THREE** OF THESE DEADLY DROIDS KNOWN TO EXIST IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE -- IT'S A **COLLECTORS' ITEM**...

... AND NEEDLESS TO SAY, **COMPLETELY UNSTOPPABLE!**



"HE WAS RIGHT -- THAT OLD CLANKER WAS TOUGHER THAN IT LOOKED. ITS ARMOR WAS MAGNETICALLY SEALED AND AUGMENTED WITH **FORCE SHIELDS** --





"-- MY LIGHTSABER DIDN'T
EVEN DENT IT!"



"THEN I REMEMBERED THE WORDS
TAUGHT TO ME AS A PADAWAN --

"USE CONTROL EVEN IN THE
MOST DIFFICULT OF SITUATIONS."



"OR, IN THIS CASE, CONTROLS..."



"WITH THE SITUATION IN HAND,
IT WAS TIME TO RETURN HOME..."

ROGUE SHIP, THIS
IS THE **CORUSCANT PORT
AUTHORITY**. YOU HAVE
ENTERED RESTRICTED AIR-
SPACE. PLEASE IDENTIFY
YOURSELF.

THIS IS
MASTER MACE
WINDU REQUESTING
PERMISSION
TO LAND.

...AND
HERE
I AM.

MANY
**SEPARATIST
ACTIVISTS** AMONG
THE FROZEN PEOPLES
THIS COLLECTOR
HAD.

**FISHING
TRIP** YOU
PLANNED NOT, BUT
ADMIRABLE **CATCH**
YOU MANAGED,
MASTER WINDU.

YES, MASTER YODA -- THERE
WERE EVEN SOME OF OUR
OWN PEOPLE IN HIS
SHIP-BOARD STORE.

AND WHAT OF
THE COLLECTOR
HIMSELF?

FOR NOW, I
SAY WE LEAVE
HIM IN FROZEN
HIBERNATION WHERE
HE CAN'T DO
ANY FURTHER
HARM...

... LET HIM
**COLLECT
DUST** FOR
A WHILE!

END!



DOWNHILL

WRITER MIKE W. BARR 🍷 ARTIST ANDRES PONCE 🍷 COLORIST DIGIKORE 🍷 LETTERER JON CHAPPLE





ABOARD EVERYONE, QUICKLY! ANAKIN, YOU'LL TAKE THE CONTROLS!

I WONDERED WHY WE WERE CARRYING THIS SMALLER SHIP...



THE LARGER SHIP IS A DECOY, ISN'T IT?

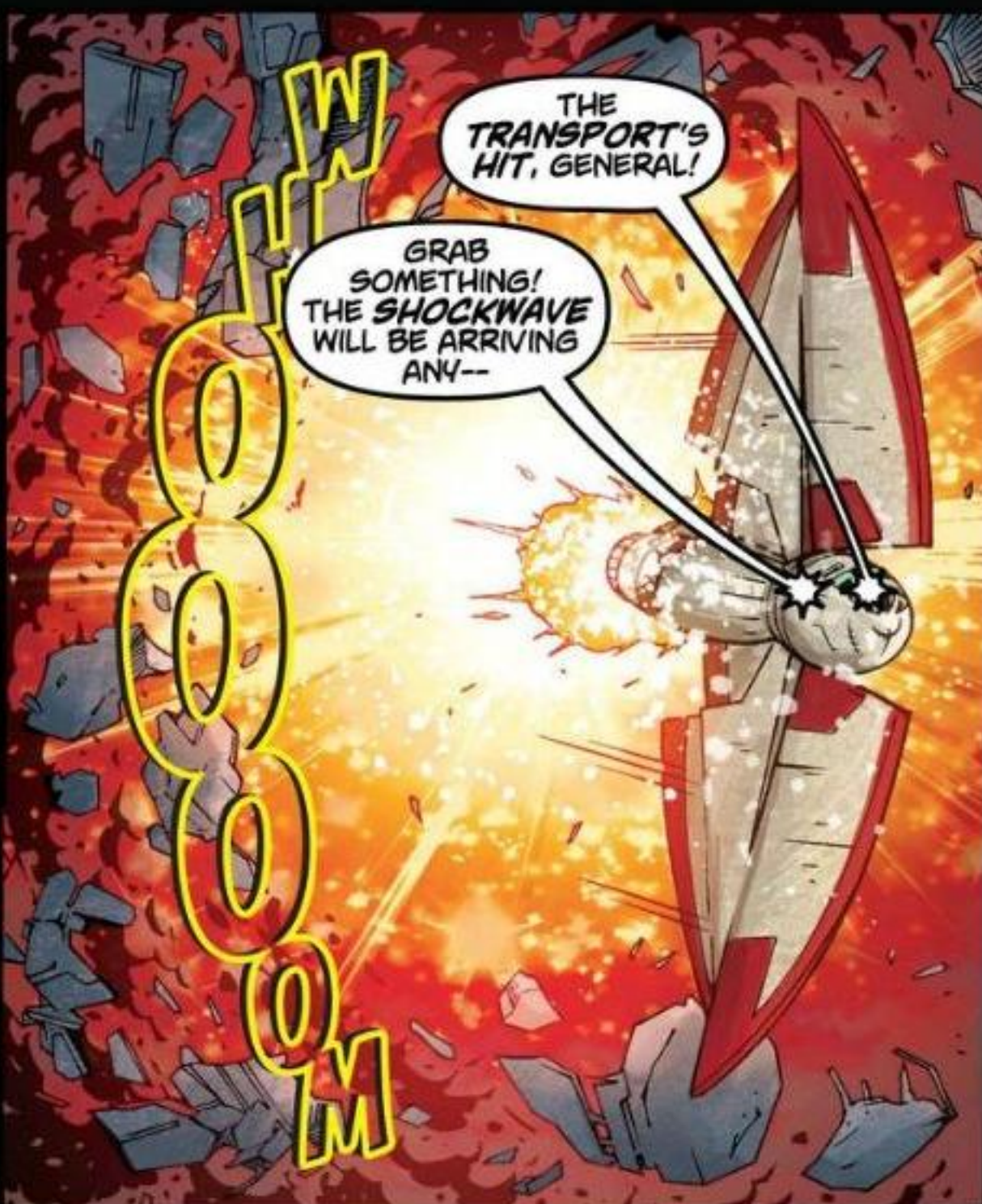
NOT IF WE DON'T GET OFF THE SHIP, IT WON'T BE!

I'M OPENING THE CARGO BAY DOORS...



"MISSILES WILL BE ARRIVING IN THREE SECONDS, GENERAL KENOBI."

"THAT'S CUTTING IT CLOSE -- GET US OUT OF HERE, ANAKIN!"



THE TRANSPORT'S HIT, GENERAL!

GRAB SOMETHING! THE SHOCKWAVE WILL BE ARRIVING ANY--



WE'RE HIT! BUT IT'S JUST DEBRIS FROM THE TRANSPORT!

"JUST", ANAKIN...?

THE GYROSTABILIZING SYSTEM IS DAMAGED!

AND THAT ENGINE IS DOWN TO ONE-QUARTER POWER!

THE SEPARATISTS' MONITORS WILL TELL THEM WE'RE DEAD -- LET'S NOT MAKE THAT A REALITY!

I COULD FLY THIS THING WITH BOTH ENGINES ON QUARTER POWER, MASTER...

"... AND THIS MOLD THAT COVERS THE PLANET WILL MAKE A NICE CUSHION FOR OUR LANDING!"

WELL, THERE'S OUR TARGET.

ANY MONITORS WILL THINK WE'RE JUST ONE OF THE MANY CREATURES THAT LIVE IN THIS MUCK -- I HOPE!

DID YOU FEEL THAT? I THOUGHT I FELT--

THILL! YOUR LIGHT IS ATTRACTING THEM!

GO -- I'LL DRAW THEIR ATTENTION!

FINISH THE MISSION!

I GIVE THE ORDERS HERE, SERGEANT!

AND IF ANAKIN AND I HAVE TO EAT FIELD RATIONS...



... SO DO YOU!

SHHHH



DID THEY GET IN YOUR ARMOR? CAN YOU TRAVEL?

I... I'M ALL RIGHT. THANK YOU, SIR.

NOW WE'LL FINISH THE MISSION!



DID YOU CO-ORDINATE THE HOMING TRANSMITTERS?

YES, GENERAL.

THE FLEET SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRIANGULATE ON THE BASE EVEN THROUGH ITS CLOAKING SHIELDS NOW!



IT WILL BE MINUTES BEFORE THE FLEET VAPORIZES THIS MOUNTAIN-TOP!

WE'D BETTER GET BACK TO THE TRANSPORT BEFORE...

... BEFORE...

I FEEL IT, TOO, MASTER. A LIVING PRESENCE.

BUT...



ANAKIN, THERE!

HAVE... HAVE YOU COME TO HURT US?





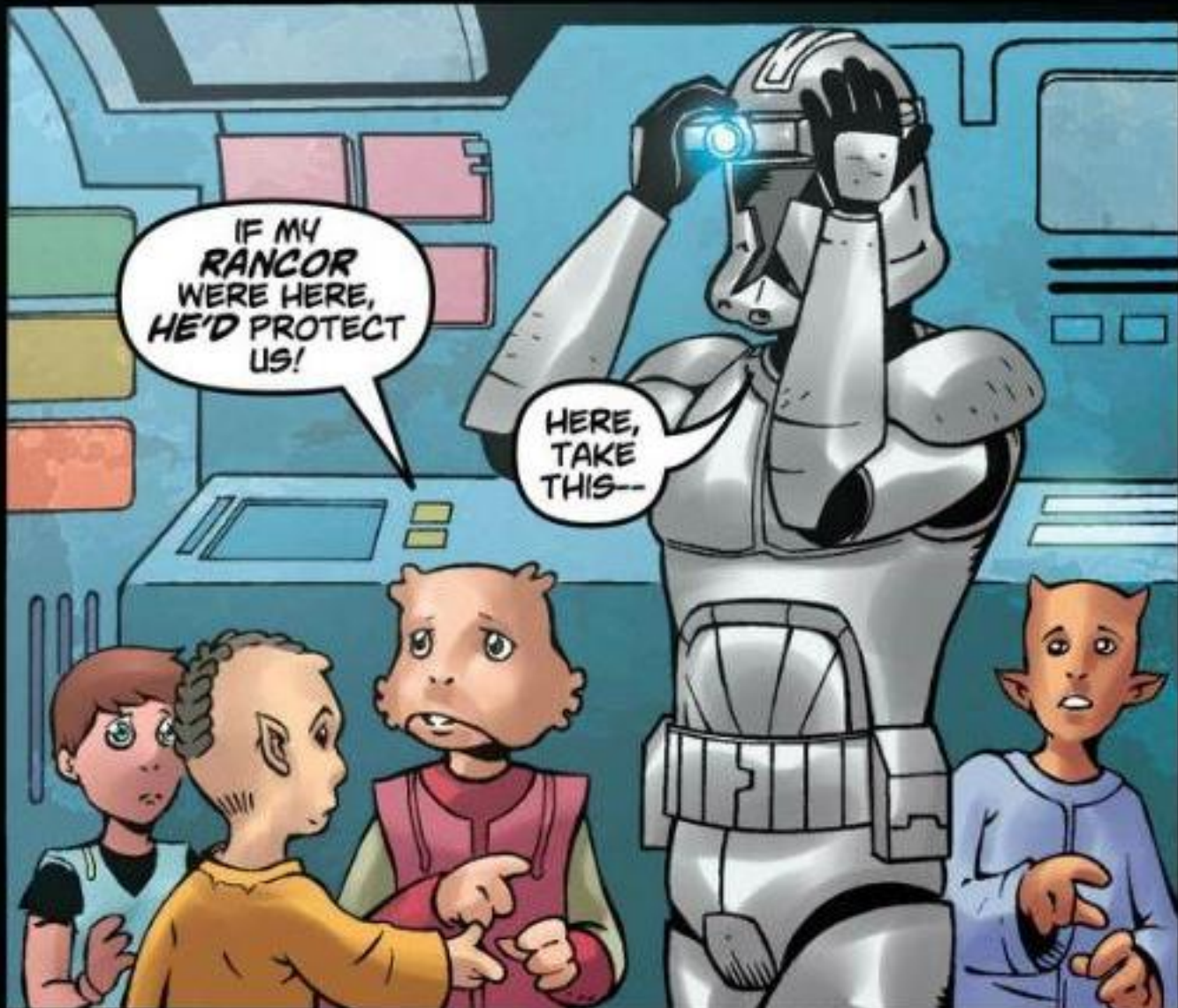
"IT JUST HAS
TO SLIDE!"



"SLIDE"...?
MASTER,
NO--!

IF YOU'VE
A BETTER PLAN,
I'M OPEN TO
SUGGESTIONS!

HERE,
YOU LOT,
SETTLE
DOWN!



IF MY
RANCOR
WERE HERE,
HE'D PROTECT
US!

HERE,
TAKE
THIS--



---MY
TROOPER
TORCH HAS
ALWAYS
BROUGHT
ME LUCK!



TAKE
US OUT,
ANAKIN--
I MEAN,
TAKE US
DOWN!

HERE
GOES
NOTHING,
MASTER...!

WHOOOMP

WHAT--?



BATTLE
DROIDS!

SERGEANT,
YOU'RE WITH
ME!





HAVE TO
CONCENTRATE...

USE THE
FORCE...



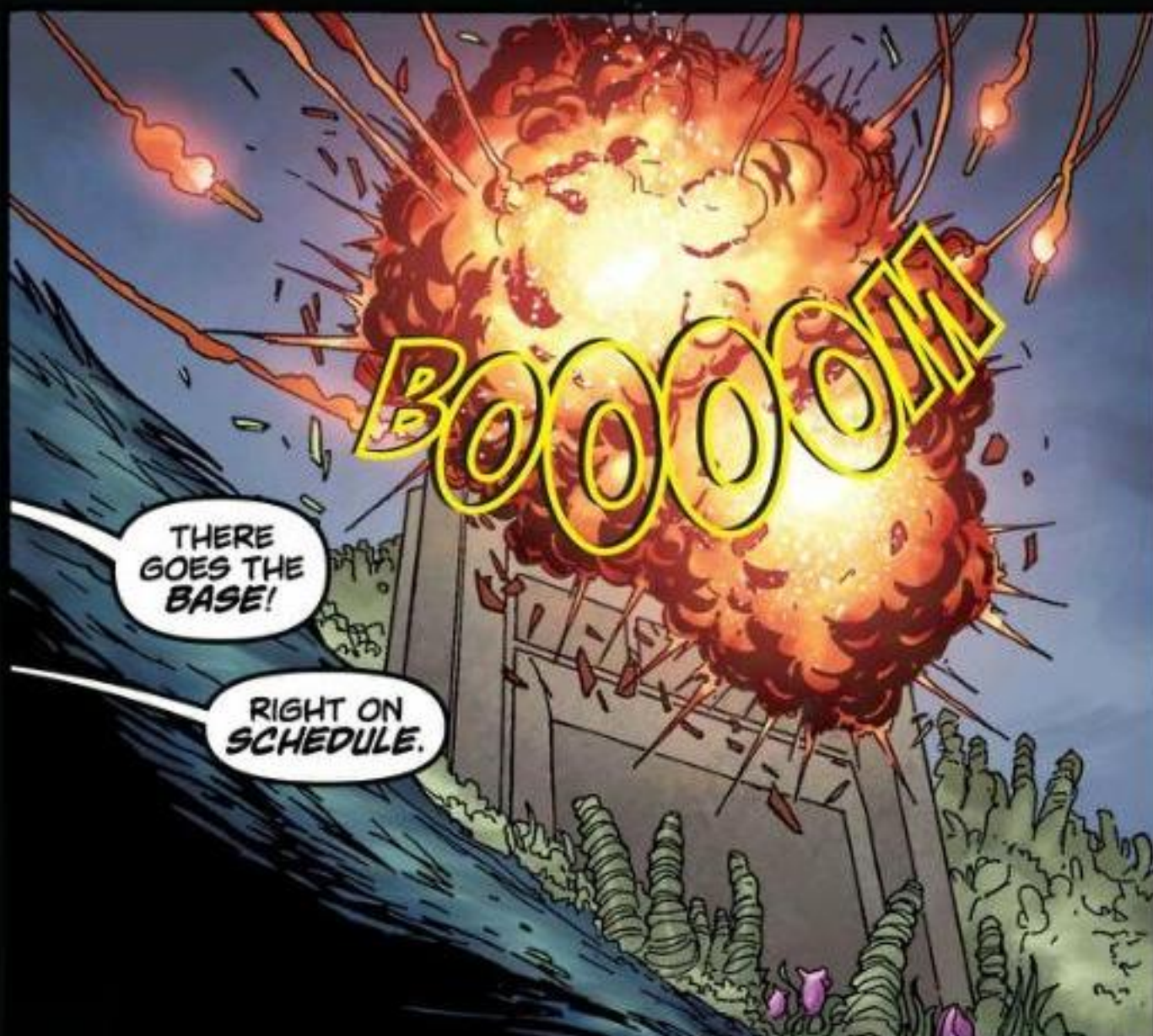
WIIID



HERE GOES
NOTHING...!



PHEW



THERE
GOES THE
BASE!

RIGHT ON
SCHEDULE.

BOOOOM



ALL THE KIDS ARE
ACCOUNTED FOR,
MASTER.

THANKS TO
SERGEANT THILL.

TODAY,
WE LOST
ANOTHER
GOOD
MAN.

IT'S
SO SAD
ABOUT THE
SERGEANT.

WE'LL
ALWAYS
REMEMBER
HIM!

YES,
CHILD... AND
EVERYTHING HE
FOUGHT
FOR.

END!

IN DEEP SPACE, IN
THE HOLD OF THE
STARSHIP TALON'S WING...

THE JEDI
CODE DEMANDS I
GIVE YOU GANGSTERS
ONE LAST
CHANCE!

ARE YOU
GOING TO COME
QUIETLY?

"COME
QUIETLY"?
YOU'VE GOT
GUTS, JEDI... I'LL
GIVE YOU
THAT--

BUT
NOBODY
SURVIVES AN
ATTEMPT TO
TAKE OUT THE
BLACK TALON
GANG!

WE DON'T
HAVE TO TAKE
YOUR WHOLE GANG,
SHORRAN DAK...
WE ONLY HAVE
TO GET YOU!

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

MASK OF IRON

COLOURIST
DIGIKORE
LETTERER
JON CHAPPLE

A FINE
EPITAPH,
JEDI!

FINISH
THEM,
BOYS!





NOW YOU'VE DONE IT, BOYS!

AND WITH ONLY TWO OF US AND LOTS OF YOU...



...THE ODDS ARE ON OUR SIDE! RIGHT, MASTER?

MY THOUGHTS EXACTLY, ANAKIN!



AIEEE!

OOOF!

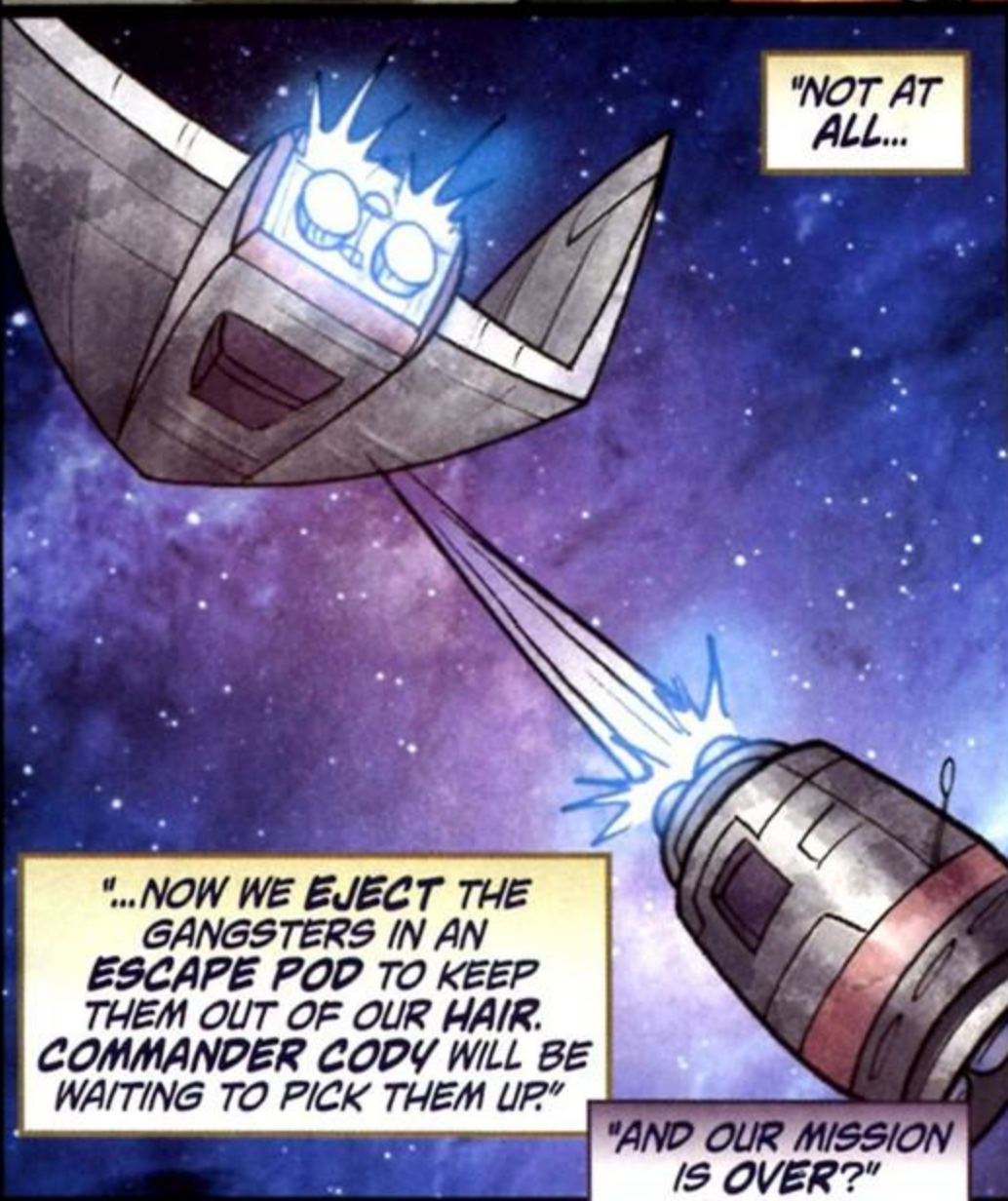
GAHH!



AH... THANK YOU FOR RESTORING THE LIGHTS, ANAKIN!

MY PLEASURE, MASTER.

...ER... THAT'S NOT ALL THERE IS TO OUR PLAN, IS IT?



"NOT AT ALL..."

"...NOW WE EJECT THE GANGSTERS IN AN ESCAPE POD TO KEEP THEM OUT OF OUR HAIR. COMMANDER CODY WILL BE WAITING TO PICK THEM UP."

"AND OUR MISSION IS OVER?"



NOT YET. DAK AND HIS GANG WERE MEETING A ROGUE SCIENTIST WHO'D CONTACTED THEM ABOUT SOME NEW WEAPONRY...

THIS SUIT IS QUITE FLATTERING, DON'T YOU THINK?

I SUPPOSE. BUT--



...AND SINCE DAK KEEPS A VERY **LOW PROFILE**, THE SCIENTIST WON'T REALISE WE'RE TAKING THE PLACE OF THE **BLACK TALON GANG**!

AND I GET TO BE SHORRAN DAK, THE **LEADER**?



NO, YOU'RE MY **BODYGUARD**! I'M THE **LEADER**!

AGAIN?!

I WAS THE **BODYGUARD** LAST TIME!

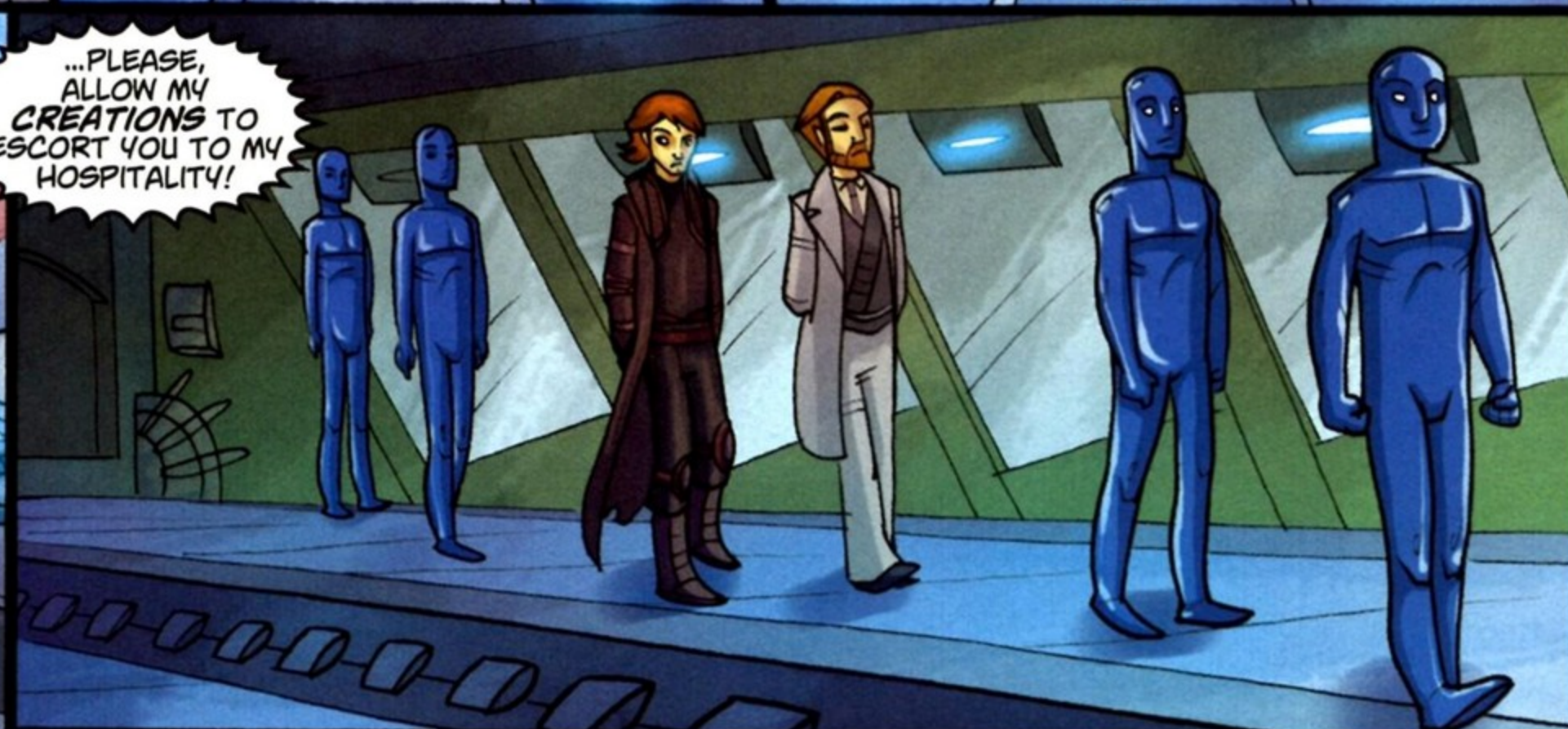


YOU MOST CERTAINLY WERE **NOT**! NOW **PAY ATTENTION**-- WE'RE COMING UP TO THE SCIENTIST'S **ASTEROID BASE**...

...AND BY ALL MEANS, **STAY IN CHARACTER**!



WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE **HOME**, SHORRAN DAK...!



...PLEASE, ALLOW MY **CREATIONS** TO ESCORT YOU TO MY **HOSPITALITY**!



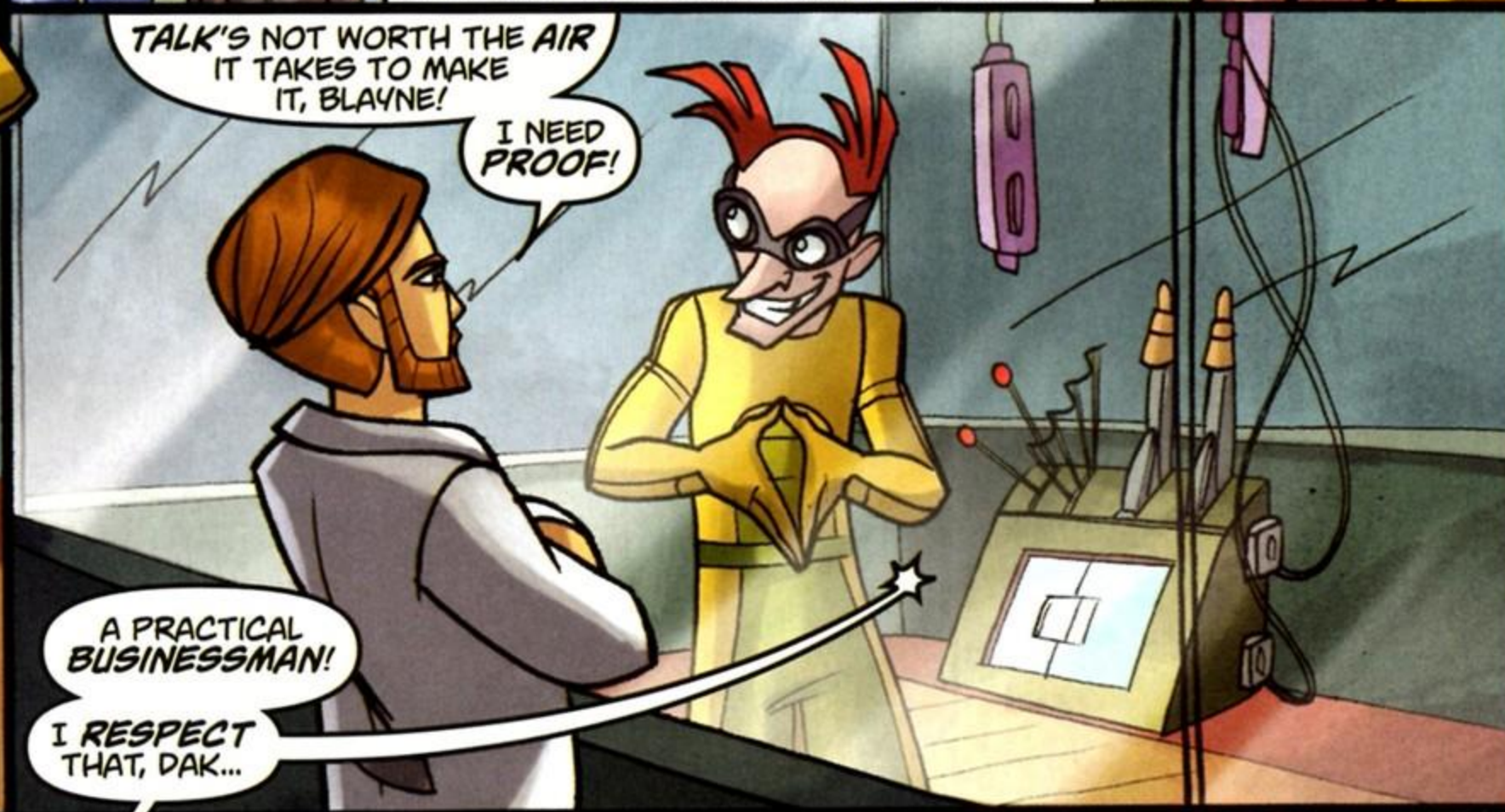
I'M GETTING A **STRANGE FEELING** FROM THESE DROIDS, MASTER!

AS AM I. BUT I CAN'T--



AFTER ALL OUR CORRESPONDENCE, IT'S AN HONOUR TO FINALLY **MEET** YOU, SHORRAN DAK...

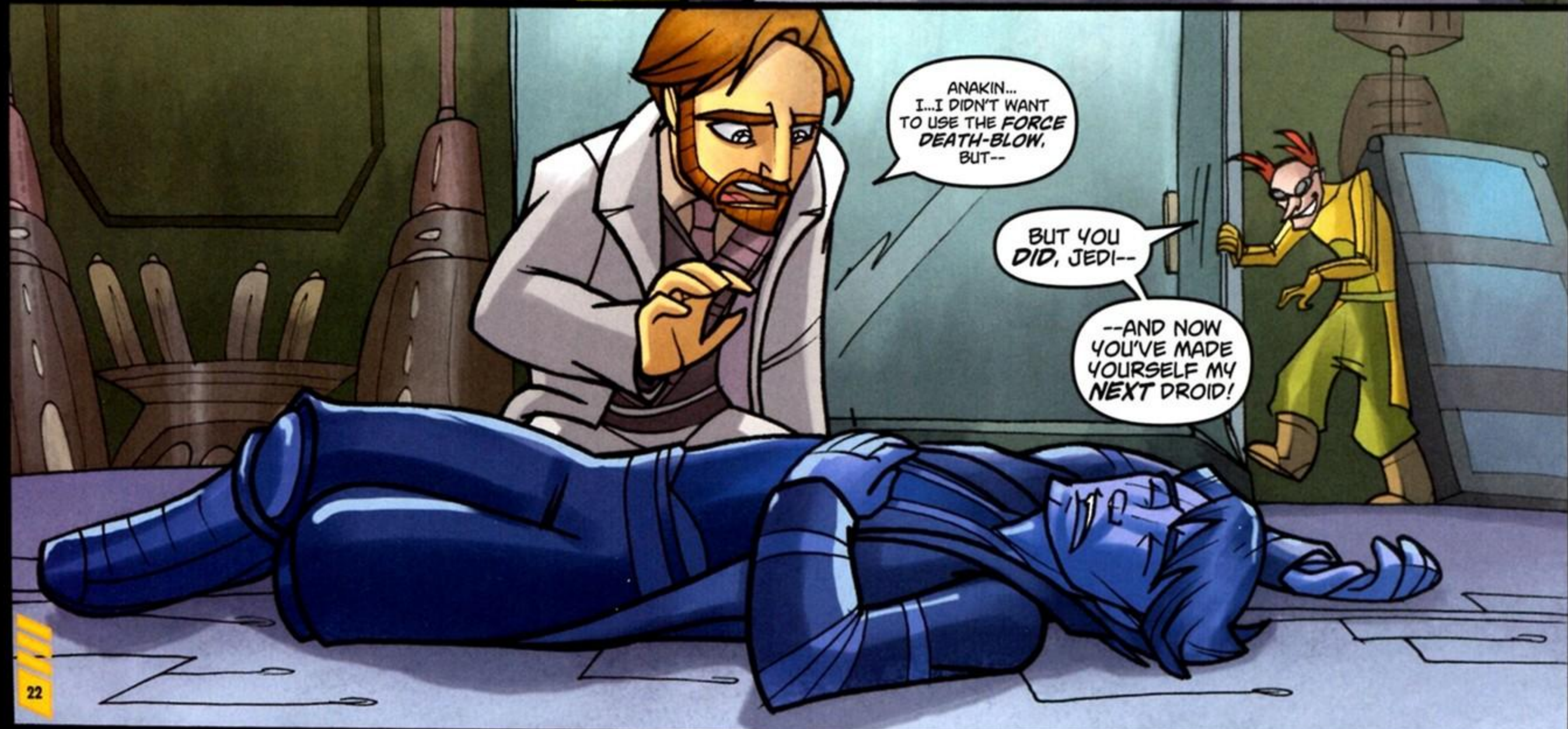
...THOUGH YOU'LL FORGIVE ME IF I REMAIN **PROTECTED** UNTIL WE HAVE EACH OTHER'S **TRUST**!







"AN UNSTOPPABLE WARRIOR--WITH THE SKILLS OF A JEDI, BUT SERVING MY WILL!"





I THINK NOT, BLAYNE!

IF YOU SO VALUE THIS "LIQUID METAL" OF YOURS...



...YOU MAY WEAR IT--WITH COMPLIMENTS OF THE FORCE!

≡HRRK!≡

NO! IT CAN'T...



...CAN'T...

...
HOW MAY I SERVE YOU, MASTER?



YOU REMAIN IMMOBILE UNTIL TOLD OTHERWISE, BLAYNE.

≡UNNNH≡
...MASTER...

AH, ANAKIN!

NONE THE WORSE FOR YOUR BRIEF FORCE TRANCE?



NO, MASTER. I SENSED YOUR INTENT CLEARLY. I ASSUME THE LIQUID METAL LEFT ME WHEN IT COULD BARELY READ MY VITAL SIGNS?

YES--
ANOTHER USE FOR FORCE TRANCE, IN ADDITION TO CONSERVING AIR AND VITAL FUNCTIONS!

AND BLAYNE WAS, OF COURSE, UNAWARE THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS "FORCE DEATH-BLOW"!



ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT?

BEING TRAPPED IN THAT METAL SUIT WAS THE WORST EXPERIENCE I COULD IMAGINE, MASTER...

...I HOPE I NEVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH ANYTHING LIKE THAT EVER AGAIN.

END!

POWER DOWN

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
LUCA BERTELE

COLOURIST
LUCA BERTELE
LETTERER
JON CHAPPLE

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS
ARE IN PROGRESS ON
THE CONTESTED MOON
OF GUS TALON.

SENATOR PADMÉ
AMIDALA ATTENDS,
ACCOMPANIED BY
ANAKIN SKYWALKER,
JEDI KNIGHT...

IT'S HARD
TO BELIEVE THIS
WHOLE COMPLEX WAS
BUILT SOLELY TO HOST
DIPLOMATIC
NEGOTIATIONS...

IT'S
HUGE!

THEY TAKE
DIPLOMACY
SERIOUSLY HERE
ON GUS TALON,
ANAKIN.

IT MUST
TAKE A LOT
OF **STAFF** TO
RUN IT.

OH NO, MASTER ANAKIN--
THE WHOLE FACILITY
IS **AUTOMATED** AND
SELF-SUFFICIENT.

DROIDS
ENSURE THE
BUILDING RUNS
EFFICIENTLY.

THANKS FOR COMING, ANI.
WITH THIS **GHASTLY** WAR
ON, WE DON'T GET MUCH
TIME TOGETHER.

YOU'RE THE
DIPLOMAT, PADMÉ--
AND A DIPLOMAT NEEDS
A **JEDI KNIGHT** FOR
PROTECTION.

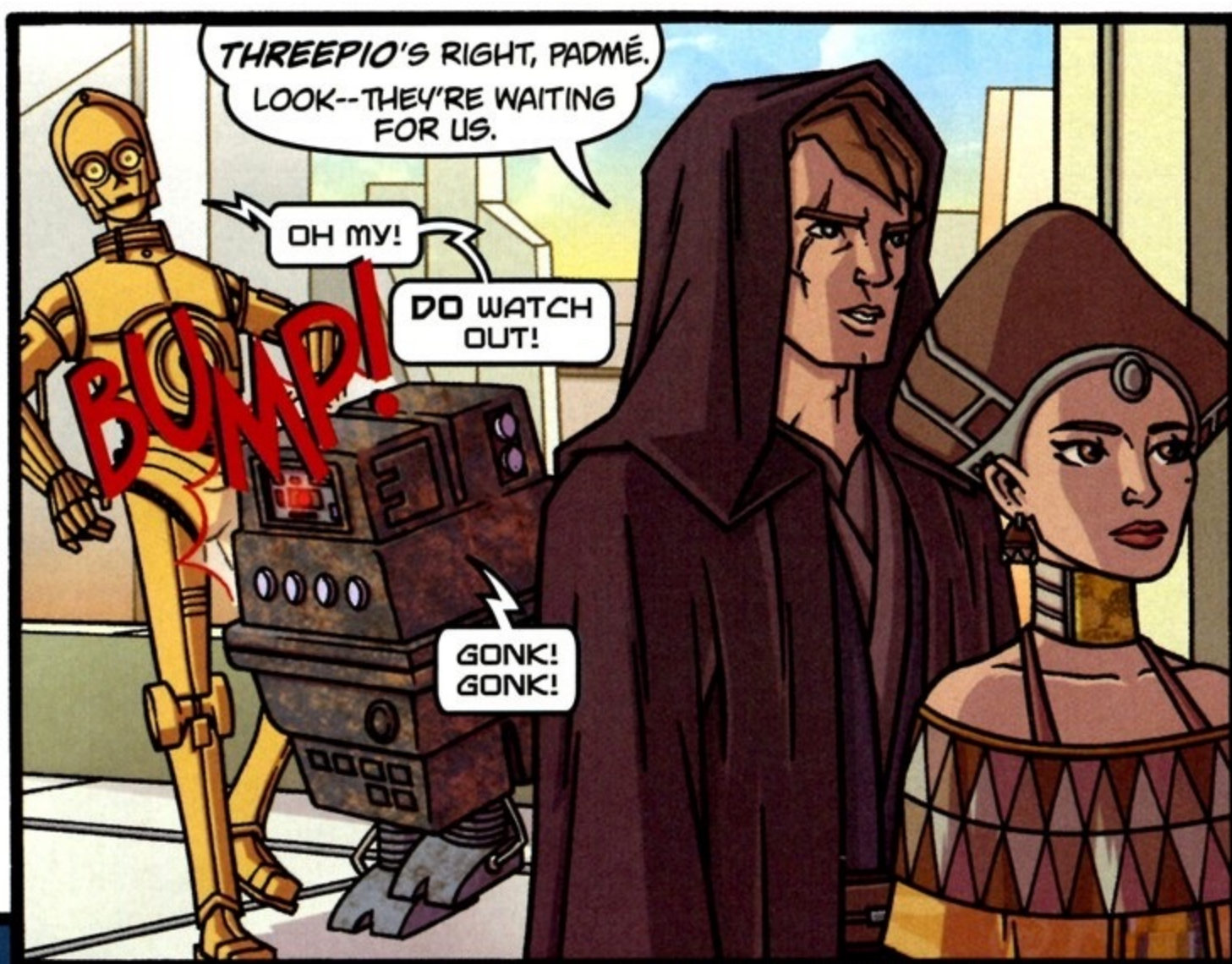
BUT WE
MUSTN'T FORGET
TO TAKE TIME FOR
OURSELVES--

--OTHERWISE
WE'VE **LOST SIGHT**
OF WHAT WE'RE
FIGHTING FOR.

FA-WOOP!

MISTRESS AMIDALA,
ARTOO SAYS THE
PEACE NEGOTIATIONS
ARE STARTING NOW.

WE SHOULD
HURRY.

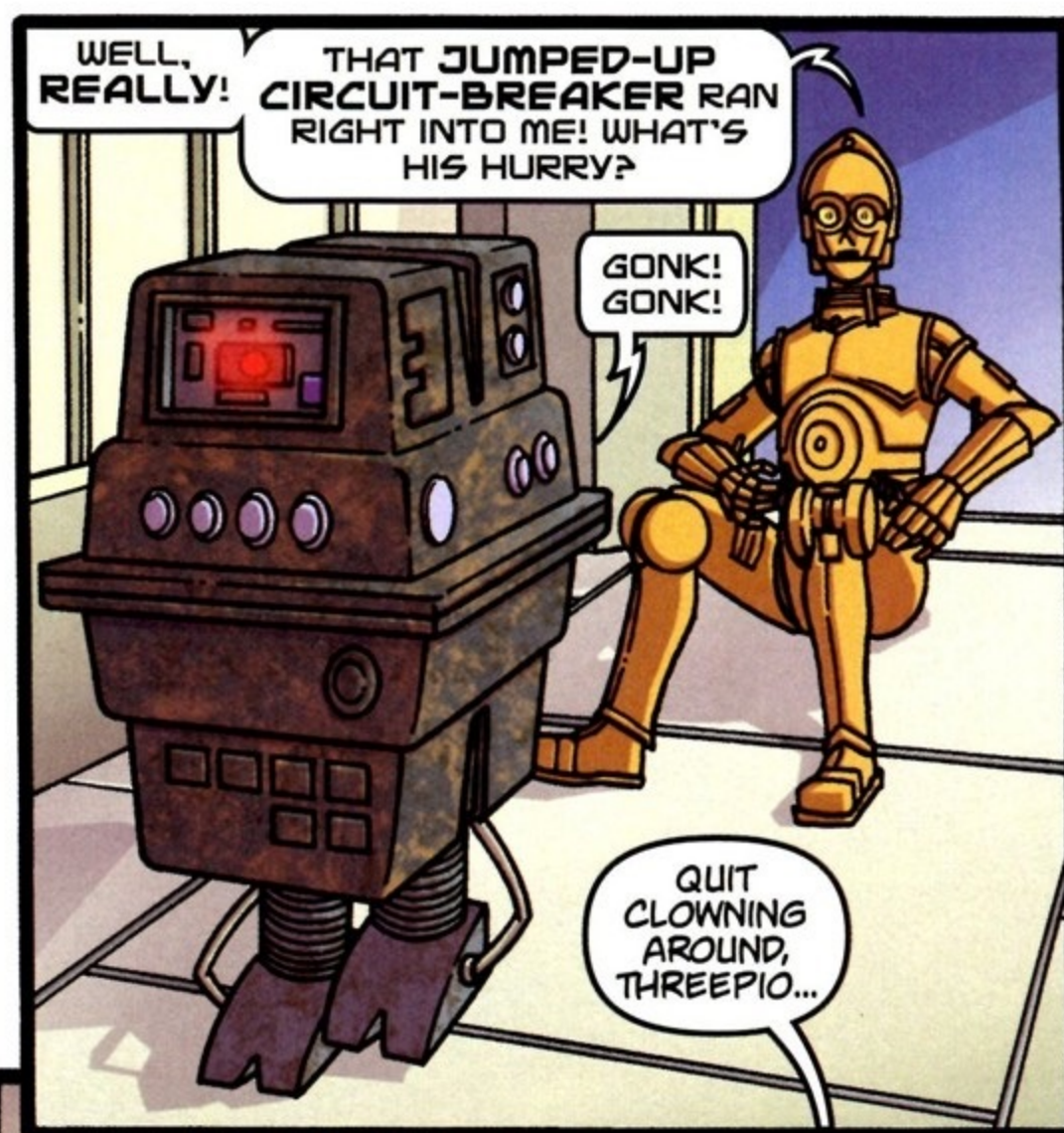


THREEPIO'S RIGHT, PADMÉ.
LOOK--THEY'RE WAITING
FOR US.

OH MY!

DO WATCH
OUT!

GONK!
GONK!



WELL,
REALLY!

THAT JUMPED-UP
CIRCUIT-BREAKER RAN
RIGHT INTO ME! WHAT'S
HIS HURRY?

GONK!
GONK!

QUIT
CLOWNING
AROUND,
THREEPIO...



YOU'RE JUST IN
TIME, SENATOR
AMIDALA.

**PREFECT ORF MADROO,
TWI'LEK DIPLOMAT.**



WELCOME TO THE PARTY,
SENATOR--AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED ON KAMINO,
YOU HAVE QUITE THE
REPUTATION FOR
DIPLOMACY!

**CAPTAIN JAMB BEETILES,
CORELLIAN NEGOTIATOR.**



CAN ANYONE GIVE ME A BOOST?
I CAN BARELY SEE OVER
THIS TABLE!

**SENIOR FOREMAN
EMF DIDDAR, UGNAUGHT
NEGOTIATOR AND UNION REP.**



...I NEED YOUR
TRANSLATION
SKILLS OVER
HERE!

DO YOU
KNOW HOW TO SAY
"SORRY WE'RE LATE"
IN SIX DIFFERENT
LANGUAGES?



SHALL WE GET THIS
MEETING STARTED,
PEOPLE?

**FEBULL DOW,
THEELIN NEGOTIATOR.**



HOW PLEASING TO
MEET YET ANOTHER
HUMAN.

YEE-HEE-HEE-
HEE-HAW!

**SLOTHO, RODIAN NEGOTIATOR
AND BAIL BONDSMAN.**



CAN'T WE TURN THE
AIR-CON DOWN? ISN'T
ANYONE ELSE
COLD?

**CHIEF LIAISON HRTHEK VAL VOZ,
TRANDOSHAN NEGOTIATOR.**

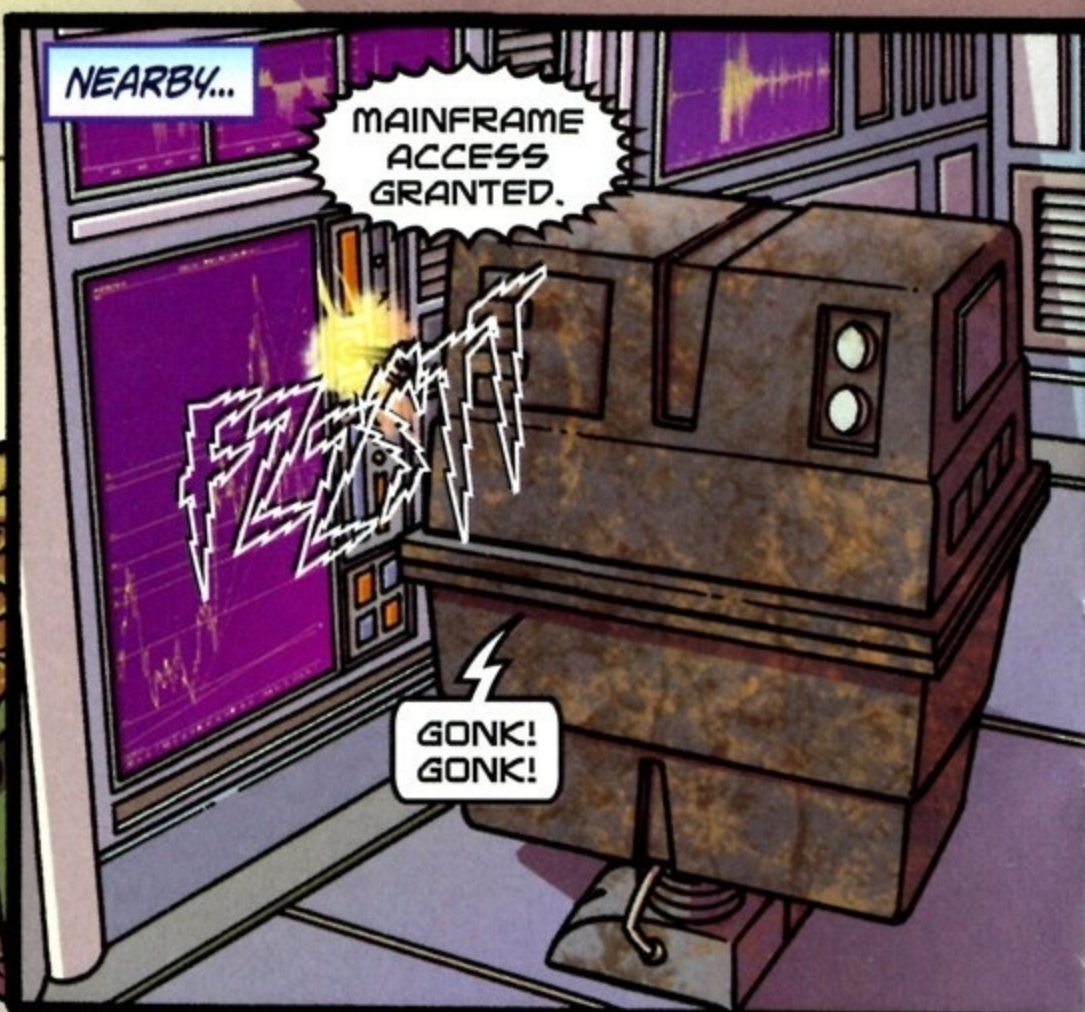


ARE WE
ALL READY?

**SENATOR PADMÉ AMIDALA,
NABOO NEGOTIATOR.**



NO ONE AT THIS TABLE CAN FAIL TO HAVE NOTICED THE RECENT INCREASE IN **SEPARATIST ACTIVITY** IN THIS REGION.



NEARBY...

MAINFRAME ACCESS GRANTED.

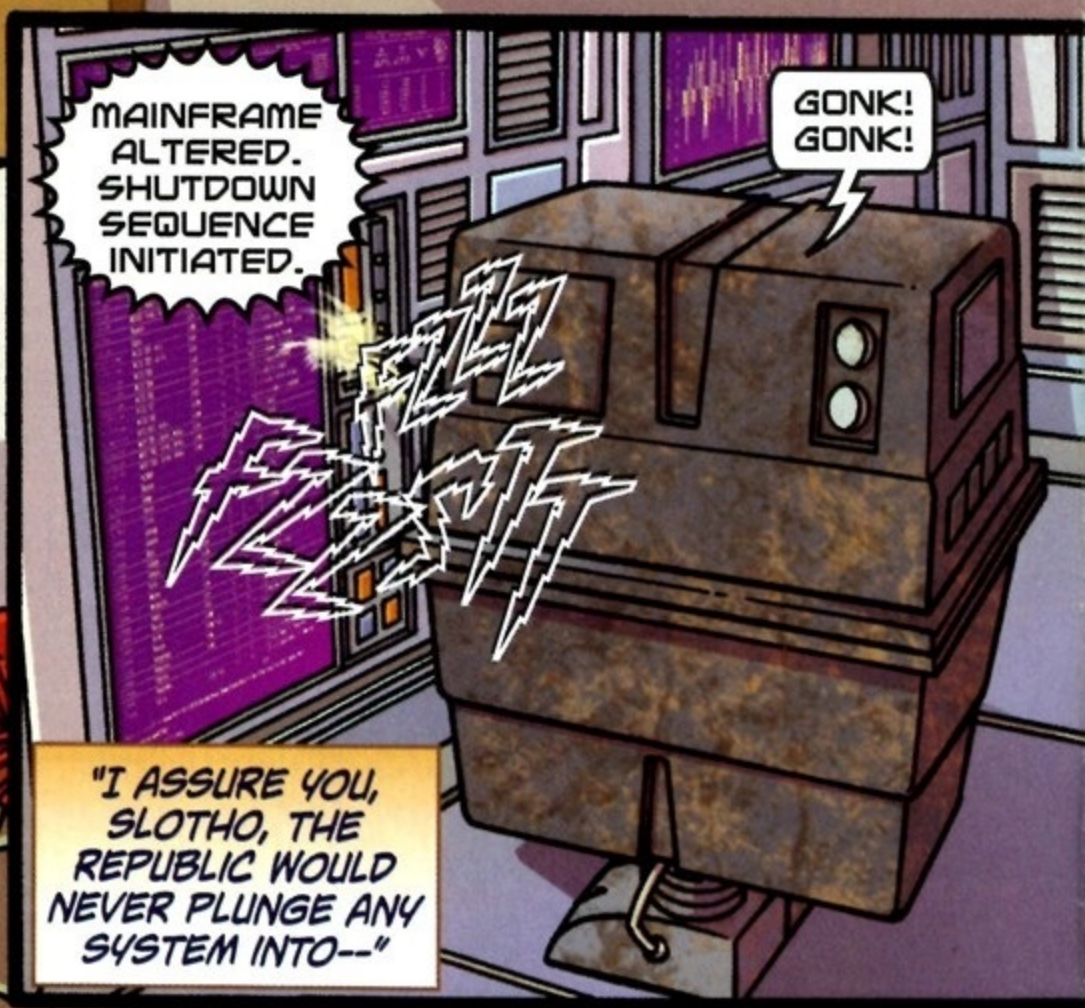
GONK! GONK!



AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE REPUBLIC, I PROPOSE A **PEACE BATTALION** BE POSTED AROUND GUS TALON FOR THE DURATION OF--

PREPOSTEROUS! THE REPUBLIC CAN SEE THEIR POWER IS SLIPPING.

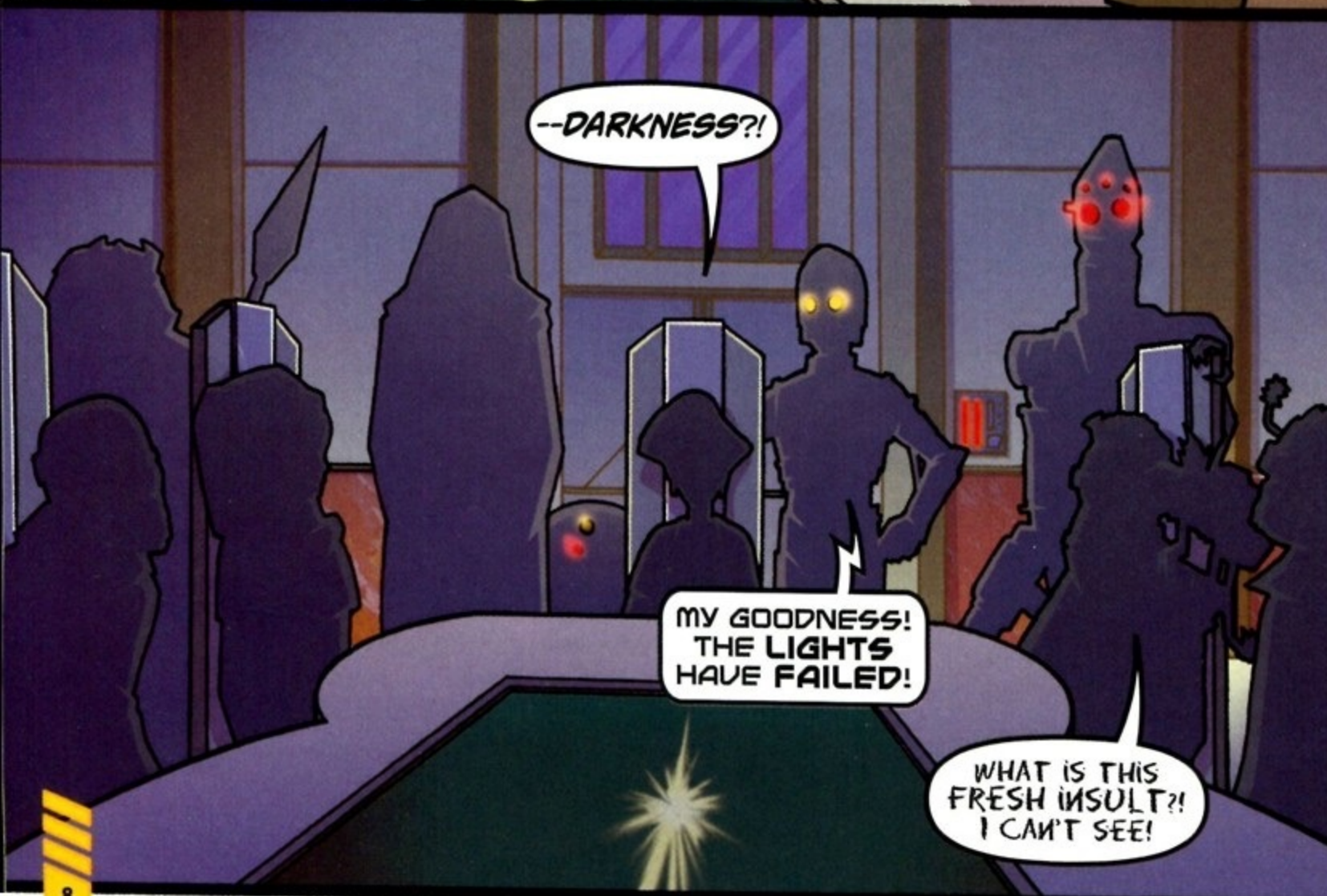
YOUR PROPOSAL PLAYS UPON OUR FEARS OF ATTACK TO BLOCKADE WHOLE SYSTEMS AND LEAVE THESE PLANETS AT YOUR MERCY.



MAINFRAME ALTERED. SHUTDOWN SEQUENCE INITIATED.

GONK! GONK!

"I ASSURE YOU, SLOTHO, THE REPUBLIC WOULD NEVER PLUNGE ANY SYSTEM INTO--"



--DARKNESS?!

MY GOODNESS! THE LIGHTS HAVE FAILED!

WHAT IS THIS FRESH INSULT?! I CAN'T SEE!



IT'S NOT JUST THE LIGHTS, THREEPIO. LISTEN--THE WHOLE COMPLEX IS POWERING DOWN. LET'S MOVE THIS MEETING **OUTSIDE** SO YOU CAN ALL SEE WHO YOU'RE TALKING TO!

FA-BOOP!

ANAKIN!
THE DOOR'S
LOCKED!

IT'S NOT
ACCEPTING MY
PASSCODE!

MUST
BE A **GLITCH**
SOMEWHERE IN
THE BUILDING'S
MAINFRAME!

BUT
I'M SURE
WE'RE QUITE
SAFE.



"...KILL ALL
OCCUPANTS!"

LISTEN!
DO YOU HEAR
A NOISE?

I THINK
IT'S TIME...

KKKKK-KKKKK-KKKKK

HMMMMMMMM

...TO SHED
SOME LIGHT
ON THINGS!

IT'S JUST A CLEANING DROID,
THANK GOODNESS!

AT LEAST
WE CAN REST
ASSURED THE
ROOM WILL REMAIN
PRISTINE
DURING THIS
POWER-CUT!

THINK AGAIN,
THREEPIO--THIS
DROID IS ONLY
INTERESTED IN
CLEANING
THE FLOOR--

WITH
US!



THE DROID LEFT THAT
SERVICE DOOR
OPEN!

EVERYONE,
FOLLOW ME!

RUN,
PADMÉ--
I'LL JOIN YOU
AS SOON AS
I CAN!



MOVE IT,
PEOPLE! WE
NEED TO PUT AS
MUCH DISTANCE AS
WE CAN BETWEEN
OURSELVES AND
THAT ROGUE
DROID!

OH MY! I FEAR
IT'S OUR LOT IN LIFE
TO SUFFER, ARTOO.

FA-FWEEP!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN
"FOLLOW YOU"?
FOLLOW YOU WHERE?

FA-FWEEP!
BA-BA-BLOOP!

BUT MISTRESS
AMIDALA IS GOING
THE OTHER WAY!

OH, I'M GOING
TO REGRET THIS--
I JUST KNOW IT!

MEANWHILE...



WELL,
THAT'S THE
LAST OF
YOU.

WHO WOULD
HAVE THOUGHT A
CLEANING DROID
WOULD MAKE SO
MUCH MESS?



NOW TO FIND
PADMÉ AND
THE OTHERS.

WHAT'S
GOING ON
HERE--?!



ELSEWHERE...

IT'S OKAY,
WE'LL BE QUITE
SAFE...



...HEARRGHH!

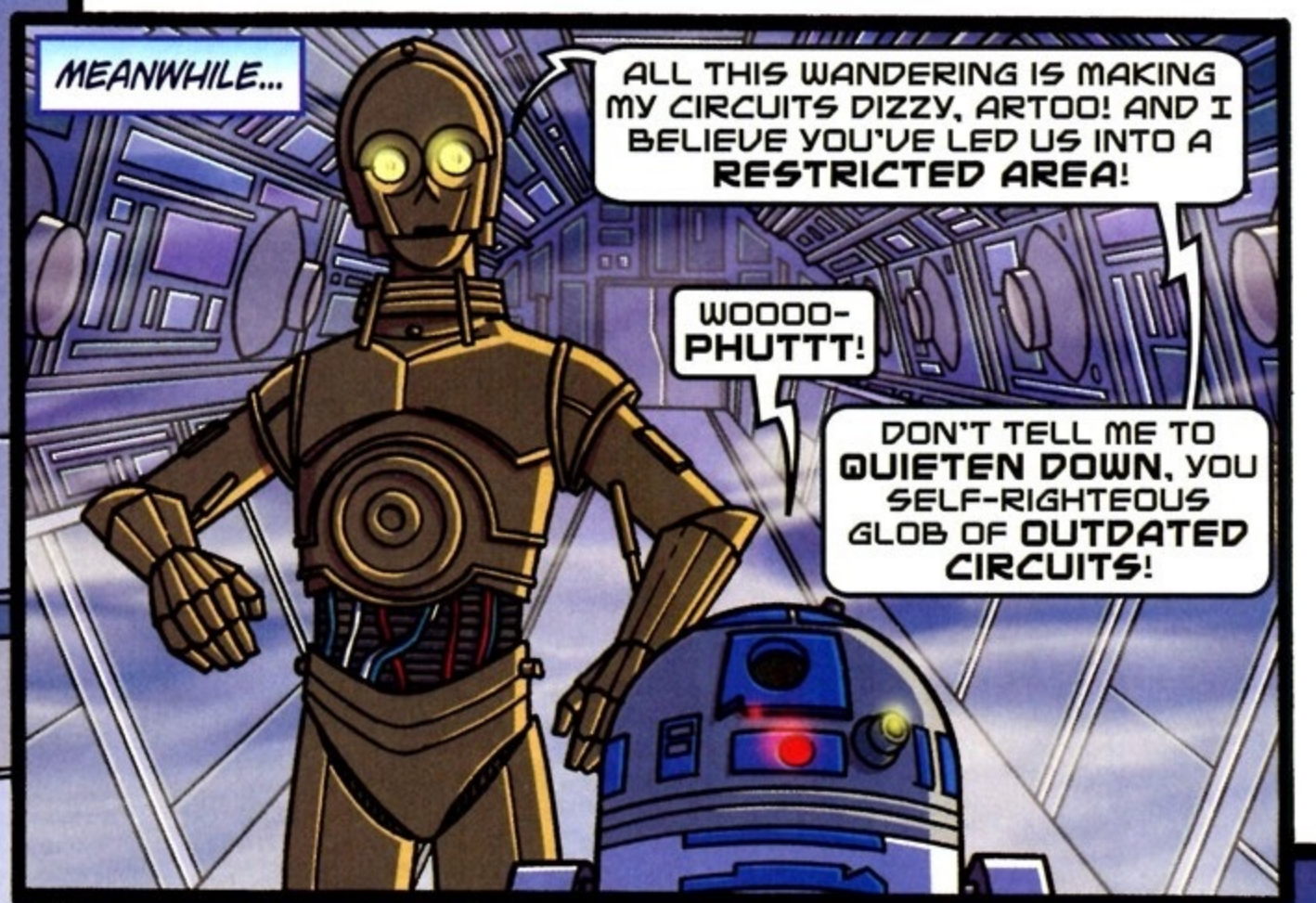
THAT GARBAGE DROID JUST PICKED UP SENATOR AMIDALA!



THAT'S NOT JUST A GARBAGE DROID, CAPTAIN BEETILLES--IT'S THE INDUSTRIAL-STRENGTH ONE THEY USE TO CLEAN THE COMPACTOR!

THEN IF WE DON'T GRAB HER SHE'LL BE CRUSHED INTO A CUBE NO BIGGER'N MY THUMB!

AIEEE!



MEANWHILE...

ALL THIS WANDERING IS MAKING MY CIRCUITS DIZZY, ARTOO! AND I BELIEVE YOU'VE LED US INTO A RESTRICTED AREA!

WOOOD-PHUTTT!

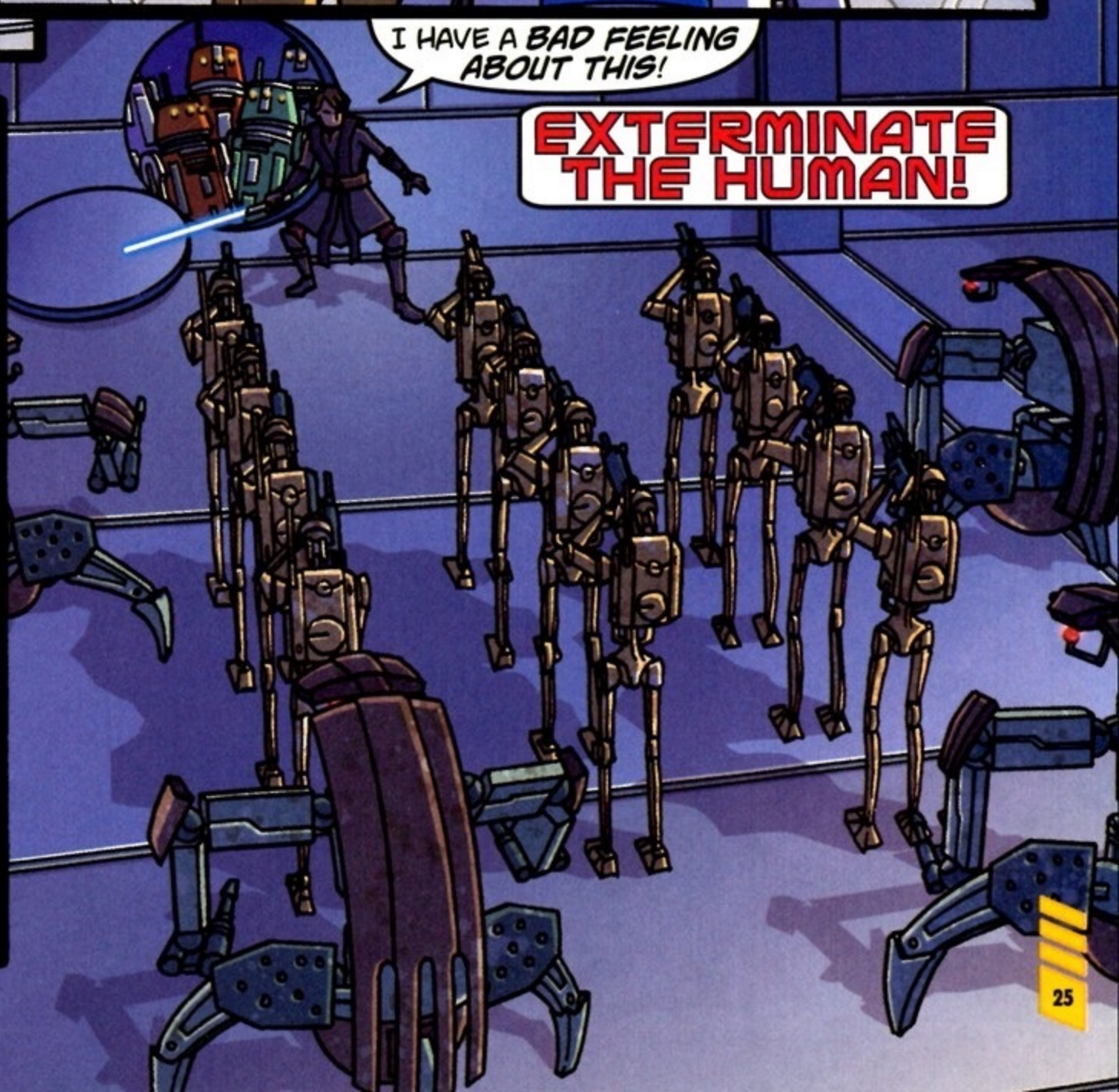
DON'T TELL ME TO QUIETEN DOWN, YOU SELF-RIGHTEOUS GLOB OF OUTDATED CIRCUITS!



ELSEWHERE...

GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THESE ROGUE NAV DROIDS PILOT ME STRAIGHT TO AN EARLY GRAVE!

CHANNING



I HAVE A BAD FEELING ABOUT THIS!

EXTERMINATE THE HUMAN!



WHILE...

C-C-CAN'T...
H-HOLD ON...
MUCH...
L-L-LONGER...!

THIS IS
IT, BOYS--WE'RE
ALL GOING TO DIE
AT THE HANDS OF
A BUILDING!

I'M
COLD!

IS ANYONE
ELSE COLD?



DESTROY
THE HUMAN!

NEARBY...

EVISCE-
RATE THE HUMAN!

WHU--?!

EXTERMI-
NATE THE HUMAN!

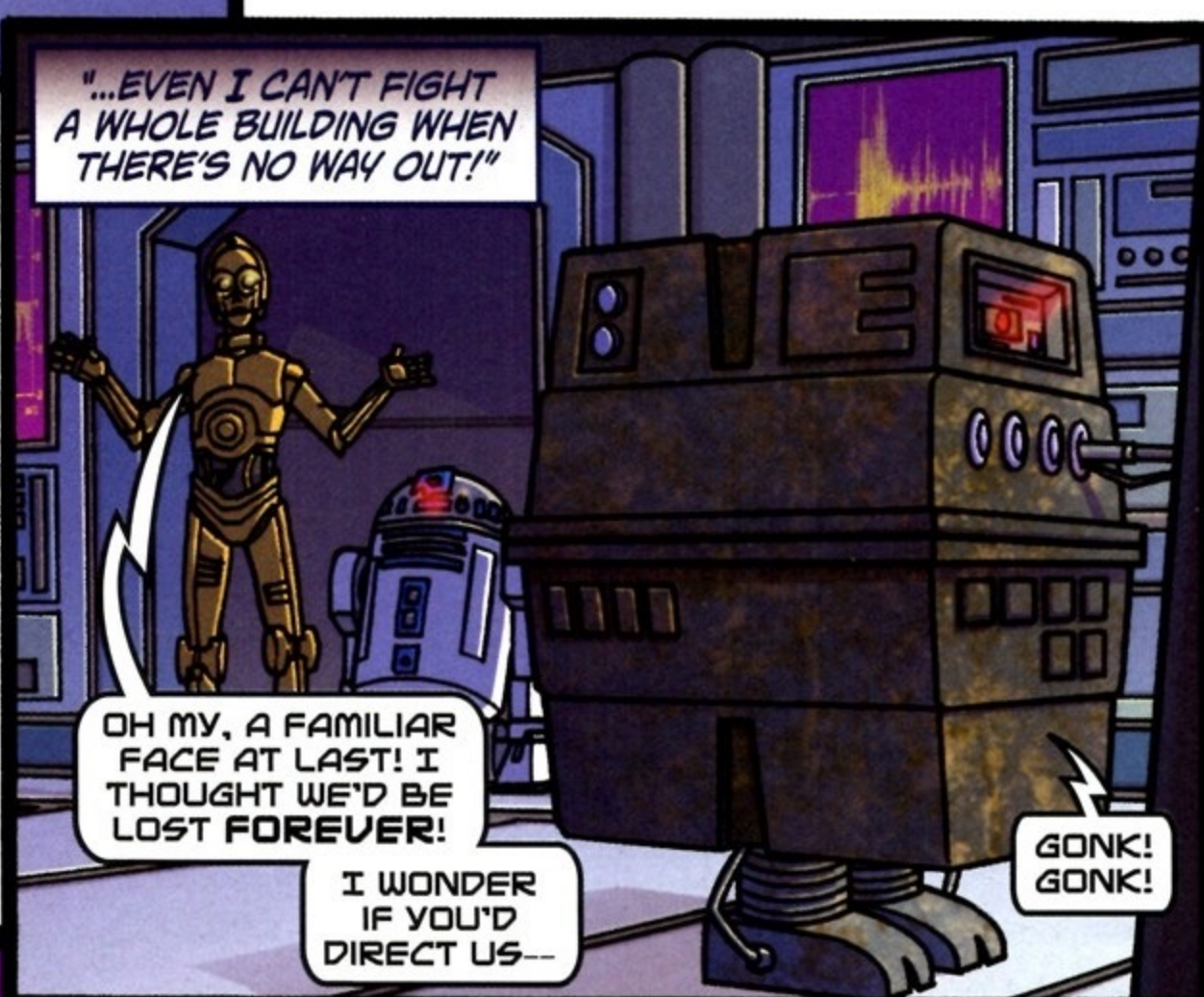
HOLOGRAMS?
THEY'RE JUST
HOLOGRAMS?



YEARGH!

NOT ALL
OF THEM!

NOW I CAN'T
TELL WHAT'S REAL
AND WHAT'S NOT--EITHER
WAY, THEY'LL WEAR ME
DOWN SOONER OR
LATER...



"...EVEN I CAN'T FIGHT
A WHOLE BUILDING WHEN
THERE'S NO WAY OUT!"

OH MY, A FAMILIAR
FACE AT LAST! I
THOUGHT WE'D BE
LOST FOREVER!

I WONDER
IF YOU'D
DIRECT US--

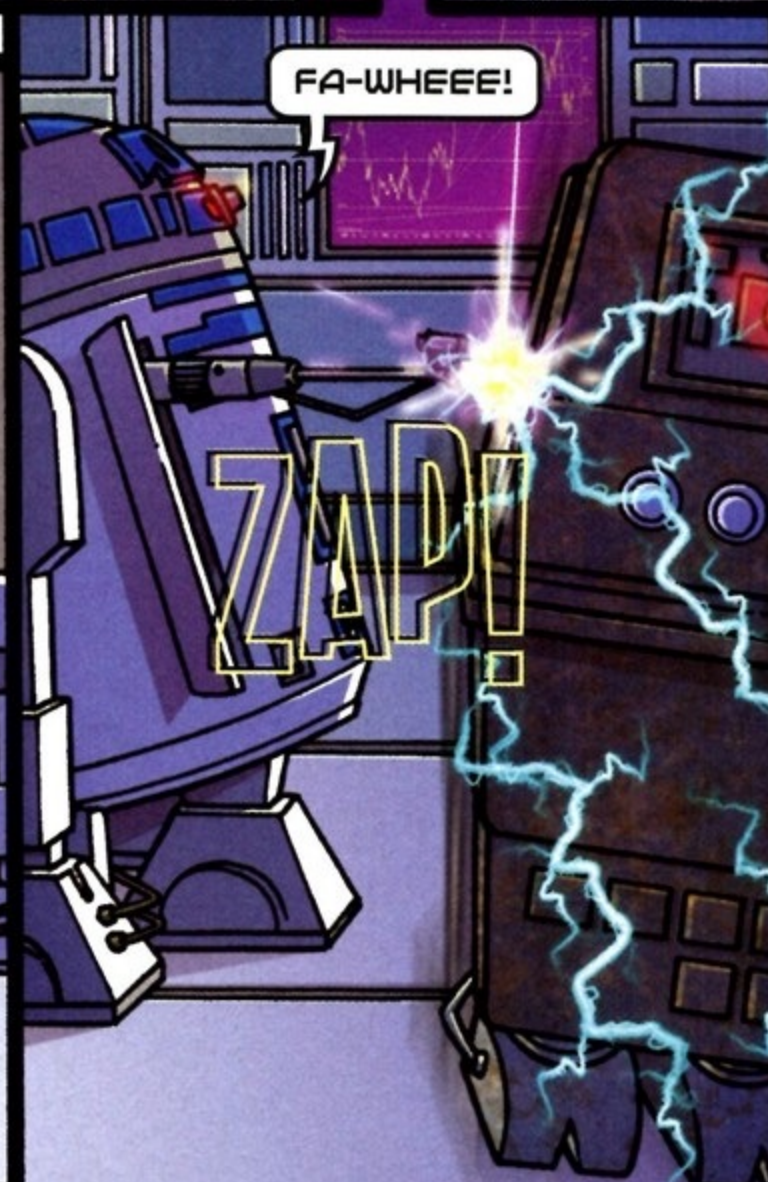
GONK!
GONK!



WAIT--YOU'RE THAT
RUDE POWER DROID
WHO WAS IN SUCH A
HURRY TO GET PAST
ME AT THE MEET--

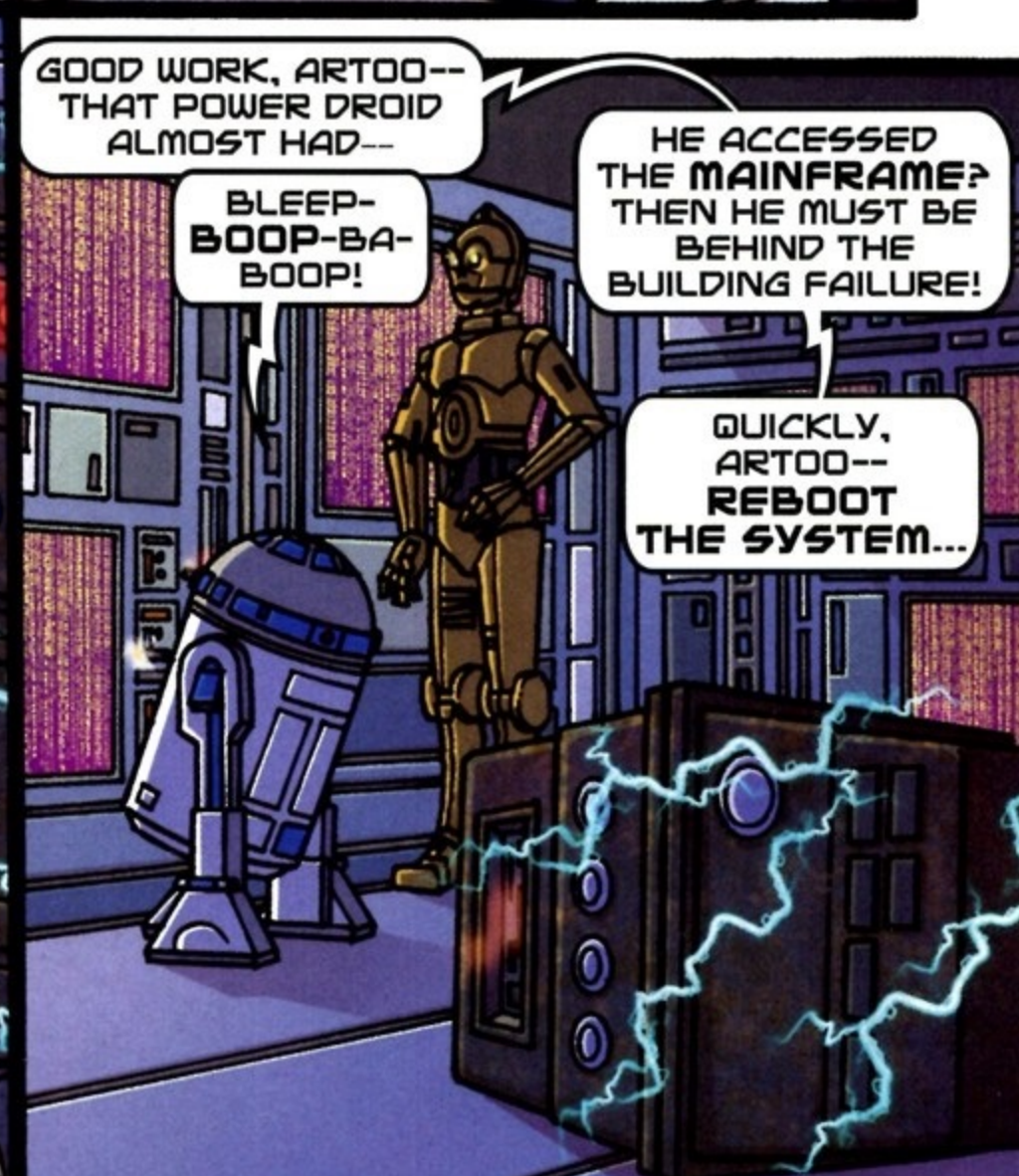
--OHOO!

GONK!



FA-WHEEE!

ZAP!

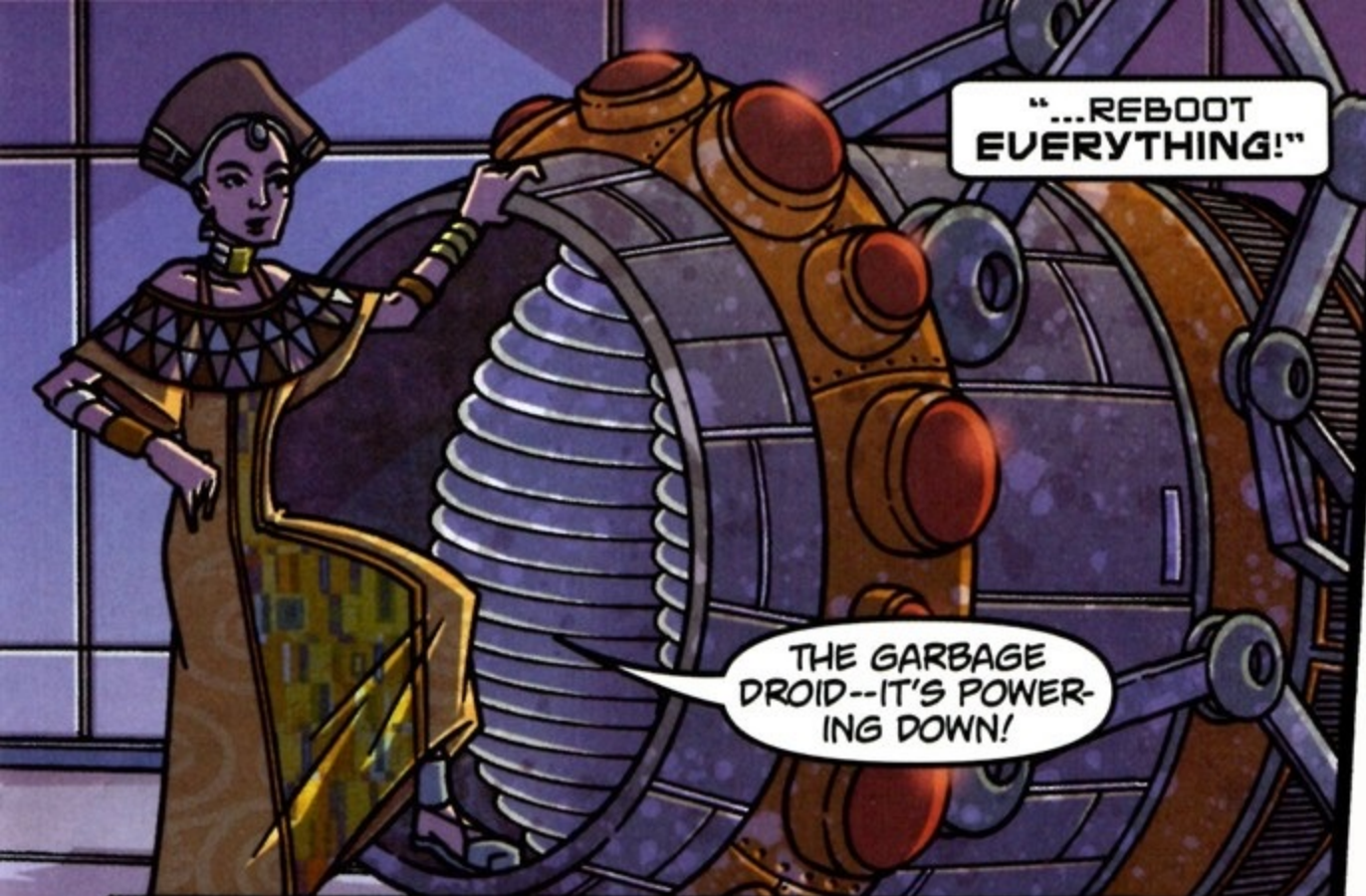


GOOD WORK, ARTOO--
THAT POWER DROID
ALMOST HAD--

BLEEP-
BOOP-BA-
BOOP!

HE ACCESSED
THE MAINFRAME?
THEN HE MUST BE
BEHIND THE
BUILDING FAILURE!

QUICKLY,
ARTOO--
REBOOT
THE SYSTEM...



"...REBOOT EVERYTHING!"

THE GARBAGE DROID--IT'S POWERING DOWN!



THE HOLOGRAMS HAVE GONE! THE ASTROMECHS-- BACK ON STAND-BY MODE!

IT'S AS IF EVERYTHING JUST SWITCHED OFF!



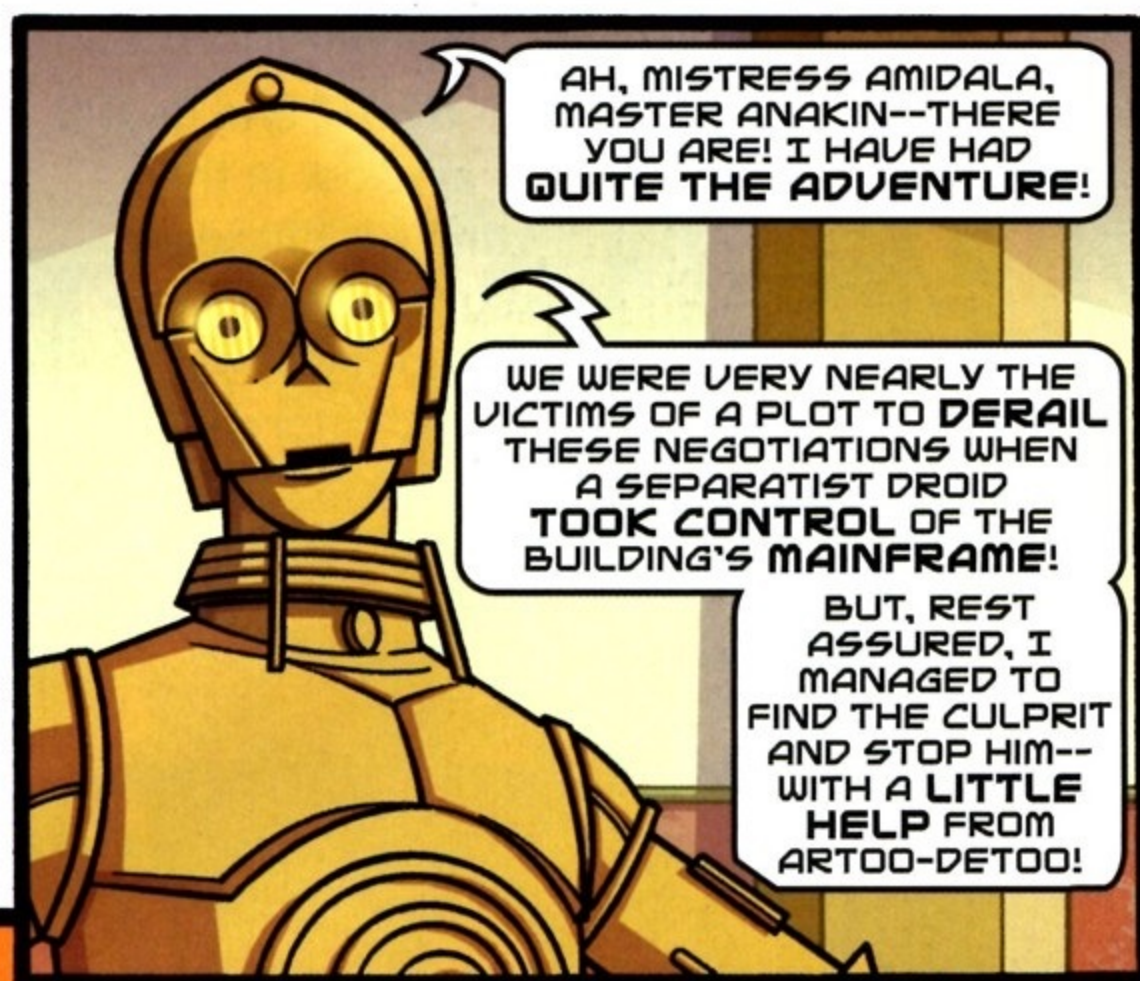
SHORTLY...

JUST BECAUSE I'M NOT A JEDI DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T HANDLE A FEW WILFUL DROIDS, ANI...

GREAT JOB TAKING CARE OF THE OTHER DIPLOMATS, PADMÉ--I BET THEY'LL LISTEN TO YOU NOW!



...OR A WILFUL HUSBAND!



AH, MISTRESS AMIDALA, MASTER ANAKIN--THERE YOU ARE! I HAVE HAD QUITE THE ADVENTURE!

WE WERE VERY NEARLY THE VICTIMS OF A PLOT TO DERAIL THESE NEGOTIATIONS WHEN A SEPARATIST DROID TOOK CONTROL OF THE BUILDING'S MAINFRAME!

BUT, REST ASSURED, I MANAGED TO FIND THE CULPRIT AND STOP HIM-- WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM ARTOO-DETOO!



GREAT WORK, THREEPIO. WHERE'S ARTOO NOW?

HE'S BRINGING THE BUILDING BACK ONLINE--SAFELY THIS TIME!

THE LIGHTS ARE COMING BACK ON! NOW LET'S GET BACK TO WORK, PEOPLE--WE'VE WASTED ENOUGH OF THE DAY ALREADY!

COULD SOMEONE PLEASE TURN THE HEATING ON?



WELL, WE MANAGED TO GET A FEW MOMENTS TOGETHER AFTER ALL, ANAKIN!

I ONLY WISH THE WAR WOULD STOP FOR US, PADMÉ--

--WHICH IS WHY WE MUST WIN IT.

END!

FAR FROM THE POLLUTED SURFACE OF THE PLANET DURO, ORBITING THE WASTELAND AMONG ITS FELLOW GUARDIANS, FLOATS THE SPACE CITY OF NEW TAYANA...

BANE VS ...BANE?

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST
BOB MOLESWORTH

COLORIST
DIGIKORE
LETTERER
JON CHAPPLE

IT IS CALLED "HOME" BY THOSE FLEEING THE DANGERS OF THE PLANET'S INHOSPITABLE SURFACE. MOST ARRIVE IN NEW TAYANA GLOWING WITH THE POSSIBILITIES OF A NEW LIFE-- EAGER FOR A FRESH START.

MOST... BUT NOT ALL...

--AND I'M SAYING THIS TRIP IS A WASTE OF GOOD CREDITS!

DOCKING BAY
TH X-11-38.

WE COULD BE ON A **REAL** JOB MAKING **REAL** COIN, BUT YOU'D RATHER ENJOY A "FRIENDS AND FAMILY" REUNION!

I DIDN'T SIGN UP WITH THIS CREW TO--

URRRK!

AS FAR AS I'M AWARE, YOU NEVER **SIGNED** ANYTHING...

WHICH MEANS I'M CONTRACTUALLY WITHIN MY RIGHTS TO **KILL** YOU ANY TIME I LIKE, **DENGAR!**

BURGLES

YESH-- YESH, BANE...!

GAHH!





THANK YOU FOR THE INFORMATION,
GENTLEMEN. THAT WASN'T SO
HARD, NOW, WAS IT?

B-B-OY...
HE SURE
W-WANTS THIS
B-BOUNTY...

HE'S
WELCOME
TO IT,
SHERIFF!

I D-DON'T
FIND HIM
SO F-FUNNY
NO MORE...

AND SO, IN THE BAD
PART OF TOWN...

WHO'D'VE
THOUGHT I'D
FIND MYSELF BACK
IN THE **DESCENT**
GHETTO!

HOME,
STINKY
HOME!

NOW TO GET MY TROUBLE-
SOME QUARRY'S
ATTENTION!

BOOOOOO

CAD BANE! I'M CALLING
YOU OUT!

IT'S TIME FOR A **RECKONING**!
THERE'S ONLY ROOM IN
THIS GALAXY FOR
ONE OF US!

AND THAT
"ONE" IN QUESTION
IS **ME**, FRIEND--BUT I'M
QUITE COMFORTABLE
WHERE I AM...

...SO WHY
DON'T YOU
COME UP
HERE AND
GET ME!



HAVE IT YOUR WAY...

...THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE TOO LONG!



SNAP!

CHARGING INTO BATTLE? THAT'S EXACTLY THE SORT OF FOOLISH TACTIC THE REAL BANE LOVES TO PUNISH!



LET 'IM 'AVE IT, BOYS!



DODGE THIS, SLIME BALL!

BRAKKAKAKAKABR



I GUESS YOUR BOSS NEVER TAUGHT YOU WORMS THE FINER POINTS OF URBAN WARFARE--



--SO ALLOW ME TO CORRECT HIS MISTAKE.



HE'S...HE'S FLYING!
BRING HIM DOWN!

BRING HIM DOOOOWN!

BRAKKAKAKAKA



NATURALLY. YOU SEE, SUPERIOR FIRE-POWER THROUGH **SECOND-HAND** WEAPONRY NEVER SCOOPS THE JACKPOT.

BUT A CUSTOM-ISED BLASTER, SOME QUALITY GRAV BOOTS AND A **SITTING TARGET**, HOWEVER...



AND SO BEGAN
THE BATTLE OF
CAD BANE'S LIFE...



...FLOOR BY FLOOR--
DEPARTMENT BY DEPARTMENT--
DROID BY MONSTER BY HORROR...



...ONWARDS HE FOUGHT--
AND UPWARDS, EVER UPWARDS...



...UNTIL
FINALLY...



IT'S...IT'S NOT **POSSIBLE!**
STAY AWAY, BANE!

ALL DONE!

STAY AWAY!



OH, BUT I **HAVE** STAYED AWAY!

AND WHAT'S MORE, I NEVER HAD ANY INTENTION OF RETURNING TO THIS FLOATING **GARBAGE BARGE.**



BUT THEN I RECEIVED THIS **BOUNTY NOTICE** AND DISCOVERED MY ONE-TIME **BEST FRIEND** HAD SET UP A BUSINESS PRETENDING TO BE **ME!**

YOU'VE USED **MY** REPUTATION TO FORGE YOUR OWN LITTLE EMPIRE, **SOOPAN!**



I...I JUST WANTED A TASTE OF **REAL POWER!** YOU'D BEEN GONE SO LONG THAT NO-ONE COULD REMEMBER YOUR **FACE**--BUT YOUR **NAME** STILL SCARES EVERYONE SILLY!

YOU HAVE TO **EARN** THE RIGHT TO STEAL SOMETHING OF **THAT** VALUE, **SOOPAN.**

NOW, IN MEMORY OF BETTER TIMES, I'M GOING TO GRANT YOU ONE LAST **SHOT** AT "POWER". **YOU** DECIDE HOW THIS STORY ENDS.



TH-THANK YOU, CAD--IF THE T-TRUTH CAME OUT I'D B-BE RUINED ANYWAY.

THIS IS M-MORE THAN I D-DESERVE...



LATER, BACK AT THE DOCKING BAY...

(BANE? MAMBAY?)*

WHEN THE DUST SETTLED, THERE WAS ONLY **ONE** BANE STANDING, **TTEKKET**--AND HE'S IN NO MOOD TO CELEBRATE.

FIRE UP THE SHIP. LET'S GO FIND AN HONEST CRIME TO COMMIT.

* TRANSLATION: "BANE? OKAY?"



I JUST DON'T GET IT, SHERIFF-- HE TEARS DOWN OUR HOUSE TO **GET** THE JOB, THEN REFUSES THE CREDITS WHEN IT'S **DONE!**

YEP, HE WAS A STRANGE ONE, ALRIGHT...

...BUT THE UNCLAIMED CASH FROM THAT BOUNTY SHOULD JUST ABOUT COVER THE COSTS OF THE **DAMAGE** HE DID.

IN **MY** BOOK, THAT'S A **HAPPY** ENDING!

END!

THE REPUBLIC ATTACK CRUISER **TEMPESTUOUS** IS RETURNING TO REPUBLIC SPACE CARRYING UNWELCOME CARGO--SOME OF THE DEADLIEST BOUNTY HUNTERS IN THE GALAXY!

LOCKDOWN

WRITER
JP RUTTER
ARTIST
ANDRES PONCE

COLORIST
DIGIKORE
LETTERERS
**JON CHAPPLE &
MARK MCKENZIE-
RAY**



MASTER KENOBI, WHAT NEWS FOR THE COUNCIL HAVE YOU?

MASTER YODA...OUR TASK FORCE WAS ABLE TO STOP THE ATTACK ON THE HYPERMATTER FACILITY AND CAPTURE BOUNTY HUNTER VOLAN DAS.

WELCOME NEWS, THIS IS. AND WHAT OF HIS DROID FORCES?

THE SEPARATISTS STEPPED UP THEIR ATTACKS FIVE-FOLD IN THIS REGION. ADMIRAL YULAREN LED THE OFFENSIVE THAT TOOK CARE OF THE DROID STRAGGLERS.

WE WERE ABLE TO GET THE FACILITY'S SYSTEMS OPERATIONAL AGAIN. THEY HOPE THE PRODUCTION OF OUR HYPERMATTER SUPPLIES WILL RESUME SHORTLY.

A TEMPORARY REPRIEVE, THIS IS. INTERROGATE THE BOUNTY HUNTER YOU MUST, IF WE ARE TO UNCOVER THE SEPARATIST PLANS.

I BELIEVE COMMANDER CODY HAS THIS IN HAND. DAS IS KICKING HIS HEELS IN ONE OF OUR LEVEL 67 HOLDING CELLS...



"...HE'S NOT GOING ANYWHERE."

I'M GOING TO ASK YOU ONE MORE TIME, DAS--WHERE WERE YOU PLANNING YOUR NEXT STRIKE?

AND I'VE TOLD YOU 'TIL I'M RED IN THE FACE THAT YOU'LL NEVER FIND THAT OUT, CLONE.



AYE, SIR.

THIS IS USELESS. TAKE HIM BACK TO HIS CELL, CALE.



IF YOU THINK YOUR LITTLE PRISON IS GOING TO HOLD ME, YOU'RE MISTAKEN.

YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE TO TALK, BOUNTY HUNTER. NOW KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT.



GET IN THERE!

YOU'RE SUCH A GRACIOUS HOST. I'M SURE WE'LL BE MEETING AGAIN VERY SOON.

AND YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN I THOUGHT IF YOU THINK THAT'S EVER GOING TO HAPPEN.



I RECOGNIZE YOUR FACE.

YOU SHOULD. I'M ARLAIN ZEE.



THE BOUNTY HUNTER WHO SWINDLED SLI GENCHU OUT OF THE LODAN JOB? WORD IS HE'S WAITING FOR YOU BACK ON CORUSCANT.

FOOL. IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO BE TARGET PRACTICE FOR A ROGUE DROID WITH A FLAME-THROWER, YOU'RE MISTAKEN.



I'M ENJOYING THE REPUBLIC'S HOSPITALITY. THEIR RS UNITS SERVE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL MINCED NERF STEW. IT'S ALMOST PALATABLE.

YOU'RE DEAD THE MOMENT YOU SET FOOT ON CORUSCANT. I'M TEMPTED TO TAKE YOU TO THE GUILD MYSELF.

YOU COULD. OR, IF YOU WANT YOUR FREEDOM, YOU COULD STICK WITH ME...

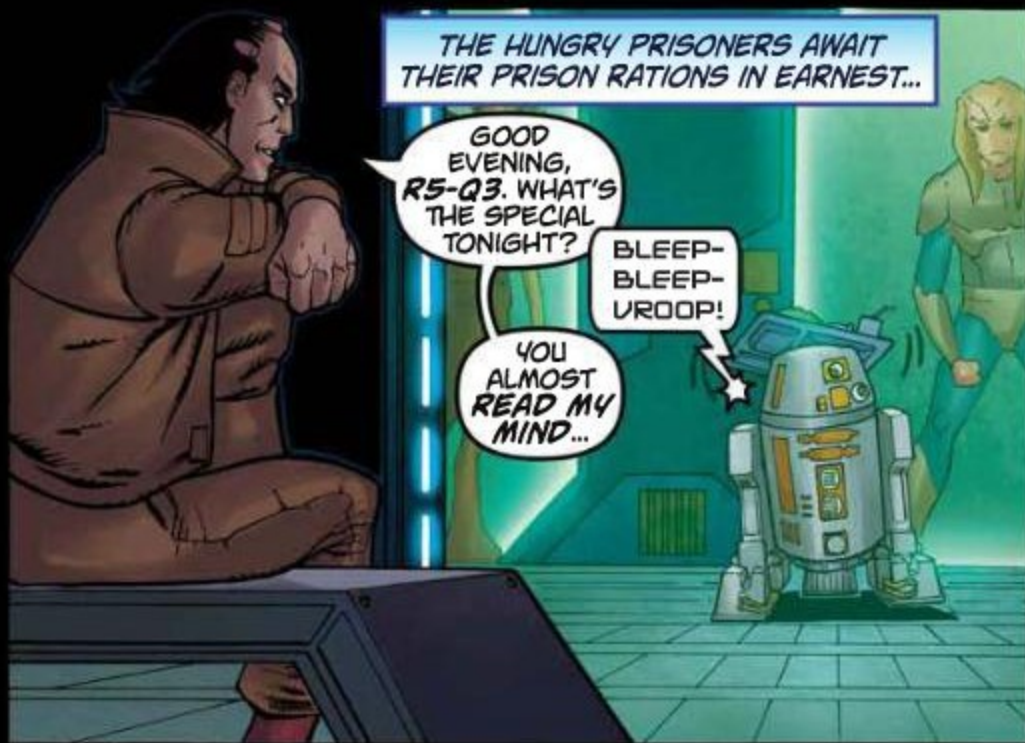


AND I WOULD BE THE FOOL YOU SAY I AM TO TRUST YOU, ZEE!



KEEP IT DOWN IN THERE!

I SEE YOU'RE THE KIND OF MAN WHO WILL TAKE SOME... CONVINCING.



THE HUNGRY PRISONERS AWAIT
THEIR PRISON RATIONS IN EARNEST...

GOOD
EVENING,
R5-Q3. WHAT'S
THE SPECIAL
TONIGHT?

BLEEP-
BLEEP-
VROOP!

YOU
ALMOST
READ MY
MIND...



HRM?



HUH?!



CONVINCED
NOW, DAS?

QUICKLY, YOU
MECHANICAL SLUG!
BEFORE YOU'RE
SPOTTED!

WHIRRR



TWO FORCE-
FIELDS ARE DOWN!
WE'D BETTER GET
DOWN THERE!

LET'S
GO!



NOW!

SLAM!



YOU'D
BETTER
GET YOUR
ARMOR ON IF
YOU WANT TO
ESCAPE THIS
SHIP IN ONE
PIECE.

A BOLD
SUGGESTION--
BUT WHAT OF THE
OTHERS?

R5 WILL
SEE TO IT.
THEY CAN TAKE
CARE OF THEM-
SELVES.



GENERAL,
WE HAVE AN
EMERGENCY
SITUATION ON
LEVEL 67!

THE
PRISONER
DETENTION
LEVEL? CAN'T
A JEDI HAVE A
MOMENT'S
PEACE?

CALE AND
REED HAVEN'T
CHECKED IN, AND
THERE HAVE BEEN
SEVERAL UNAUTHORIZED
ATTEMPTS TO ACCESS
THE HANGAR
TRANSPORT
SYSTEM.



I NEED
THE LOWER
LEVELS **LOCKED
DOWN** IMMEDIATELY.
PUT THOSE TROOPS IN THE
HANGAR ON HIGH ALERT. WE
CAN'T AFFORD TO LET
ANY OF THOSE
BOUNTY HUNTERS
ESCAPE.

AYE,
SIR.

GATHER
YOUR MEN AND
MEET ME AT THE
EAST ENTRANCE TO
THE DETENTION
LEVEL.

I'LL TAKE
A SECOND TEAM
TO THE WEST SIDE.
WE'LL CONVERGE IN
THE HOLDING
AREA.



BACK ON THE DETENTION LEVEL,
BOUNTY HUNTERS KESSK, ESU AND
M-1991 CONSIDER THEIR OPTIONS...

ZURRK-ACCESS
DENIED. ZURRK-
ACCESS DENIED.

THEY HAVE
MY SHIP. I CAN GET
US OUT OF HERE, BUT
THE REST ARE ON
THEIR OWN.

DON'T WORRY.
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
MYSELF. I'VE ALWAYS WANTED
MY OWN REPUBLIC SHUTTLE.

YOU WON'T
BE ABLE TO OUTHUN
THE JEDI IN THAT
THING, ESU.

BETTER
GOING DOWN IN
FLAMES THAN DYING
OF **FOOD POISONING**
IN THAT CELL. THE
WOMP RAT STEW
WAS STOMACH-
CHURNING.



THEY'VE
GOT THIS
ENTIRE LEVEL ON
LOCKDOWN. IT'S
A MATTER OF TIME
BEFORE THE JEDI
ARRIVE WITH THEIR
REINFORCE-
MENTS.

SOME
PLAN, ZEE. NO
WONDER YOU
WERE LEFT TO
ROT IN THAT
CELL.

YOU
DON'T GET
IT, DO YOU, DAS?
WE'LL SLIP AWAY IN
THE CROSSFIRE. IT'S
THE **PERFECT**
ESCAPE
PLAN!

EXCEPT...
HOW DO I FIT
MY HEAD INTO
THAT?!









IT'S OUT THERE... I CAN FEEL IT!

DON'T PANIC! RE-INFORCEMENTS ARE ON THE WAY!

IT'S COMING! CAN YOU SEE IT?

I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING! WE'VE GOT TO RUN!

NO, DON'T--!

COLONY CRISIS

WRITER
MIKE W. BARR
ARTIST
TANYA ROBERTS

COLORIST
JOHN CHARLES
LETTERERS
JON CHAPPLE &
MARK MCKENZIE-RAV

TOO LATE--!



"WE BUILT THIS UNDERWATER BASE TO PROTECT OUR OCEANS FROM SEPARATIST INFILTRATION! IF THEY'VE FOUND SOME WAY OF CONTROLLING THESE MONSTERS...!"

"IT MAY BE THAT WE WARRIORS HAVE DONE ALL WE CAN DO, CAPTAIN! I SUGGEST WE TRY--"

"--A MORE SCIENTIFIC APPROACH."

WELL, DR OKARA?

NOTHING, MASTER KENOBI! NONE OF THE MANY FREQUENCIES I'VE EXPOSED THE DIANOGA TO HAVE CAUSED ANY KIND OF RESPONSE!

RELEASE US, FOUR-LIMBS! SET US FREE!

DOCTOR, DO YOU HEAR--?

I HEARD NOTHING! IF YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, I WILL RETURN TO MY OTHER RESEARCH!

FAIR ENOUGH, DOCTOR--BUT I KNOW A VOICE CALLING THROUGH THE FORCE WHEN I HEAR IT...

...AND IT IS MY DUTY TO ANSWER IT!

MINUTES FEEL LIKE HOURS AS OBI-WAN SWIMS, FOLLOWING THE "VOICE" OF THE TINY CREATURE. UNTIL...

WHAT IN THE BLAZES...? IT'S INCREDIBLE!

NO, FOUR-LIMBS...

...IT IS SIMPLY... WE!

SOME KIND OF HUGE COLONY CREATURE, MADE OF BILLIONS OF INDIVIDUAL CELLS...!

YOU MUST UNDERSTAND--WE MEAN YOU NO HARM...!

NOR DO YOU UNDERSTAND--

--WE DO MEAN YOU HARM!

AGGGGH!

BE SILENT AND LEARN!

FOR TIME BEYOND KNOWING, WE LIVED IN THAT SEA, IN AN AREA THAT BROUGHT US FOOD AND WARMTH. FOR TIME BEYOND KNOWING, WE WERE CONTENT...

...UNTIL THE FOUR-LIMBS CAME! THEY BUILT OVER OUR HOME, ALMOST DESTROYING US, WITH OUR FOOD TAKEN. WE NEEDED MORE.

WE FOUND THE DIANOCA WERE MOST SUGGESTIBLE--WE COULD BOND WITH THEM...CONTROL THEM. THEY BROUGHT US FOOD...

...AND REVENGE. WE WILL USE THEM TO DESTROY THE FOUR-LIMBS--

--AS YOU FOUR-LIMBS DESTROYED US.

NO!



YOU MUST UNDERSTAND... WE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU EXISTED!

LET US DISCUSS THIS... WE WILL MAKE AMENDS...!



EVEN IF WE WISHED THIS, IT IS TOO LATE...

WE WILL SHOW YOU THE FUTILITY OF YOUR ACTIONS...AND LEAVE YOU ALIVE TO TELL THE TALE TO YOUR FELLOWS

...PERHAPS.



CAPTAIN, WE'VE GOT TO EVACUATE THE BASE!

HOW? WE DON'T HAVE ENOUGH AQUATIC SUITS FOR ALL THE CLONE TROOPS!

DO YOU SEE WHAT YOUR AGGRESSION HAS BROUGHT, FOUR-LIMBS? WHY DO YOU NOT LOOK?

CLOSING HIMSELF TO THE OUTSIDE WORLD, OBI-WAN BECOMES CALM, TRANQUIL...





...HE BECOMES ONE
WITH THE SOUL OF THE
COLONY CREATURE--
WHICH IS ALSO THE
LIVING FORCE...



...UNTIL...

IMPOSSIBLE...!



...HOW
COULD YOU
BREAK
FREE...?

I DID
NOT--I
FINALLY REALISED
THAT THE LIVING
FORCE I SERVE AND
THE LIVING FORCE
THAT INHABITS YOU
ARE ONE AND
THE SAME!



AND
WILL YOU
OPPOSE US,
FOUR-
LIMBS?

SINCE
WE SERVE
THE SAME FORCE,
THERE SHOULD
BE NO CONFLICT
BETWEEN US!
TO THAT
END...



...I OFFER MY
SERVICE IN ITS
RESOLUTION--
--I
SURRENDER.



AS CAPTAIN ACKBAR AND THE CREATURE DISCUSS A PEACEFUL RESOLUTION...

SO, DO YOU THINK WE MAY FIND PEACE?

I THINK WE HAVE NO OTHER CHOICE—WE EITHER COEXIST OR PERISH!

...OBI-WAN SEARCHES FOR AN OBJECT HE HAS "MISLAID"...

I KNOW IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

GENERAL KENOBI! WE HAVE REACHED AN AGREEMENT!

WE WILL **RELOCATE** THE BASE TO ACCOMMODATE THE COLONY CREATURE--

--AND THE COLONY CREATURE HAS AGREED TO JOIN THE SEARCH FOR INVADING **SEP-ARATISTS**!

THAT'S **WONDERFUL**, CAPTAIN! IF ONLY ALL GALACTIC CONFLICTS WERE SETTLED AS EASILY...

I KNOW IT'S AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE...

PARDON ME, MASTER JEDI...

SHUULLRRRRK

...IS THIS WHAT YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?

THANK YOU! I LOOK FORWARD TO FURTHER CO-OPERATION BETWEEN OUR PEOPLE!

SO, CAN WE EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, MASTER JEDI?

WELL, TODAY'S EVENTS HAVE LEFT ME FEELING A LITTLE LIKE A FISH OUT OF WATER...

IT MIGHT BE A WHILE BEFORE I GET MY SEA LEGS AGAIN!

END!

SEEDS

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST
LUCA BERTELE

COLORISTS
DICK KÖRBE
& LUCA BERTELE
LETTERER
JON CHAFFLE

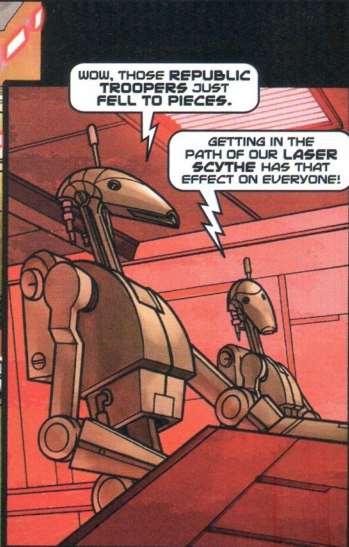




WE'RE
KOFF KOFF
DYING OUT HERE!
WHERE'S OUR
KOFF AIR
SUPPORT?

IT'S
COMING,
TROOPER.
KOFF KOFF
JUST HANG
IN TH—

ARGH!



WOW, THOSE REPUBLIC
TROOPERS JUST
FELL TO PIECES.

GETTING IN THE
PATH OF OUR LASER
SCYTHE HAS THAT
EFFECT ON EVERYONE!

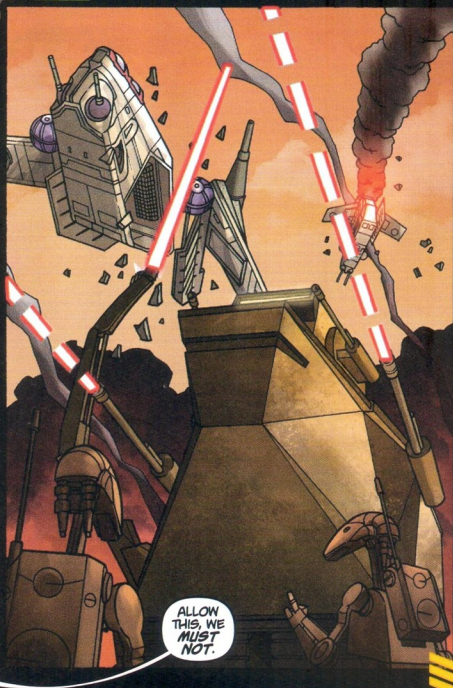


MY MEN
CAN'T KOFF
LAST MUCH
LONGER IN THIS
ENVIRONMENT,
GENERAL
YODA.

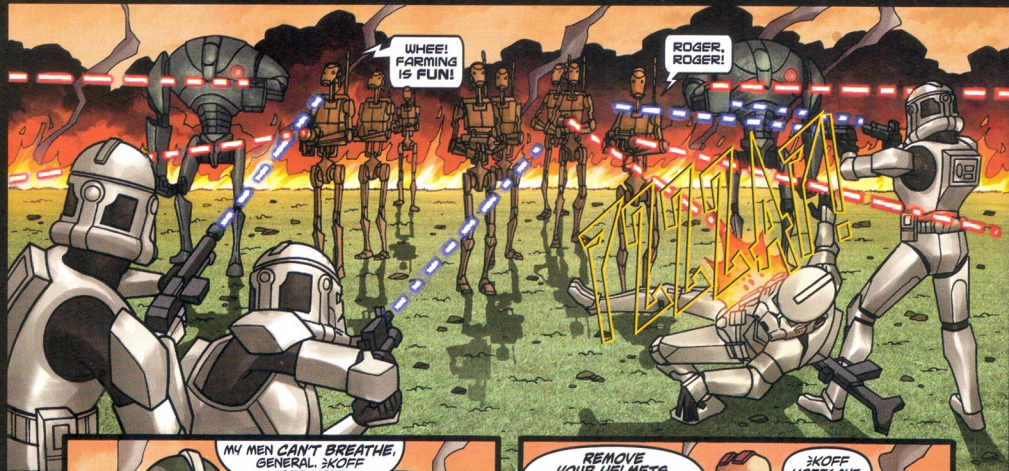
ALL THIS
KOFF POLLEN IS
CLOGGING UP OUR
HELMET FILTERS AND
THOSE HARVESTERS
KEEP BLASTING AWAY
OUR KOFF AIR
SUPPORT!

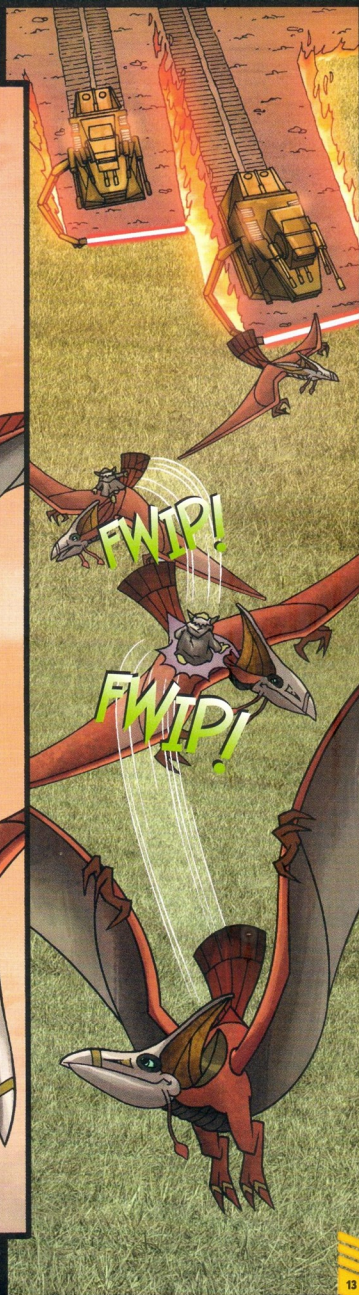
KOFF
WE'RE GOING
TO HAVE TO
RETREAT.

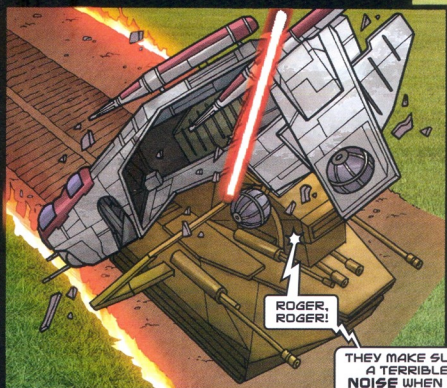
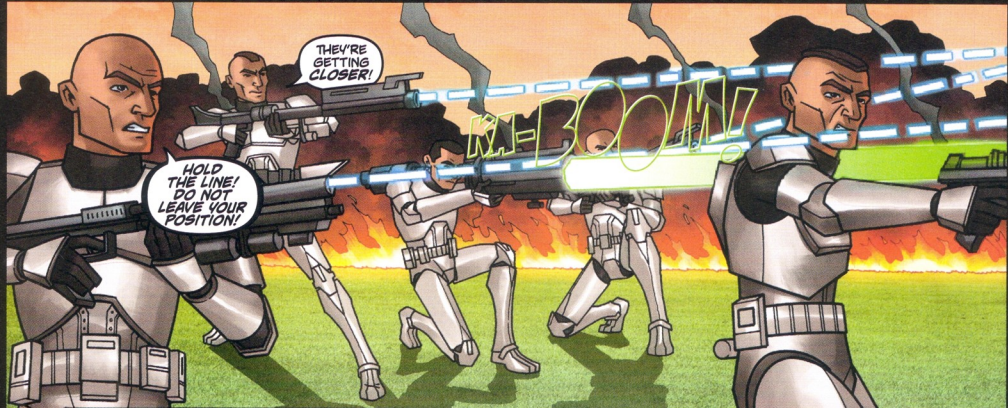
PROXIMITY TO
KASHVVK, THIS
FARMING MOON HAS
STRATEGIC VICTORY
WOULD ITS ACQUISITION
BE FOR THE
SEPARATISTS.

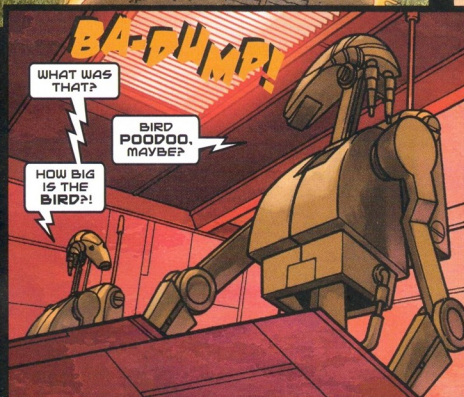
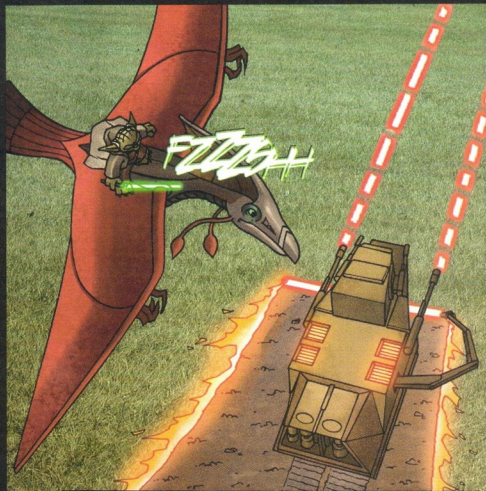


ALLOW
THIS, WE
MUST
NOT.











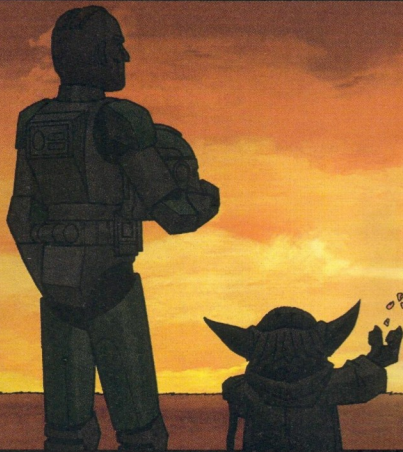
LATER...

THANKS TO
YOUR EFFORTS,
WE'VE MANAGED
TO REPEL THE
SEPARATISTS.
GENERAL.

THEY'RE
RETRACTING
LIKE WOMP
RATS IN A
MONSOON.

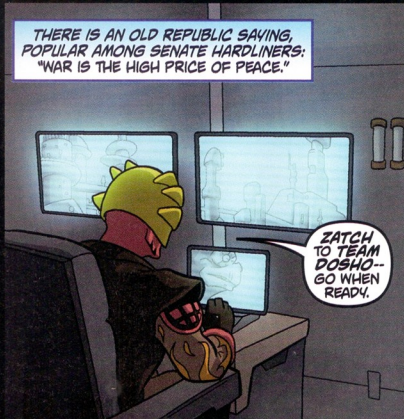
BUT
AT WHAT
COST...?

LOOK AT
THIS PLACE! IT'S
RUINED.



END!

THERE IS AN OLD REPUBLIC SAYING,
POPULAR AMONG SENATE HARDLINERS:
"WAR IS THE HIGH PRICE OF PEACE."



ZATCH TO TEAM
DOSHO--
GO WHEN
READY.



FOUR
WEEKS OF FIRE-
FIGHT AND NOT A
SCRATCH ON MY
FLIGHT SUIT!

IT'S
PROBABLY
WHY WE GOT
THIS BIG. I'M
BLESSED, I
TELL YOU.

SHOVE
A CORK IN IT,
VHALL! YOU KEEP
ON LIKE THAT AND
YOU'RE GONNA
JINX US ALL...

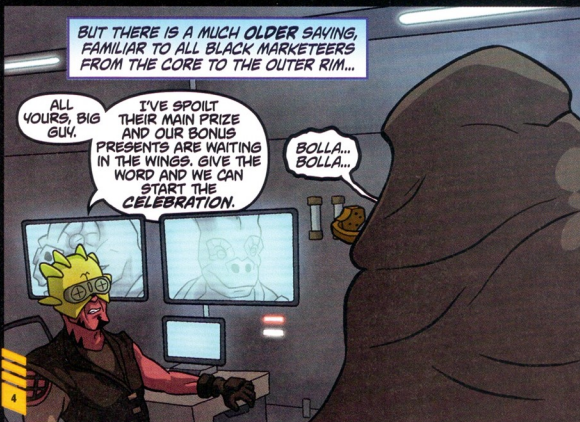


OH, YOU'RE
RIGHT ABOUT
THAT!

GAAH?!



TEAM DOSHO TO
MOBILE COMMAND--
HONOR GUARD IS
SECURED.



BUT THERE IS A MUCH OLDER SAYING,
FAMILIAR TO ALL BLACK MARKEETEERS
FROM THE CORE TO THE OUTER RIM...

ALL
YOURS, BIG
GUY.

I'VE SPOILT
THEIR MAIN PRIZE
AND OUR BONUS
PRESENTS ARE WAITING
IN THE WINGS. GIVE THE
WORD AND WE CAN
START THE
CELEBRATION.

BOLLA...
BOLLA...

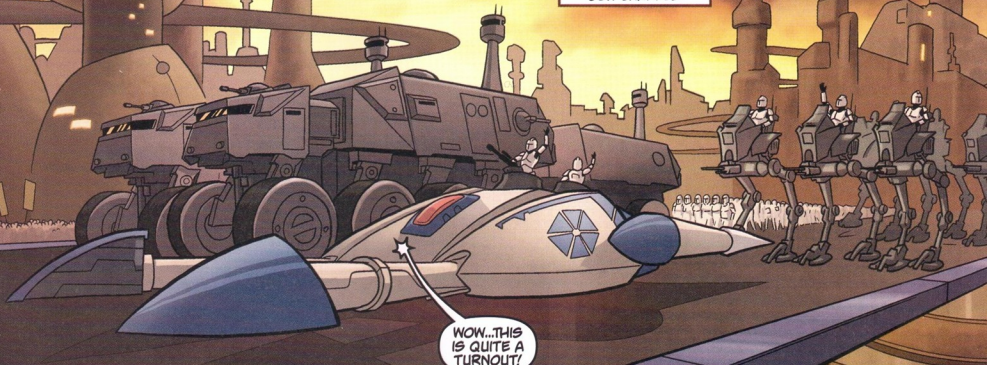


... "WAR IS BUSINESS,
AND BUSINESS IS GOOD."

MOUNT
UP, BOYS! IT'S
TIME WE SENT
THESE REPUBLIC
DOGS A LESSON
THEY'LL NEVER
FORGET!

THE RUNAWAY RIDE

WRITER
ROBIN ETHERINGTON
ARTIST & COLORIST
BOB MOLESWORTH
LETTERER
JON CHAPPEL



WOW...THIS
IS QUITE A
TURNOUT!

THANKFULLY,
JEDI, IT IS
NOT OFTEN THAT WE
NOTHING FIND OUR
HOME OVERRUN BY
DROIDS, BUT WE
CERTAINLY KNOW HOW
TO CELEBRATE THE
DAY OF ITS SAFE
RETURN.

AND HOW
TO THANK THOSE
RESPONSIBLE.

TROOV, THIS SUCCESS IS AS MUCH DUE
TO YOUR SMOOF RIDERS AND THEIR
AERIAL SKILLS AS ANYTHING WE
ACHIEVED ON THE GROUND.

WE'D
HAVE BEEN
SLAUGHTERED
WITHOUT YOUR
KNOWLEDGE
AND SUPPORT.

PERHAPS,
BUT HIT-AND-
RUN SORTIES DO
NOT LIBERATE CITIES.
NOR DO THEY CAPTURE
REMARKABLE
VEHICLES SUCH
AS THIS.

WE DIDN'T ACTUALLY **CAPTURE** IT,
GENERAL. WE JUST FOUND IT
SORT OF, UH, WAITING FOR
US, IN THE SEPARATISTS'
STAGING GROUND.

LARGELY
BECAUSE IT'S
ENTIRELY
EXPERIMENTAL,
AND THE SEPPIES
HADN'T EVEN
UNPACKED IT.



YOU KNOW, I HAD MY RESERVATIONS ABOUT EVEN INCLUDING THIS THING IN THE PARADE. ANAKIN HAS A LONG AND COLORFUL HISTORY OF PLAYING BADLY WITH NEW HARDWARE... FOREIGN OR DOMESTIC...

HEY! ISN'T THAT A LITTLE UNFAIR?



REALLY? HOW ABOUT THE BOGG BEHEMOTH? THE DEVLUS? YOUR OWN SHIP--MANY TIMES.

I THINK YOUR MEMORY'S STARTING TO FADE, MASTER... IT WAS YOU WHO BLEW UP THE BOGG BEHEMOTH.

HMMM...



EXCUSE ME, GENERAL TROOV, BUT AREN'T YOUR RIDERS FLYING A LITTLE LOW?

WATCH CAREFULLY, COMMANDER, FOR THIS IS THE SINGLE HIGHEST MARK OF RESPECT OUR PEOPLE CAN BESTOW.

NO, NO, IT'S ALL PART OF THE DISPLAY!



"FIRST THEY GLIDE LOW, IN A TIGHT, TRIPLE-DECKED FORMATION, AND THEN..."

"...THE SIGN OF GOLD!"



ALTHOUGH MOST NOTHOINGS NOW SPEAK BASIC, OUR FIRST FORM OF COMMUNICATION IS SIGN LANGUAGE.

THE SYMBOL YOU SEE SIGNIFIES A PERMANENT UNITY BETWEEN OUR WORLD AND YOURS. IT BINDS US ALL TO A SHARED CAUSE.

YOU HONOR US, GENERAL.

BUT I'VE JUST ONE QUICK QUESTION--



"--IS IT SUPPOSED TO ACTUALLY BIND TO US? ONLY THE CROWD DOES NOT LOOK PARTICULARLY HAPPY..."

≥COUGH≤

≥KAFF!≤

≥HACK!≤

THEY
DROPPED IT
TOO **LOW**--THEY'RE
BLINDING THE
CROWD!

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND...
I HAND-PICKED
MY BEST
RIDERS!

I'VE A
NASTY FEELING
THEY'RE **NOT** YOUR
MEN, BUT WHOEVER
THEY ARE, THEY'RE
COMING BACK
FOR ANOTHER
PASS!

CODY, TAKE
THE WHEEL! **OBJI-**
WAN, YOU'RE IN CHARGE
OF THINGS ON
THE GROUND!

I KNOW
I AM, BUT
WHAT ARE
YOU--

NO, ANAKIN,
WAIT JUST A
SECOND...!

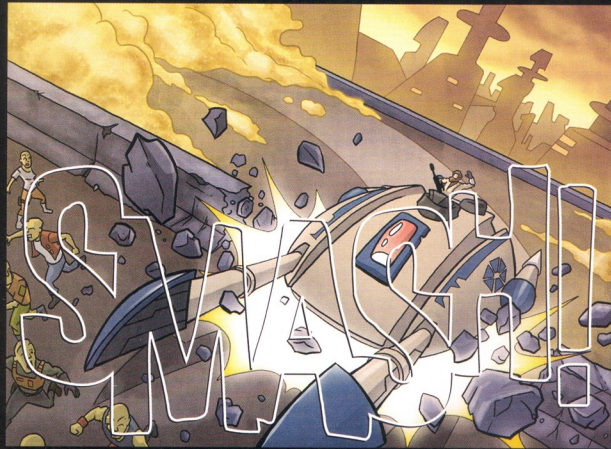
HUP!

GOTCHA!

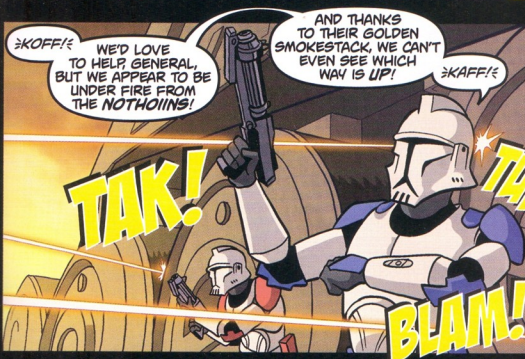
THAT JEDI
OF YOURS CERTAINLY
LIKES TO GET HIS
HANDS DIRTY! A QUALITY
WE NOTHOINGS
ADMIREEEEE **AAAGH!**

WHOA!

ER, GENERALS...
I DON'T WANT TO
SPOIL A GREAT DAY, AND I
HATE TO ADD TO THE DRAMA, BUT
I AM **NOT** IN CONTROL HERE--
THIS MACHINE APPEARS
TO BE **DRIVING**
ITSELF!



THIS IS OBI-WAN TO ALL PARADE UNITS, REQUESTING IMMEDIATE SUPPORT! I'VE A RUNAWAY RIDE THAT NEEDS TO BE STOPPED!



SKOFF! SKOFF!

WE'D LOVE TO HELP GENERAL, BUT WE APPEAR TO BE UNDER FIRE FROM THE NOTHOINS!

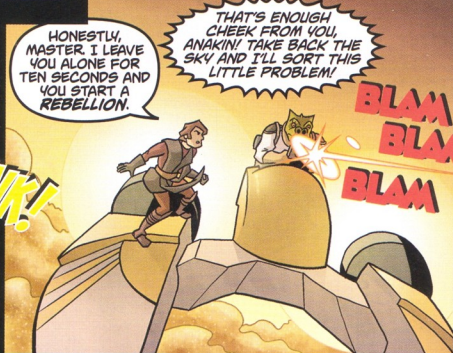
AND THANKS TO THEIR GOLDEN SMOKESTACK, WE CAN'T EVEN SEE WHICH WAY IS UP!

SKAFF! SKAFF!

TAK!

TUNK!

BLAM!



HONESTLY, MASTER I LEAVE YOU ALONE FOR TEN SECONDS AND YOU START A REBELLION.

THAT'S ENOUGH CHEEK FROM YOU, ANAKIN! TAKE BACK THE SKY AND I'LL SORT THIS LITTLE PROBLEM!

BLAM BLAM BLAM



(HOHOHO... NO...I DON'T THINK SO!)

GENERAL-- THE MONITOR!

I'D KNOW THAT BELLY LAUGH ANYWHERE...THIS DAY JUST GETS BETTER AND BETTER...

*TRANSLATED FROM HUTTESE

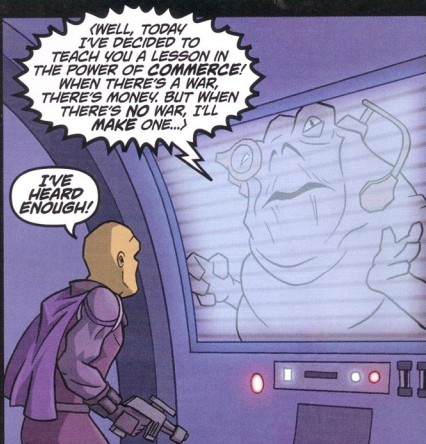


(I FIND IT HARD TO FATHOM JEDI, WHY YOU WOULD VISIT THE OUTER RIM, CONDUCT ANOTHER OF YOUR WARS, ELIMINATE COUNTLESS SEPARATISTS AND NOT EVEN STOP BY TO SAY "HELLO".)

I'VE BEEN RATHER BUSY, GORGA.



(AS HAVE I! FOR YEARS NOTHOIN WAS THE CENTRE OF A VERY PROFITABLE BLACK MARKET OPERATION! BUT NOW, AFTER ONE MONTH WITH YOUR CLONES, I'M SUDDENLY OUT OF BUSINESS!)



(WELL, TODAY I'VE DECIDED TO TEACH YOU A LESSON IN THE POWER OF COMMERCE! WHEN THERE'S A WAR, THERE'S MONEY. BUT WHEN THERE'S NO WAR, I'LL MAKE ONE...)

I'VE HEARD ENOUGH!



THANK YOU, TROOV. GORGA'S A DISGUSTING ROGUE, BUT HE'S A CUNNING ONE!

CLONES TAKING FIRE FROM NOTHINGS WHILE A JEDI GENERAL IS SEEN DRIVING A VEHICLE THROUGH PEDESTRIANS... MARS HAVE BEEN FOUGHT OVER MUCH LESS!

BLAM!



NEENA THINK I'VE SHUT DOWN THE SOURCE OF OUR PROBLEMS, SIR!

WHAT IS THAT?



SHORTWAVE REMOTE CONTROL HACK. RANGE-- LESS THAN A KLICK.

IT'S LOW-GRADE TECH, AND A QUICK BUILD, TOO. THIS WAS MOST LIKELY CONSTRUCTED ON-WORLD.

THAT'S THE FIRST GOOD NEWS I'VE HAD IN AGES! ANAKIN, HOW ARE YOU DOING?



OH, YOU KNOW, MASTER...

...MEETING NEW PEOPLE... THROWING THEM OUT OF MOVING VEHICLES...



SKYWALKER TO ALL GROUND TROOPS-- HOLD FIRE! THE SWOOP RIDERS ARE TRANDOSHAN MERCENARIES!

YOU CAN LEAVE THESE FOOLS TO ME...

BWAAAA

(IT SEEMS YOUR SABOTAGE HAS FAILED, ZATCH! WELL, IF YOU CANNOT BRING ME WAR OR CHAOS, BRING ME THE HEAD OF A JEDI!)

IT WILL BE MY PLEASURE! NEARING TARGET NOW...



AND THAT'S FOR SPOILING A NICE DAY OUT FOR ALL THE FAMILY!



PING!

ZAM!

THREE FOR THREE! SHOULD JUST ABOUT DO IT...

HUH?!

WHOA! I DON'T KNOW WHERE THIS PILOT CAME FROM, BUT I CAN NOT SHAKE HIM-- AND THESE SNOOPS AREN'T BUILT FOR THIS KIND OF PUNISHMENT!

TINK!

TIME FOR AN EMERGENCY STALL AND A SHORT FALL...

SPWEE!

NNNGN!?

LET'S SEE YOU OUT-MANEUVER THAT!

PHUT PHUT

HE'S BLOCKED MY PATH WITH HIS SNOOP! THE JEDI'S USED HIS VEHICLE AS A WEAPON!



AAAAGH!
(THIS IS A
DISASTER!)

(FIRST
MY REMOTE-
CONTROLLED RIDE,
THEN MY MERCENARIES,
AND NOW I'VE LOST A
NEW BOUNTY HUNTER!
THEY DON'T COME
CHEAP!)

(WAIT A MINUTE--
THAT VEHICLE LOOKS
IDENTICAL TO THE ONE WE...
BUT... BUT IT COULDN'T BE!)

OH,
POODOO.

AND SO, AS THE SMOKE
FINALLY CLEARS...

(I DON'T KNOW WHY WE MAINTAIN THIS
CHARADE, KENOBI. YOUR CELL WILL
NOT HOLD ME FOR LONG. THERE
WILL ALWAYS BE WAR, AND I
WILL ALWAYS PROFIT
FROM THE CONFLICT.)

THAT'S
SOMETHING
I'D LIKE TO
KNOW. DID THE
FORCE GUIDE
YOU?

(BUT BEFORE
YOU TAKE ME AWAY,
SATISFY AN OLD VILLAIN'S
CURIOSITY... HOW DID
YOU FIND ME?)

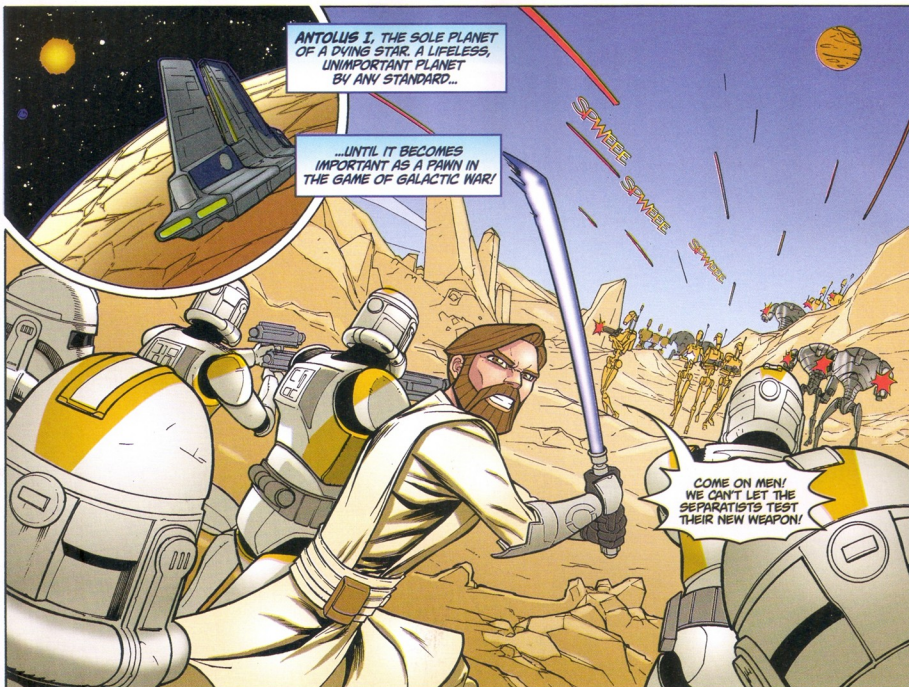
NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST. ONCE WE REALISED YOU
HAD TO BE NEARBY IN ORDER TO USE YOUR
SHORT-RANGE CONTROL UNIT, WE SIMPLY
DROVE AROUND UNTIL WE FOUND A
PORTABLE CONTAINER LARGE
ENOUGH TO HOUSE YOU!

HUH...
(WELL, THAT'S
JUST MEAN...)

HAHAHAHA!

END!

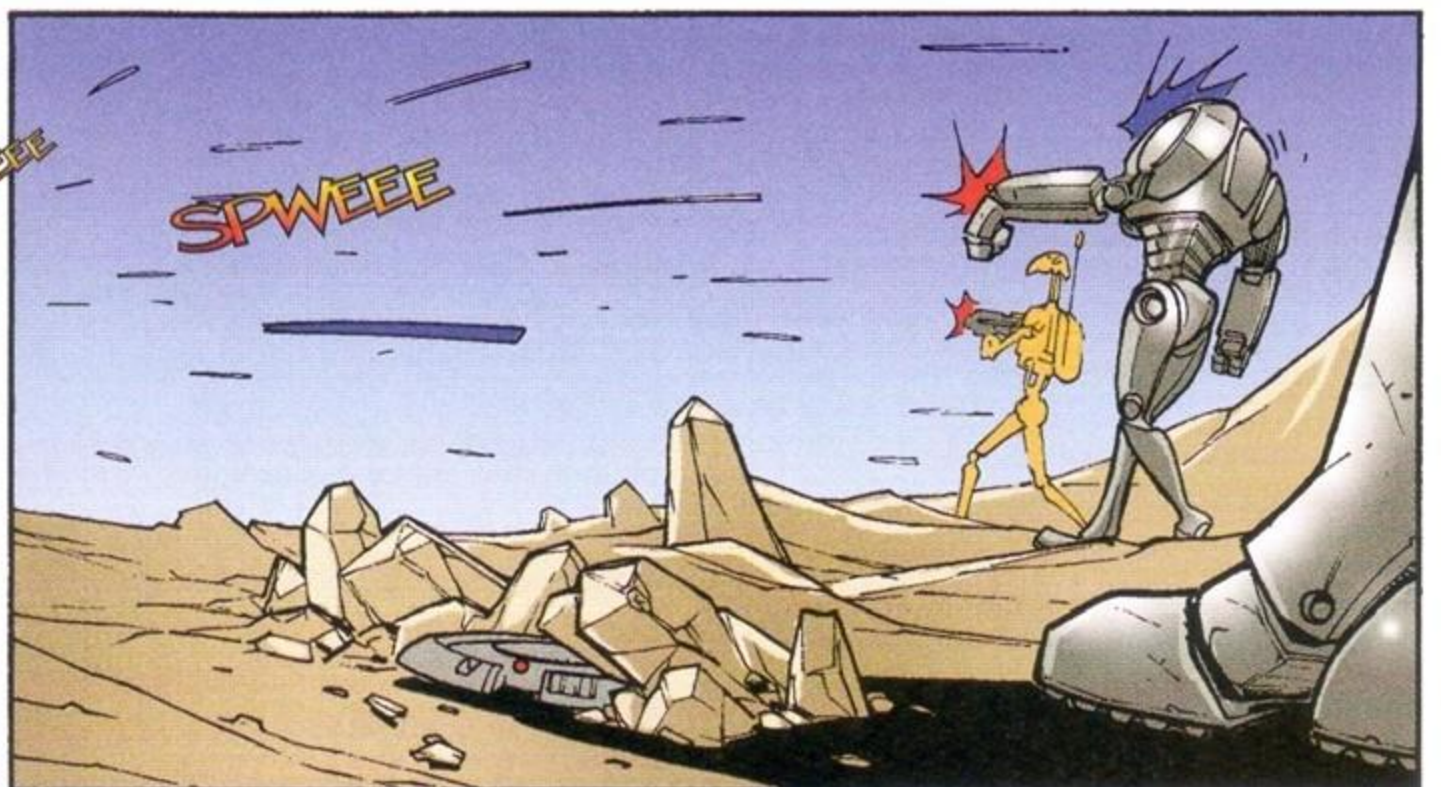
11

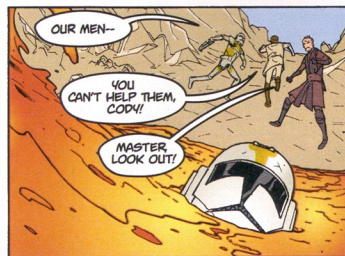


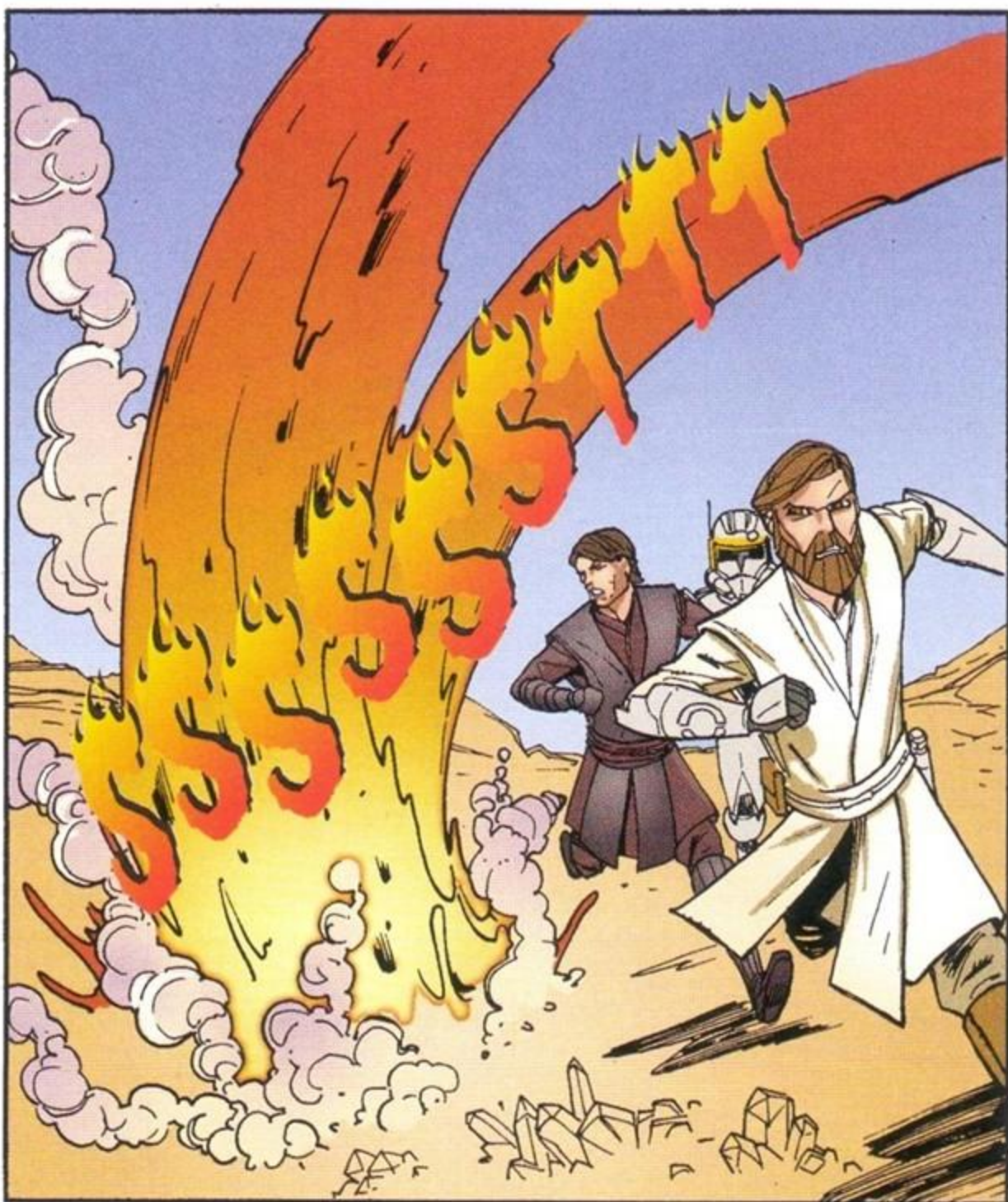
DEADLY ALLIES

WRITER MIKE W. BARR ARTIST ANDRES PONCE COLORIST JOHN CHARLES LETTERER GABRIELA HOUSTON

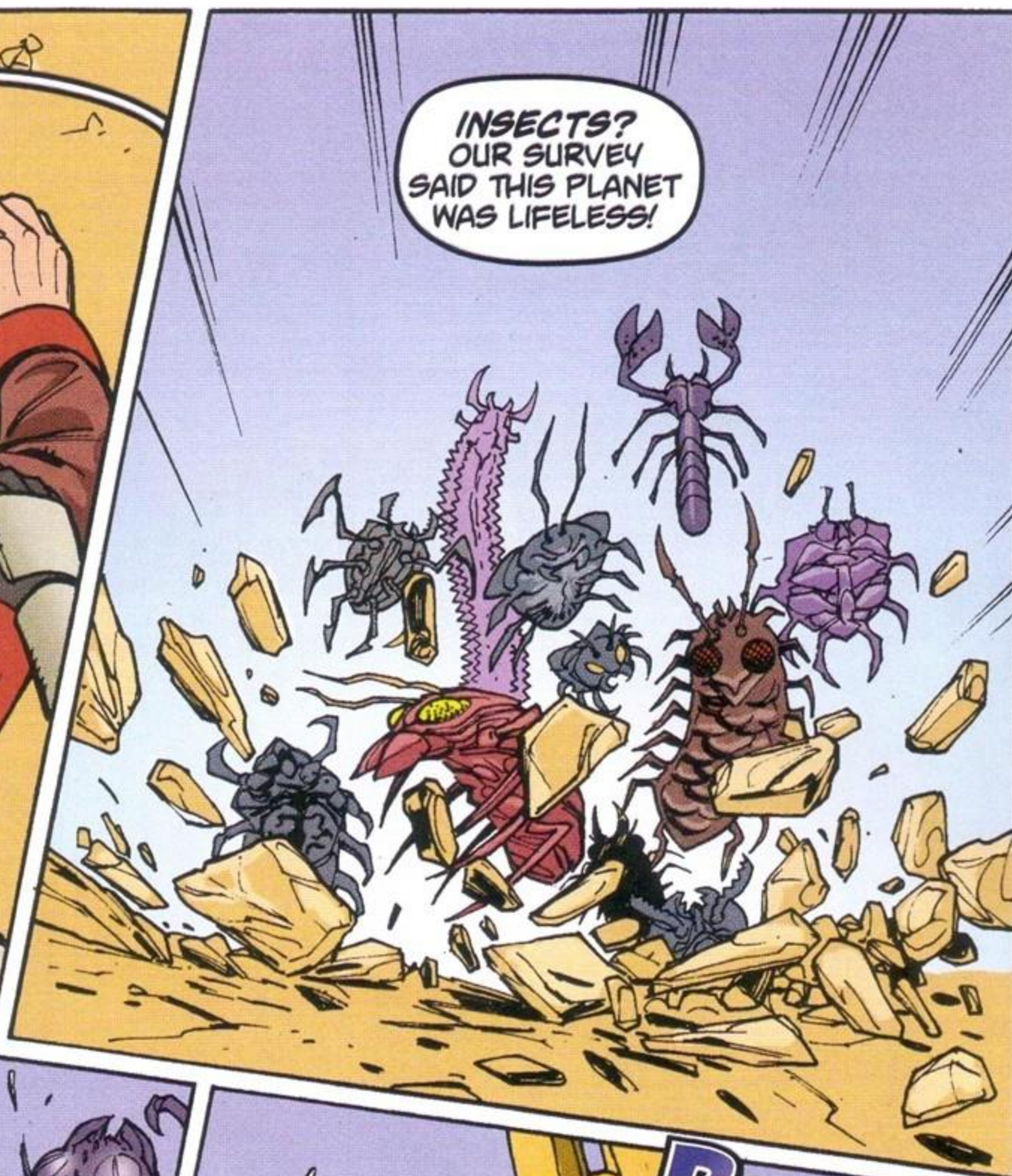


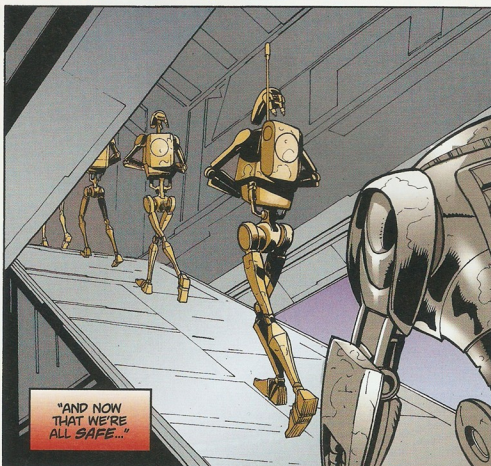


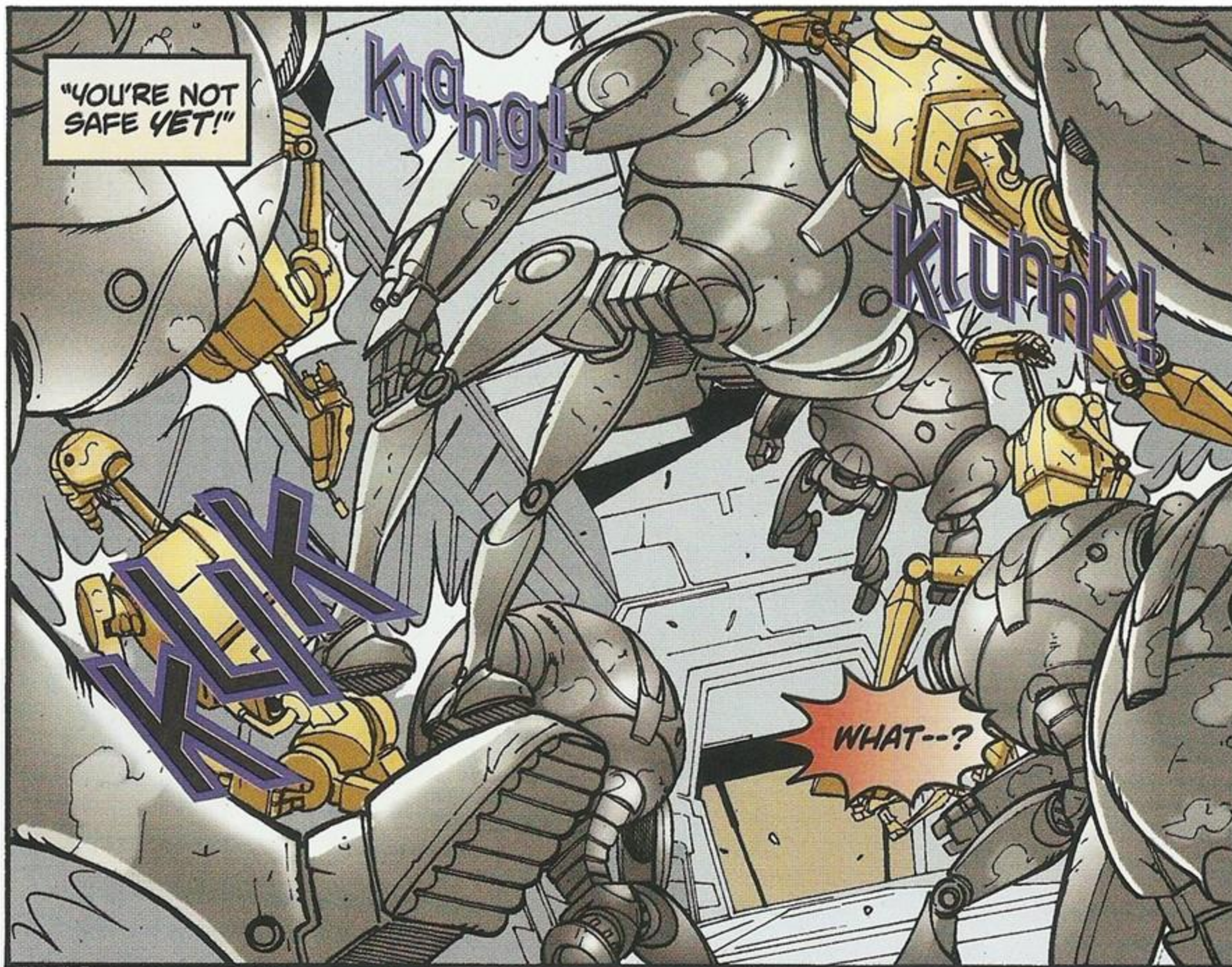












END!

PARADISE LOST

WRITER CHRISTOPHER COOPER ◡ ARTIST & COLORIST LUCA BERTELE ◡ LETTERER GABRIELA HOUSTON

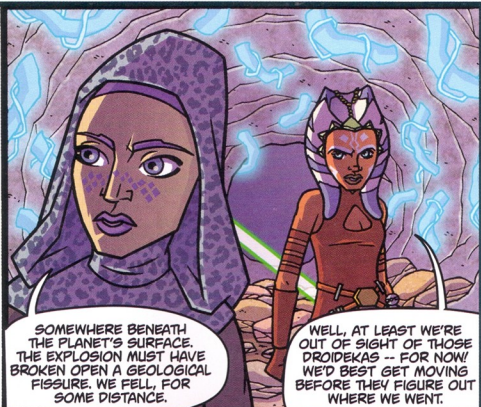
WAR RAGES AMIDST THE ANCIENT TEMPLES
OF THE PLANET PHOROSE, AS REPUBLIC TROOPS
-- LED BY JEDI MASTER PLO KLOON -- BATTLE
TO REPEL A SEPARATIST INVASION.

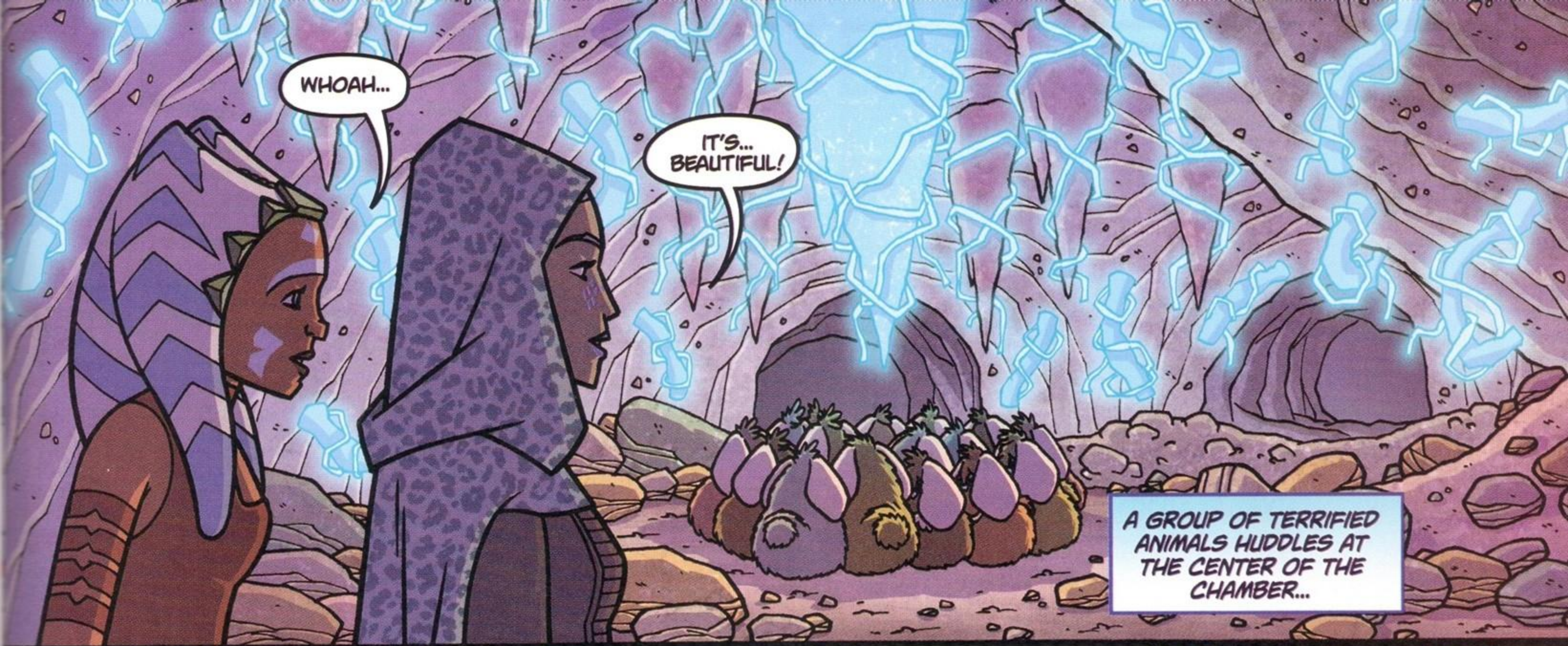
PPHHOOO!!!

ABOARD A SPEEDING GUNSHIP, PADAWANS
AHSOKA TANO AND BARRISS OFFEE
PREPARE TO ENTER THE DEADLY
CONFLICT...

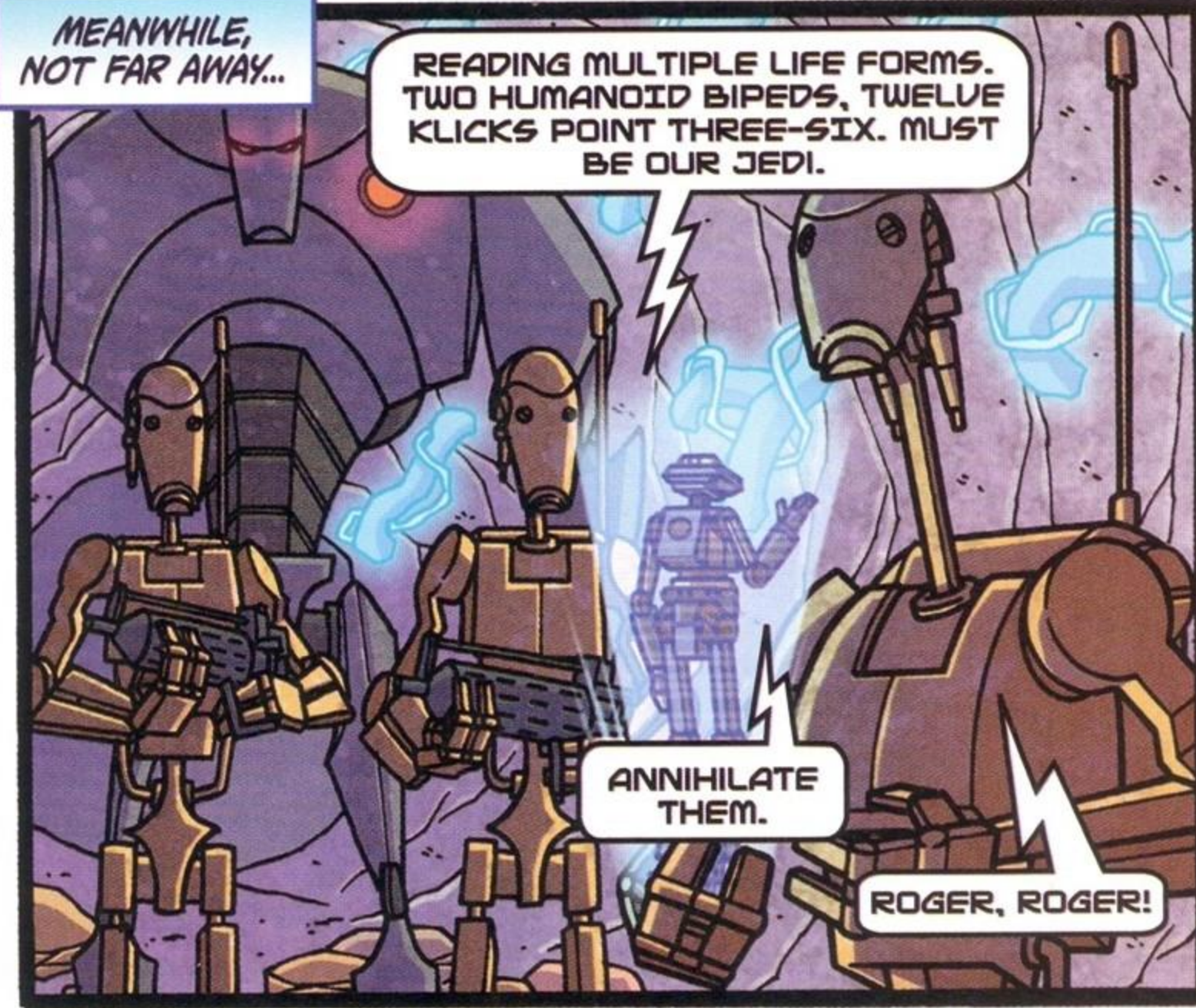


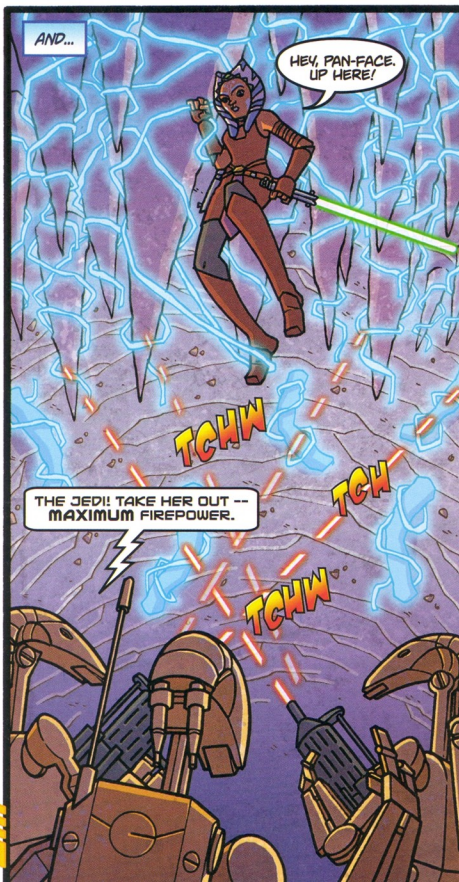


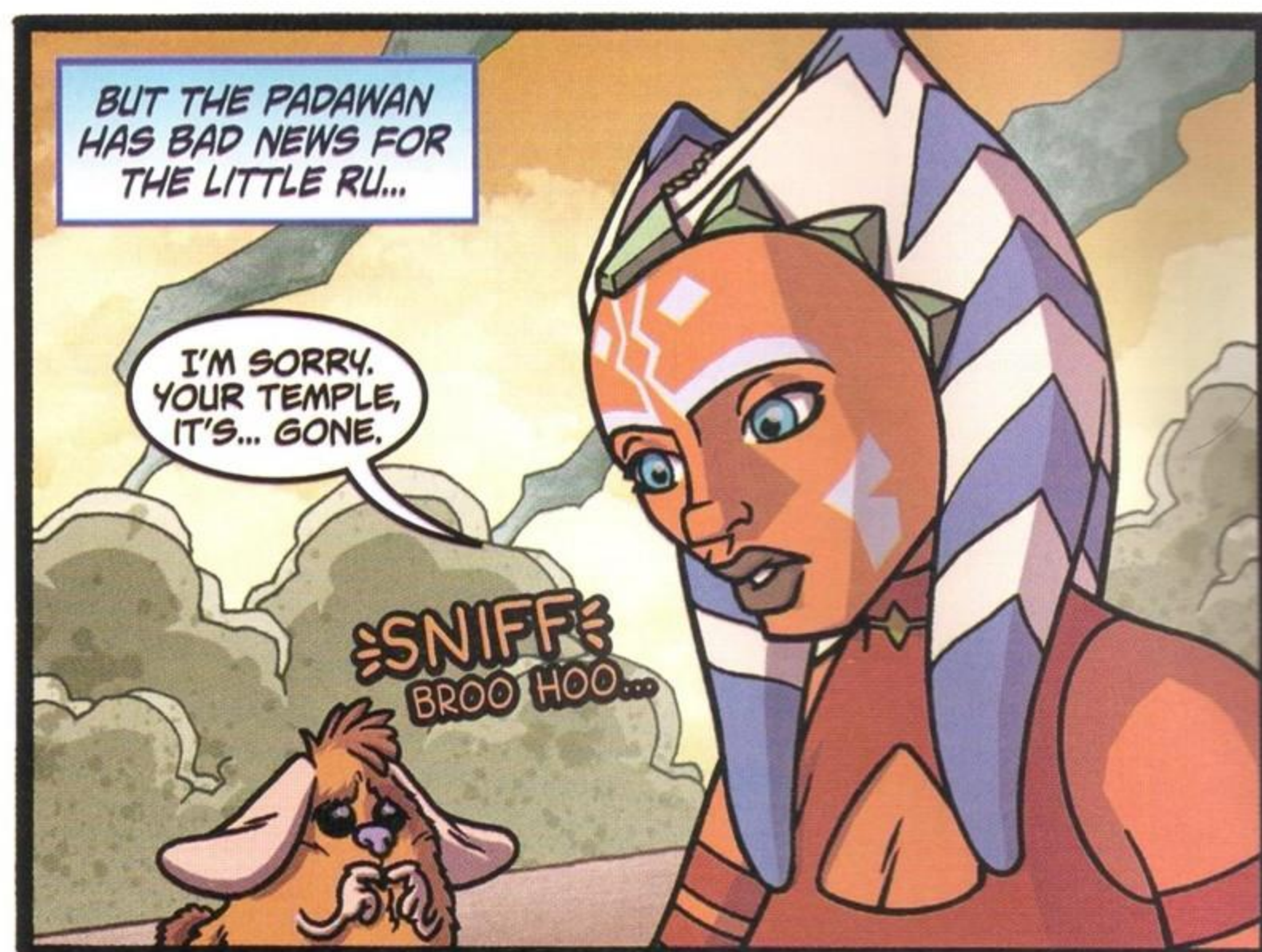




A GROUP OF TERRIFIED ANIMALS HUDDLES AT THE CENTER OF THE CHAMBER...







THE TWO YOUNG JEDI
LEAD THE RU TO THE
REPUBLIC LANDING ZONE.

COMMANDER TANO.
THE SHIP IS PREPARED AND
WE'RE READY TO ROLL, ER...
WE WEREN'T PLANNING
ON CARRYING ANY
LIVESTOCK!

THEY'RE REFUGEES,
PILOT, AND WE NEED TO
GET THEM SOMEWHERE
SAFE.

BUT MY
ORDERS ARE...

I'LL TAKE FULL
RESPONSIBILITY FOR
COUNTERMINING YOUR ORDERS.
ALL WE NEED YOU TO DO
IS TAKE THE SCENIC
ROUTE.

THERE'S A
PENINSULA TO THE NORTH
WEST. IT'S FAR ENOUGH FROM
CIVILIZATION TO BE CLEAR OF
THE FIGHTING. WE CAN DROP
THE RU THERE FOR NOW.

THE GUNSHIP TAKES
TO THE SKY ON ITS
NEW MISSION.

ONCE THE
FIGHTING IS OVER,
WE'LL COME BACK FOR
YOU. YOUR TEMPLE
WILL BE REBUILT.

BRIII!

RRHHW WWW WWW

BUT...

PROID FIGHTERS
COMING IN. POINT
TWO-FOUR. BRACE
YOURSELVES...!

FRKAKACHOWW

PHT-PHT-PHT

WE'RE HIT...
ARRRGH!!!



UHHH...
BARRISS? BARISS,
WHERE ARE
YOU?

COUGH
OVER HERE...



AFTER A SEARCH OF
THE WRECKAGE, AHSOKA
RETURNS TO HER INJURED
FRIEND...

NO OTHER
SURVIVORS. NOT ONE.
I'M SORRY. THIS WAS
MY IDEA. IT'S ALL
MY FAULT.

NO. THIS IS
OUR FAULT -- EVERY JEDI
CARRIES THE BURDEN OF
RESPONSIBILITY. WE BROUGHT
THE WAR HERE, AND WE
DESTROYED EVERYTHING.



ANGER, FEAR,
HATRED... THESE
ARE THE EMOTIONS
OF WHICH A JEDI MUST
BE WAR. BUT WHAT
ABOUT OUR
GUILT?

END...?

WRITER
RIK HOSKIN
ARTIST & COLORIST
BOB MOLESWORTH
LETTERER
GABRIELA HOUSTON

UPDATE

REPUBLIC TROOPS STAGE A DARING
RAID ON A SEPARATIST FACTORY IN
THE REMOTE OUTER RIM TERRITORIES,
STEALING AN ENCRYPTED FILE HELD
ON A DATA CHIP.



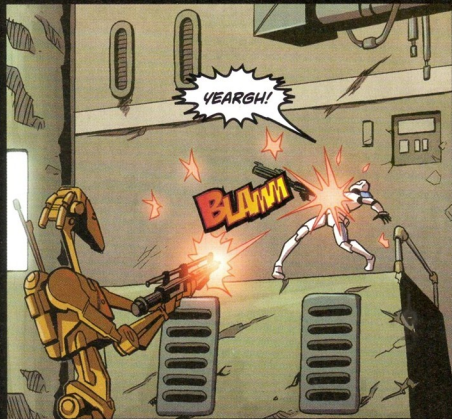
BATTLE DROIDS LOYAL TO THE SEPARATIST MOVEMENT ARE ORDERED TO RECOVER THE FILE.



THAT FILE IS CRUCIAL TO OUR WAR EFFORTS! IT **MUST** BE RECOVERED -- NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!

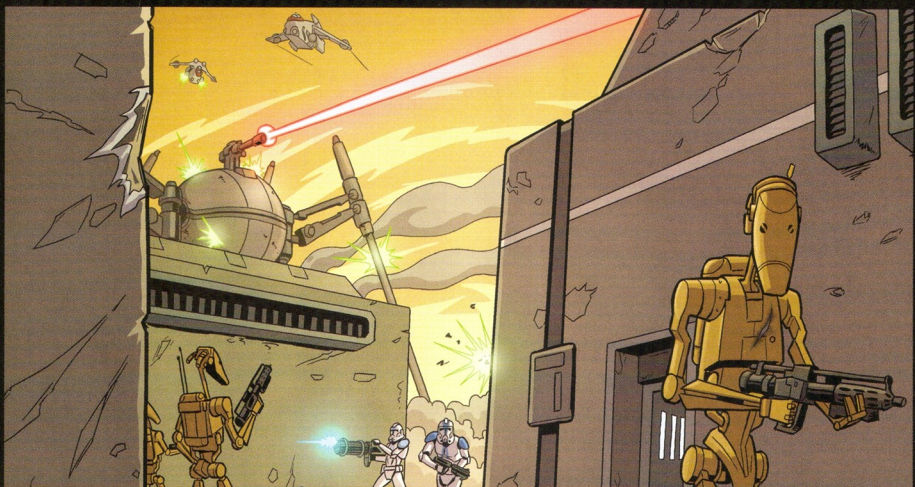
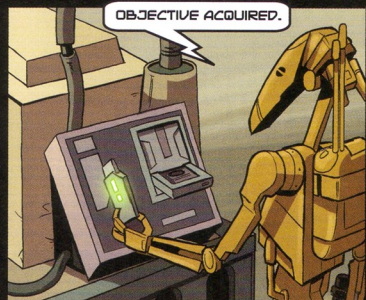
RECOVER THE FILE! LEAVE NO CLONE UNTURNED!

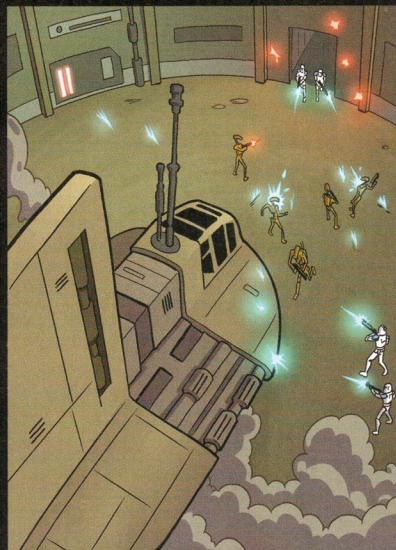
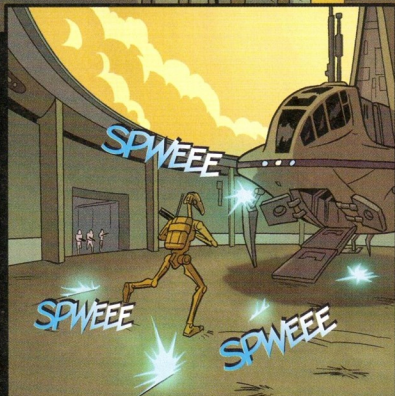
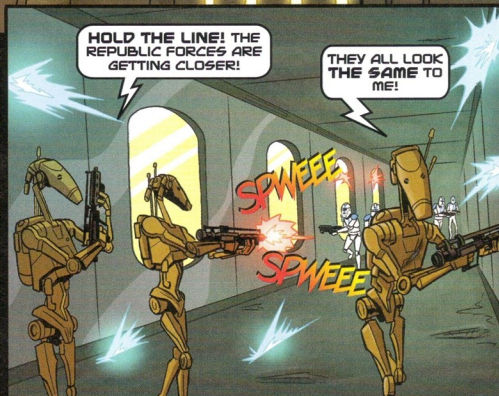
ROGER, ROGER!

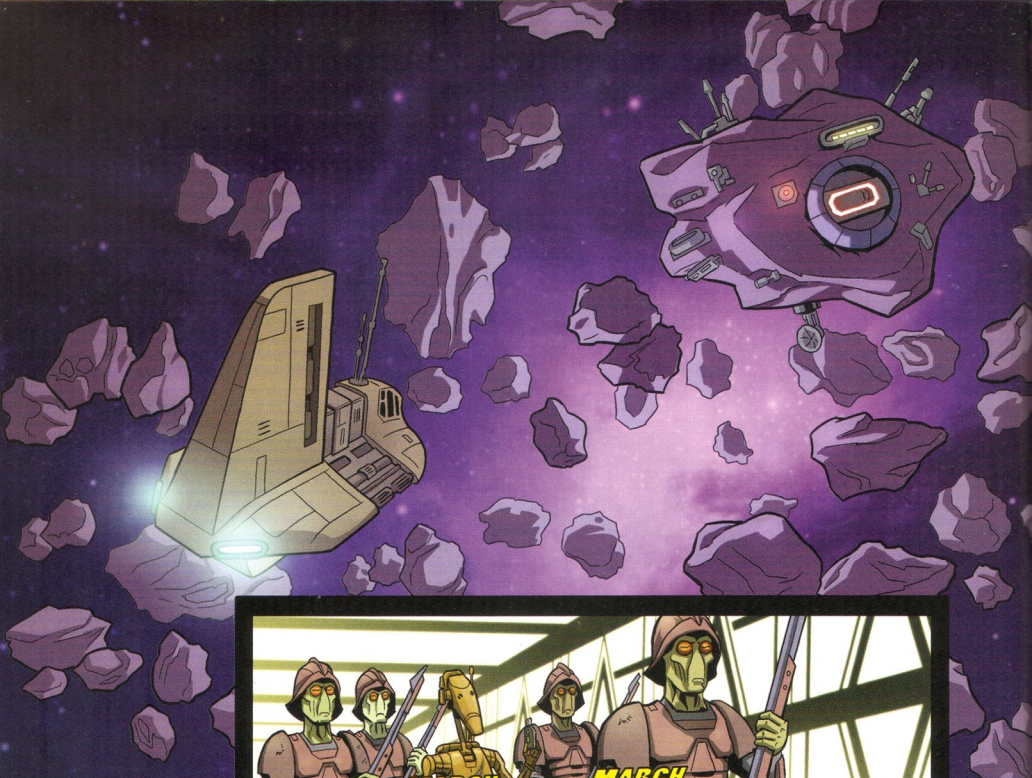


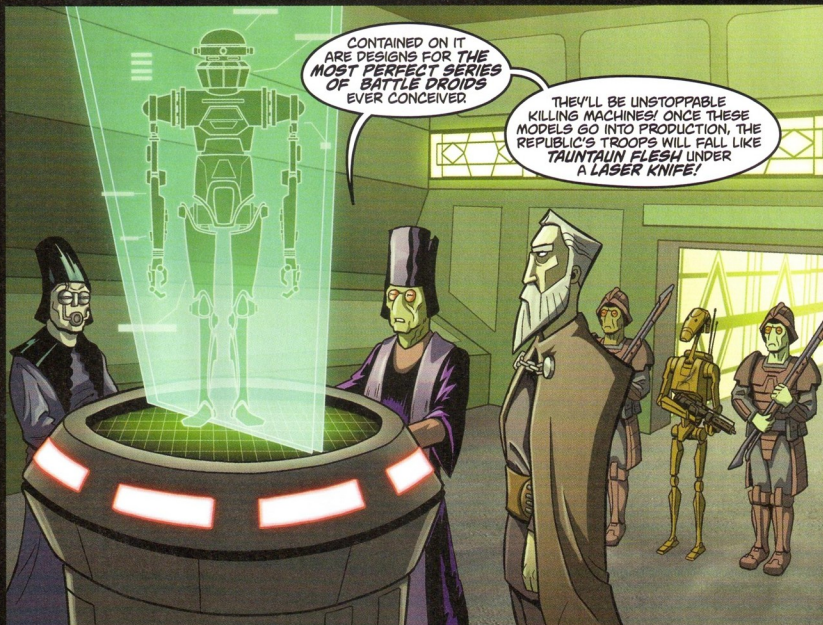
THIS ENCRYPTION IS A PATTERN I DON'T RECOGNIZE, COMMANDER!

KEEP WORKING ON IT, SIXTEN -- WE NEED TO FIND OUT WHAT'S IN THAT FILE!

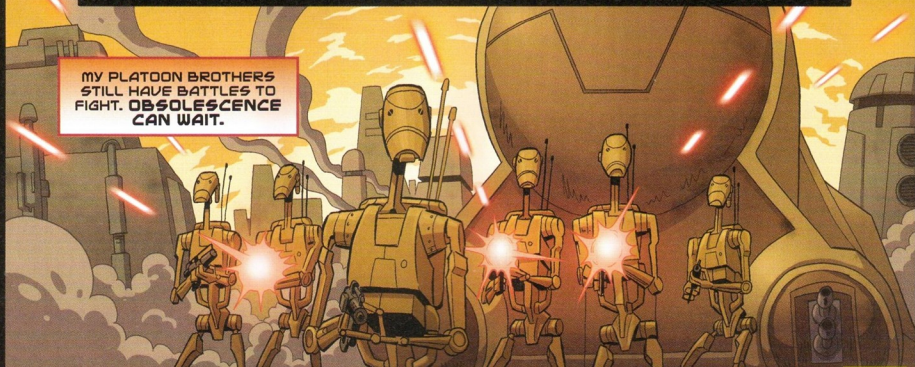










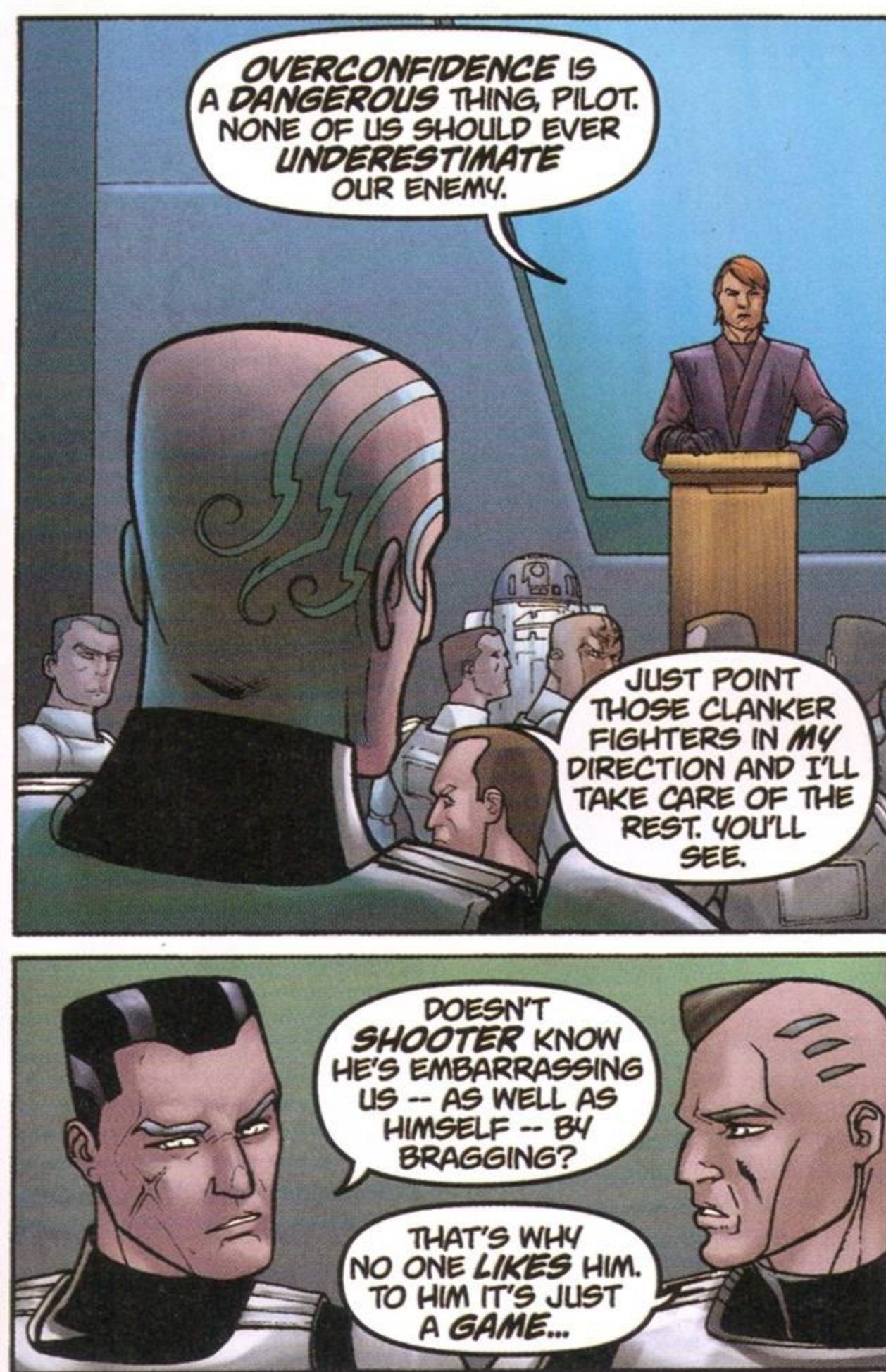
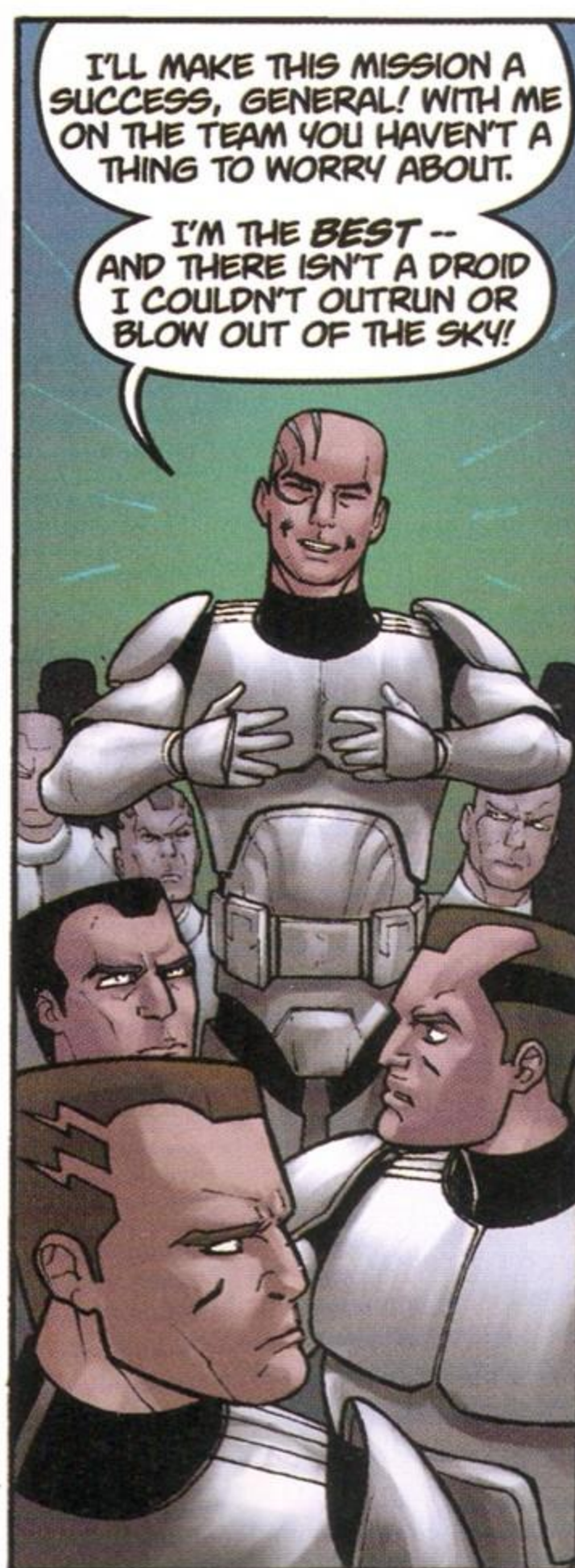
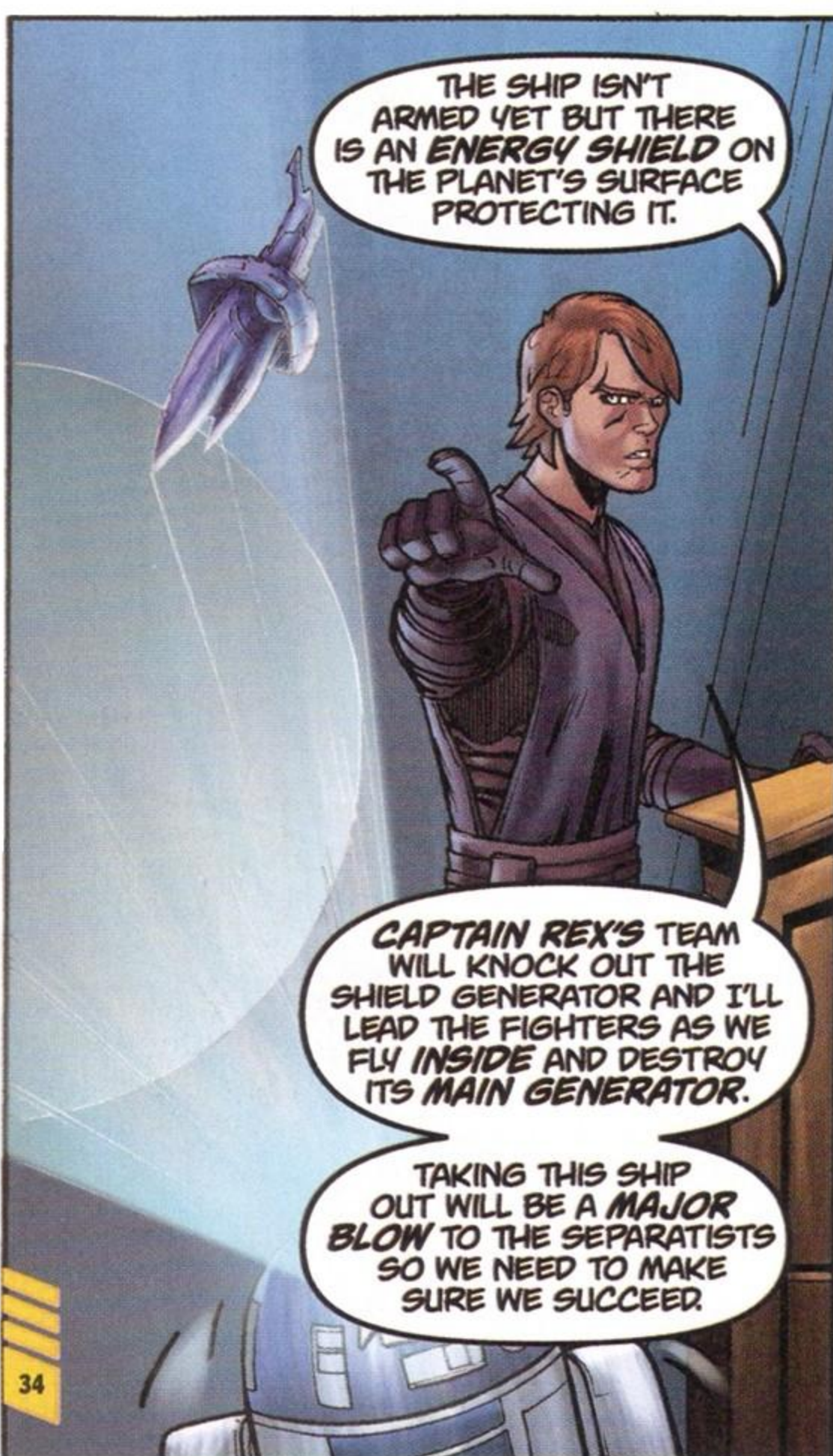


END!



HOTSHOT

WRITER MARTIN FISHER ARTIST ANDRES PONCE COLORIST DIGIKORE LETTERER GABRIELA HOUSTON



"HE DOESN'T REALISE
THAT SOMETIMES YOU
CAN LOSE."

LOOKS LIKE
OUR INTELLIGENCE WAS
WRONG -- THAT SHIP'S
FULLY ARMED!

ALL GROUPS,
DON'T GET TOO CLOSE --
CONCENTRATE ON THE
FIGHTERS UNTIL THE
SHIELD IS DOWN.

GENERAL,
THERE'S A FIGHTER
ON YOUR TAIL!

HE'S LOCKED
ON -- I CAN'T
SHAKE HIM!

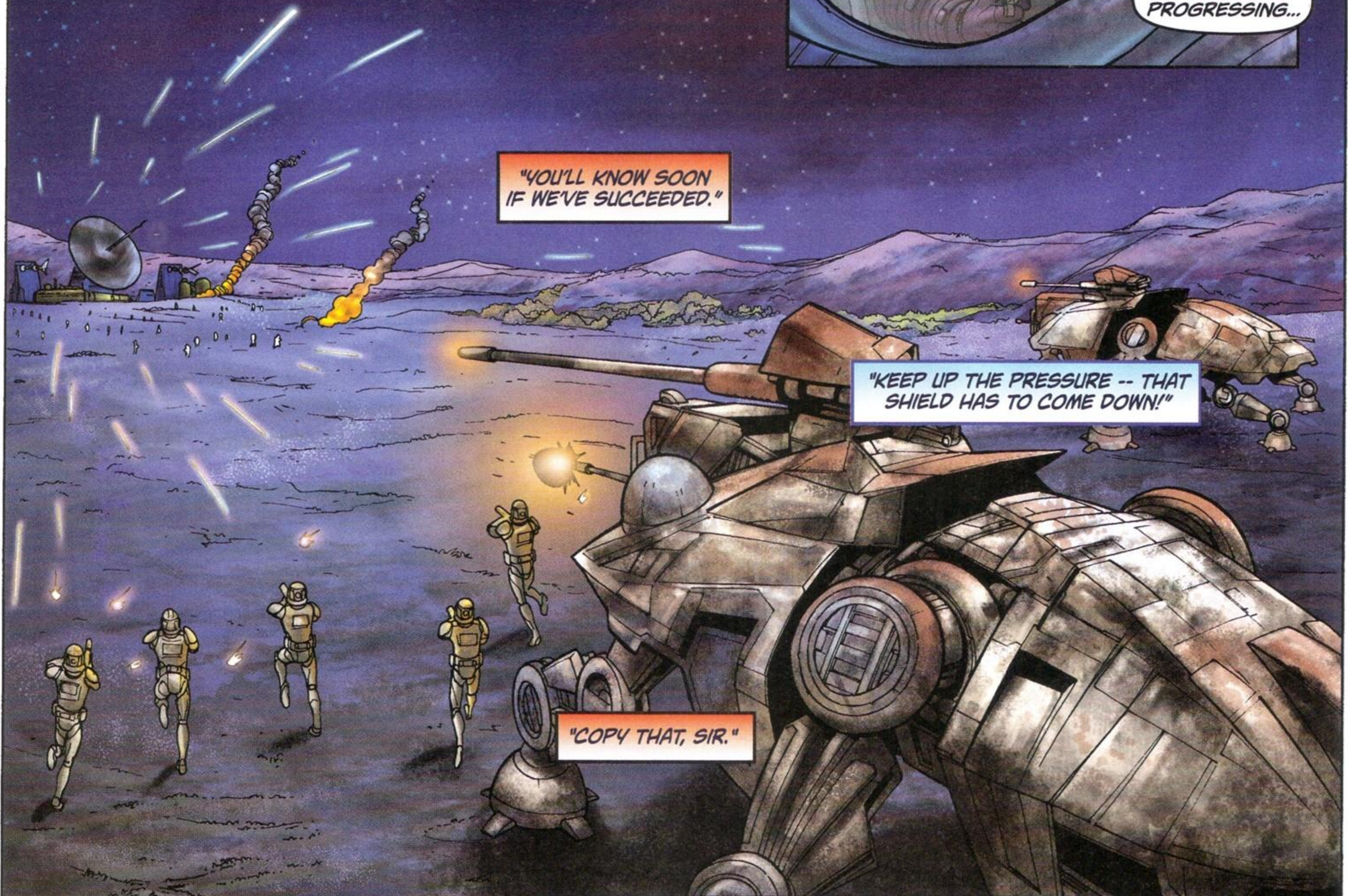
DON'T WORRY,
COMMANDER -- I'M
ON IT!

BOOOOM!

SHOOTER, IS
THAT YOU?

THE ONE
AND ONLY.

IF YOU WANT
SOME *FLYING TIPS*
WHEN WE GET BACK,
I'LL BE HAPPY TO
PROVIDE THEM,
GENERAL.





"REX TO GENERAL SKYWALKER,
YOU'RE ALL CLEAR."



BLUE GROUP, KEEP
THOSE FIGHTERS BUSY. RED
GROUP, FORM UP BEHIND ME. WE'RE
COMMENCING OUR ATTACK ON
THE MAIN REACTOR.



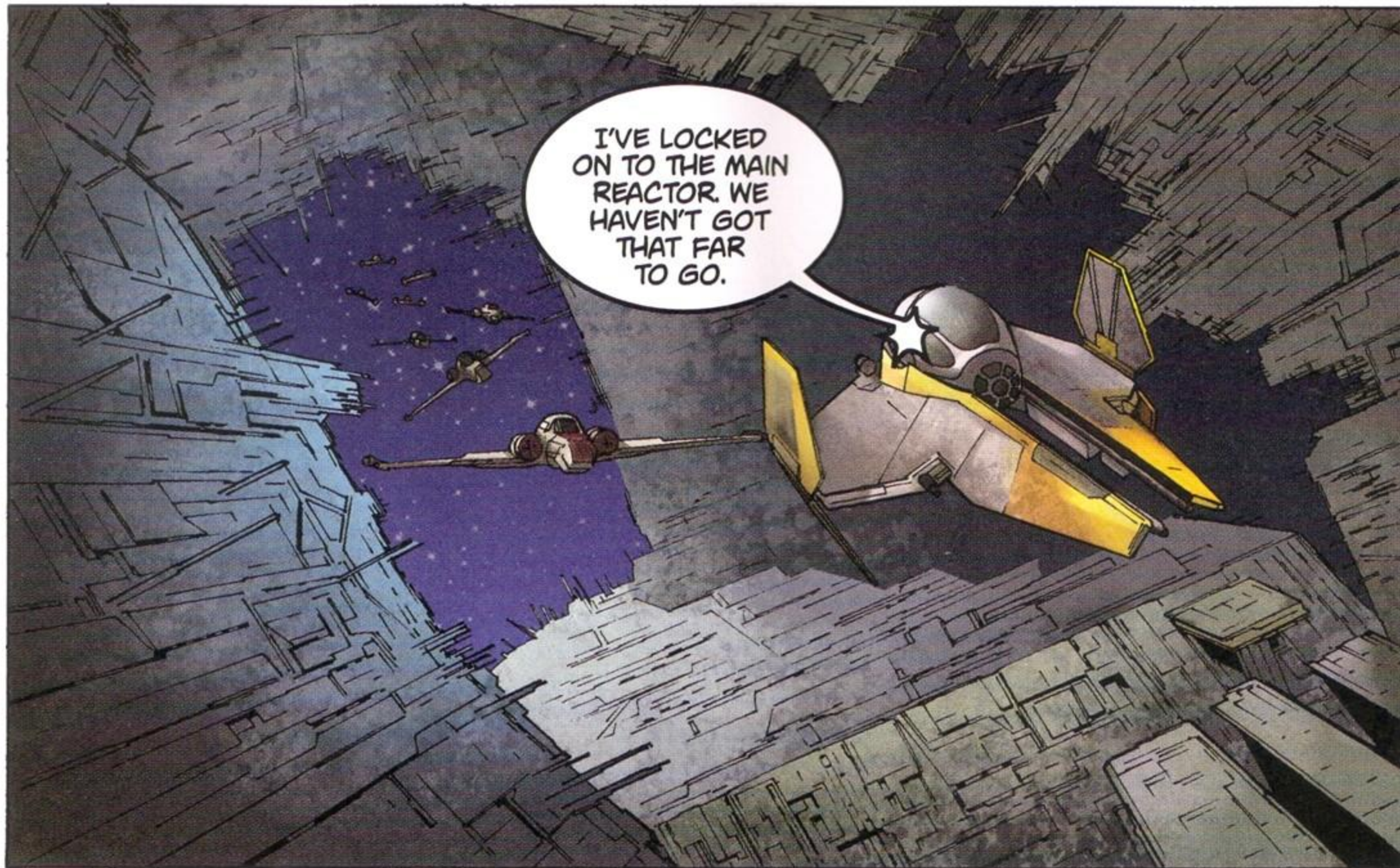
I SAID BEHIND,
SHOOTER, NOT
AHEAD OF ME!

SORRY,
GENERAL -- MUST
HAVE MISHEARD
YOU.



DON'T MISHEAR
THIS. JUST AVOID THE
TURBO LASERS AND
WATCH YOUR
SPACING.

IT'S GOING
TO BE A LITTLE
CRAMPED IN
THERE.



I'VE LOCKED ON TO THE MAIN REACTOR. WE HAVEN'T GOT THAT FAR TO GO.



HEY -- SHOOTER!

SOME OF US ARE IN A HURRY!

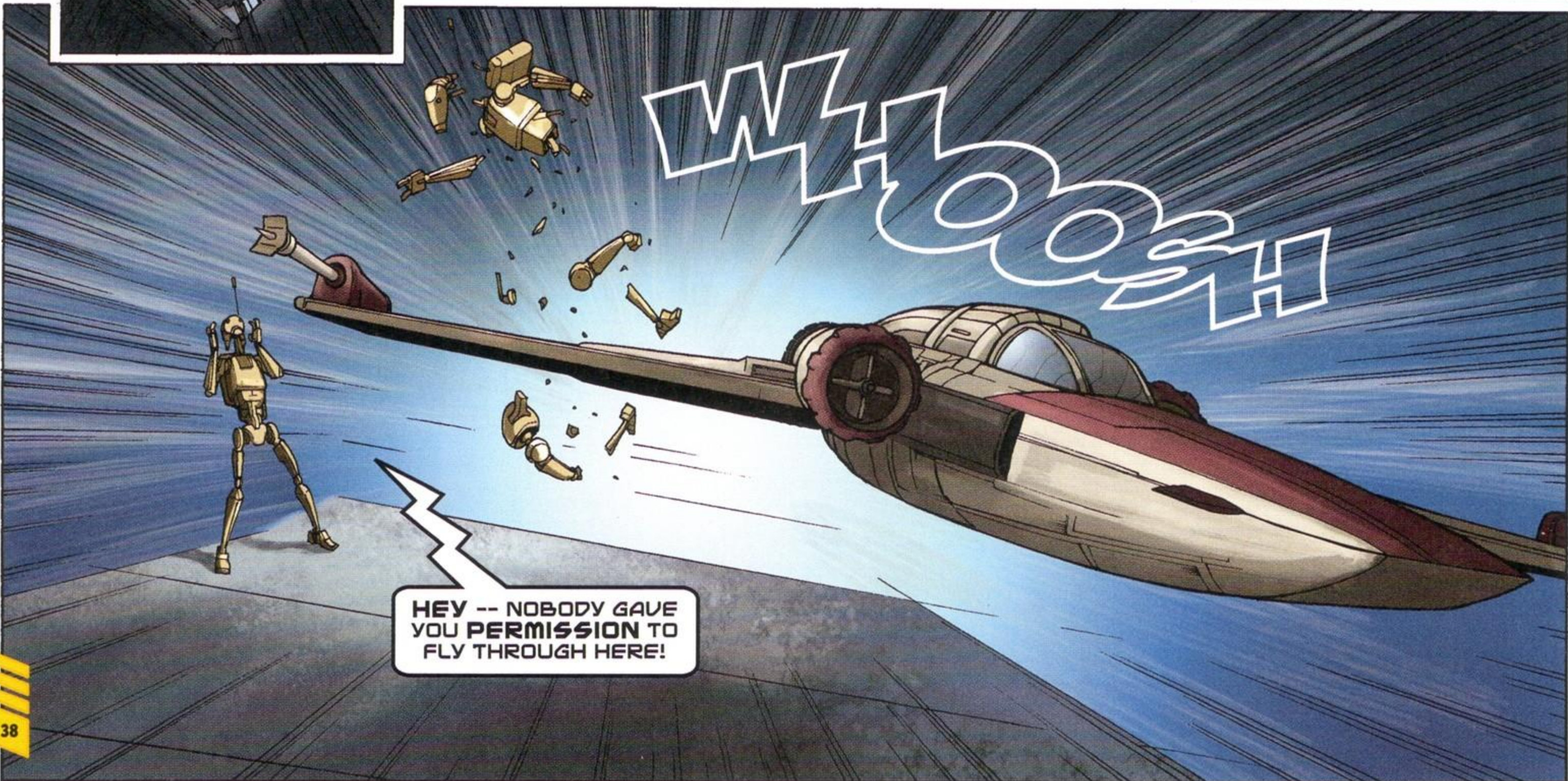


BOOM!



HEY, CAN YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

IT SOUNDS LIKE A STARFIGHTER.



WHOOSH

HEY -- NOBODY GAVE YOU PERMISSION TO FLY THROUGH HERE!



HANG ON --
I'M COMING
TO HELP.

DON'T WORRY
ABOUT ME --
JUST GET OUT
OF HERE.

SHOOTER,
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?!

TAKING CARE OF
THE REST -- AND MAKING
SURE THE MISSION SUCCEEDS.
GET MOVING -- YOU HAVEN'T
GOT MUCH TIME!

PULL BACK,
SHOOTER. THAT'S
AN ORDER!

CAN'T -- YOU KNOW
I DON'T RESPOND
WELL TO ORDERS!

REMEMBER ME --
I ONLY WANTED
TO BE THE...

AAAGGHH!

ALL FIGHTERS
MOVE AWAY FROM
THE SHIPYARDS...
NOW!

KA - DOOM!



CONGRATULATIONS, MASTER! THAT SHOULD HOLD THE SEPPIES BACK FOR A WHILE.

BUT IT COST A LOT OF GOOD MEN. WE LOST SHOOTER -- AND HE **SAVED** US OUT THERE.



BUT WE WON THE BATTLE! THAT'S WHAT COUNTS.

WE NEVER LIKED SHOOTER ANYWAY. HE GOT WHAT HE WANTED -- AND HE **DESERVED** IT.



THAT'S ENOUGH!

SHOOTER MAY HAVE BRAGGED, BUT HE WAS STILL AS BRAVE AS ANY OF YOU...HE **SAVED** MY LIFE!



SHOOTER WAS ONE OF A KIND. I'M GOING TO **MISS** HIM.

I FLEW WITH SHOOTER AS WELL, AND I'LL MISS HIM **JUST** AS MUCH, MASTER.



MAYBE HE WASN'T **SO** BAD.

AND I GUESS **WE'LL** MISS HIM, TOO.

AFTER ALL... HE WAS OUR **BROTHER**.